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VOLUME XXXIV

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

ON THE OLD ROAD

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

RUSKINIANA

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John Ruskin
1882

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

ON THE OLD ROAD

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIV

PAGE

List of Illustrations xxi

Introduction to this Volume xxiii

I. THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (1884)

Bibliographical Note 5

Text:—

preface 7

lecture i. (february 4, 1884) 9

lecture ii. (february 11, 1884: mainly notes on lecture i.) 42

II. ON THE OLD ROAD

Miscellaneous Essays and Articles, 1871–1888

General Bibliographical Note 85

1. Introductory. "My First Editor: an Autobiographical Reminiscence" (1878):—

bibliographical note 92

text 93

2. "The Range of Intellectual Conception proportioned to the Rank in Animated Life" (1871):—

bibliographical note 106

text 107

3. The Nature and Authority of Miracle (1873):—

bibliographical note 114

text 115

4. Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom: a Preface and Notes (1875):—

bibliographical note 128

preface 129

notes 130

5. Railways in the Lake District (1876):—

PAGE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (*with two Circulars issued by Ruskin*) . 135

TEXT 137

6. The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism (1878):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 146

TEXT 147

7. The Lord's Prayer and the Church: Letters to the Clergy (1879):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 179

LETTERS I.–XI. 191

EPILOGUE 215

APPENDIX:—

1. A LATIN LITANY 231

2. ADDITIONAL LETTERS TO THE REV. F. A. MALLESON . 234

8. A Museum or Picture Gallery (1880):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 246

TEXT 247

9. Fiction, Fair and Foul (1880, 1881):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 264

TEXT:—

I. SCOTT (*June* 1880) 265

II. SCOTT, RYME, AND WORDSWORTH (*August* 1880) . . 303

III. BYRON (*September* 1880) 322

IV. WORDSWORTH AND BYRON (*November* 1880) . . . 348

V. THE TWO SERVANTS (*October* 1881) 370

APPENDIX (*additional matter from the MS.*):—

SOUTHEY AND BYRON 395

SHELLEY AND BYRON 397

10. Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder (1880):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 400

TEXT:—

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S REPLY 401

RUSKIN'S REJOINDER 405

11. The Study of Beauty and Art in Large Towns: an Introduction (1883):—

PAGE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 428

TEXT 429

12. The English School of Painting: a Preface (1884):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 436

TEXT 437

13. Usury and the English Bishops: an Introduction (1885):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 442

TEXT 443

14. The National Gallery: a Preface (1888):—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 450

TEXT 451

III. ARROWS OF THE CHACE

Scattered Letters in the Newspapers, etc., 1851–1899

General Bibliographical Note 459

Author's Preface (Rouen, 1880) 469

Author's Epilogue (Amiens, 1880) 473

Contents of the Letters according to Subject 475

Chronological List of Letters:—

HISTORICAL NOMENCLATURE FOR ENGLISH GOTHIC (VENICE, *October* 1851) 481

"THE ANIMALS OF SCRIPTURE":—

A LETTER TO THE ARTIST (1854) 483

A REVIEW (*January* 1855) 483

EDINBURGH CASTLE. TWO LETTERS (DUNBAR, *September* 14, *and* PENRITH, *September* 27, 1857) 484

THE SALE OF MR. WINDUS'S PICTURES (DENMARK HILL, *March* 28, 1859) 488

COVENTRY PATMORE'S "FAITHFUL FOR EVER" (DENMARK HILL, *October* 1860) 488

ART-TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE (DENMARK HILL, *November* 1860) 490

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LETTERS: *Continued*:—

PAGE

PROVERBS ON RIGHT DRESS (GENEVA, *October* 20, 1862) . . 491
OAK SILKWORMS (GENEVA, *October* 20, 1862) 493
TURNER AND CLAUDE (GENEVA, *February* 16, 1863) . . . 493
"THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE." TWO LETTERS (*November* 20 *and December* 15, 1866) 494
TO AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR (DENMARK HILL, *June* 20, 1867) . 495
AN OBJECT OF CHARITY (DENMARK HILL, *January* 21, 1868) . 495
TRUE EDUCATION (DENMARK HILL, *January* 31, 1868) . . 496
USURY AND THE JEWS (DENMARK HILL, *August* 12, 1868) . . 497
GERALD MASSEY'S POEMS (1869) 497
THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS (DENMARK HILL, *January* 14, 1870) 498
FEMALE FRANCHISE (VENICE, *May* 29, 1870) 499
THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. TWO LETTERS (DENMARK HILL, *October* 6 *and* 7, 1870) 499
SAD-COLOURED COSTUMES (DENMARK HILL, *October* 14, 1870) . 502
NOTRE DAME DE PARIS (*January* 1871) 503
COMING CATASTROPHE (1871) 504
"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR" (*May* 18, 1871) 504
THE BLIND (DENMARK HILL, *September* 2, 1871) . . . 505
"FORS CLAVIGERA" (MELROSE, *September* 24, 1871) . . . 505
DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME (DENMARK HILL, *December* 11, 1871) . 505
CASTLES AND KENNELS (DENMARK HILL, *December* 20, 1871) . 506
VERONA *v.* WARWICK (DENMARK HILL, *December* 24, 1871) . . 507
TO THE AUTHOR OF A REVIEW (OXFORD, *October* 30, 1872) . 508
"ACT, ACT, IN THE LIVING PRESENT" (OXFORD, *December* 24, 1872) 508
WOMAN'S WORK (*May* 1873) 509
TURNER'S "WINDMILL AND LOCK" (*December* 13, 1873) . . 510
TO THE DERBY SCHOOL OF ART (OXFORD, *December* 1873) . . 510
"LABORARE EST ORARE" (OXFORD, *December* 1873) . . . 512
RAPHAEL FOR LIVERPOOL (OXFORD, *December* 31, 1873) . . 512
THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS. TWO LETTERS (ROME, *May* 20, *and* ASSISI, *June* 12, 1874) . 513
THE VALUE OF LECTURES (ROME, *May* 26, 1874) . . . 517
THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP (OXFORD, 1874) 518
THE POSITION OF CRITICS (BRANTWOOD, *January* 18, 1875) . 518
THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS (OXFORD, *June* 6, 1875) . . . 519
PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY (OXFORD, *June* 18, 1875) . . . 520

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LETTERS: *Continued*:—

PAGE

ART AND SMOKE (*February* 18, 1876) 521
BLAKE'S POEMS (BRANTWOOD, *May* 8, 1876) 521
MODERN WARFARE (1876) 522
"A GENTLE SCHOLAR" (VENICE, *November* 13, 1876) . . 525
THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHIVALRY. FIVE LETTERS (VENICE, *February* 8, 10, 11, *and* 12, 1877; *and* MALHAM, *July* 3, 1878) . 526
MODERN RESTORATION (VENICE, *April* 15, 1877) . . . 531
RIBBESFORD CHURCH (BRANTWOOD, *July* 24, 1877) . . . 531
THE TEACHING OF SINGING (1877) 532
THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY (*October* 10, 1877) . . . 533
LIFE IN GLASGOW (OXFORD, *December* 1877) 534
A PAGAN MESSAGE (HERNE HILL, *December* 19, 1877) . . 534
NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE. TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *n.d.*, *and* EDINBURGH, *September* 29, 1878) . . . 535
SHEPHERD'S "BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSKIN." TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *September* 30, *and October* 23, 1878) . . . 537
TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM" (BRANTWOOD, *November* 14, 1878) 538
THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE (*February* 1, 1879) 539
THE READING OF NONSENSE (*May* 3, 1879) 540
BLINDNESS AND SIGHT (BRANTWOOD, *July* 18, 1879) . . . 540
"THE EAGLE'S NEST" (BRANTWOOD, *August* 17, 1879) . . 541
POLITICS IN YOUTH (SHEFFIELD, *October* 19, 1879) . . . 541
ON THE PURCHASE OF PICTURES (*January* 1880) . . . 542
THE PERFECTION OF PRINTING (1880) 543
TRUE NEWS OF GOOD (AMIENS, *October* 26, 1880) . . . 543
THE CERTAINTY OF REVOLUTION (*January* 8, 1880) . . . 544
WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN (BRANTWOOD, *January* 24, 1880) . . 544
IRVING'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE" (*February* 6, 1880) . . 545
RECITATIONS (SHEFFIELD, *February* 16, 1880) 545
RUSKIN'S TEACHING (BRANTWOOD, *June* 7, 1880) . . . 546
THE LORD RECTORSHIP OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY. FIVE LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *June* 10, *June* 13, *June* 24; ROUEN, *September* 28; BRANTWOOD, *n.d.*, 1880) 547
DRAMATIC REFORM. TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *July* 30, *and* AMIENS, *October* 12, 1880) 549
"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR" (1880) 551
A "CHESTERFIELD" LETTER. TWO LETTERS (HERNE HILL, *November* 15 *and* 19, 1880) 551

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LETTERS: *Continued*:—

PAGE

COUNSEL TO YOUNG SCOTS (BRANTWOOD, *January* 1, 1881) . . 553
A DRAWING LESSON (1881?) 554
WOOD-CARVING. TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *February* 18, 1881, *and* HERNE HILL, *December* 5, 1882) 555
UNIVERSITY EDUCATION (BRANTWOOD, *May* 23, 1881) . . 556
THE SHORES OF CONISTON (BRANTWOOD, *May* 27, 1881) . . 557
SHORT WORDS AND LONG (BRANTWOOD, *July* 1, 1881) . . 558
GEORGE ELIOT (BRANTWOOD, *October* 2, 1881) 558
NURSERIES (BRANTWOOD, *November* 23, 1881) 559
THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY (BRANTWOOD, *February* 1882) . 560
JUMBO AT THE ZOO (HERNE HILL, *February* 23, 1882) . . 560
A MEDAL FROM THE PRINCE OF MANTUA (HERNE HILL, *April* 2, 1882) 561
PHOTOGRAPHS (*April* 30, 1882) 562
EMERSON (BRANTWOOD, *February* 9, 1883) 563
TO THE SALTAIRE SALT SCHOOLS (1883) 563
THE BUNNEY MEMORIAL FUND (BRANTWOOD, *August* 10, 1883) . 563
SEA PICTURES (1883) 564
SYDNEY SMITH (OXFORD, *November* 15, 1883) 564
A PENNYWORTH OF THOUGHTS (BRANTWOOD, *December* 30, 1883) 565
MR. HENRY GEORGE AND LAND REFORM (BRANTWOOD, *December* 31, 1883) 565
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. TWO LETTERS (*January* 1884) . . . 565
PAINTING AND MUSIC (HERNE HILL, *February* 10, 1884) . . 567
A NEWLY DISCOVERED TURNER (*February* 1884) 567
"THE CHURCH REFORMER" (*February* 1884) 567
RAILWAYS IN DERBYSHIRE. THREE LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *April* 2, 7, *and* 13, 1884) 568
BILLIARDS (BRANTWOOD, *June* 1884) 572
RULES OF PERSPECTIVE (*June* 4, 1884) 573
AMATEUR CHESS. FOUR LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *June* 25, *July* 2, 4, 1884; *and* HERNE HILL, *Whit Monday*, 1885) . . 573
ART CRITICISM (*October* 1884) 576
CHEAP BOOKS (OXFORD, *November* 4, 1884) 576
STIPPLING (BRANTWOOD, *December* 16, 1884) 577
"WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE" (*January* 24, 1885) . . . 577
GORDON AND THE SOUDAN (BRANTWOOD, *February* 19, 1885) . 578

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF LETTERS: *Continued*:—

PAGE

GORDON AND CARLYLE (BRANTWOOD, *February* 24, 1885) . . 579
USURY AND INTEREST (BRANTWOOD, *March* 10, 1885) . . 579
THE DESTRUCTION OF FOOTPATHS (BRANTWOOD, *March* 25, 1885) 580
MODERN ENGLISH SPORTS (CHISLEHURST, *June* 5, 1885) . . 580
THE IRISH QUESTION (BRANTWOOD, *January* 4, 1886) . . . 581
THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS. THREE LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *January* 13, *and February*, 1886) 582
ADVICE TO A READER (1886) 589
"MR. RUSKIN'S VIEWS" (BRANTWOOD, *January* 16, 1886) . . 589
MODERN EDUCATION (BRANTWOOD, *March* 16, 1886) . . . 590
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RESULTS (BRANTWOOD, *March* 24, 1886) . 590
THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK (BRANTWOOD, *April* 2, 1886) . . 592
KEEPING ONE'S MONEY (BRANTWOOD, *April* 20, 1886) . . 593
WASTING IT (BRANTWOOD, *May* 18, 1886) 593
THE BIBLE (BRANTWOOD, *St. Mark's Day*, *April* 25, 1886) . 593
A CHRISTIAN'S DUTY (BRANTWOOD, *May* 6, 1886) . . . 594
THE CRIME OF DEBT. TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *May* 19 *and June* 14, 1886) 594
DARWINISM (BRANTWOOD, *May* 24, 1886) 595
NATIONAL PENANCE (BRANTWOOD, *May* 29, 1886) . . . 596
A POLITICAL IDEAL (BRANTWOOD, *June* 26, 1886) . . . 597
UNOBJECTIONABLE THEFT (BRANTWOOD, *June* 27, 1886) . . 597
RUSKIN'S ILLNESSES (BRANTWOOD, *November* 6, 1886) . . . 598
THE CHANCES OF REFORM (BRANTWOOD, *November* 23, 1886) . 598
THE ABOLITION OF RENT (BRANTWOOD, *December* 11, 1886) . 599
TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN (BRANTWOOD, *December* 28, 1886) . 599
PICTURES FOR THE POOR (1886?) 600
LIFE ASSURANCE (BRANTWOOD, *January* 6, 1887) . . . 600
LEADERSHIP (BRANTWOOD, *January* 7, 1887) 601
HOME RULE (BRANTWOOD, *January* 16, 1887) 602
ART IN MANCHESTER (BRANTWOOD, *February* 2, 1887) . . 602
THE AMBLESIDE RAILWAY. TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *March* 1, 1887) 603
THE LAKE DISTRICT (BRANTWOOD, *March* 19, 1887) . . . 604
THE BUSINESS OF UNIVERSITIES (BRANTWOOD, *March* 14, 1887) . 605
"BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME." TWO LETTERS (BRANTWOOD, *May* 14 *and June* 3, 1887) 605
SCOTT AND SCOTSMEN (BRANTWOOD, *Whit Tuesday*, 1887) . . 606

Chronological List of Letters: *Continued*:—

PAGE

THE FUNCTION OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" (BRANTWOOD, *June* 6, 1887) 607
CHARLES KINGSLEY (BRANTWOOD, 1887) 609
"AT WHAT AGE SHOULD A MAN MARRY" (1887) . . . 609
CHEAP BOOKS (BRANTWOOD, 1887) 610
OLD FOLKESTONE (FOLKESTONE, *September* 30, 1887) . . . 610
MODERN SELFISHNESS (1887) 611
AN EARTHQUAKE AT FLORENCE (SANDGATE, *November* 18, 1887) . 611
THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE RIOTS (TRAFALGAR SQUARE, *December* 7, 1887) 612
CHARLES DICKENS (SANDGATE, *January* 4, 1888) . . . 612
CEASING TO BE ENGLISH (SANDGATE, *January* 9, 1888) . . 613
NOVELS AND THEIR ENDINGS (SANDGATE, *January* 15, 1888) . 614
RUSKIN AND HIS TRANSLATORS (SANDGATE, *January* 25, 1888) . 615
A NOTE FROM HIS SECRETARY (1896) . . . . . 616 *n.*
WELSH SCENERY (SANDGATE, *February* 27, 1888) . . . 616
THE SCENERY OF SCOTT (*February* 1888) 616
BICYCLES (1888) 617
JOURNALISM (1888) 617
THE ALPS (BRANTWOOD, *March* 21, 1889) 617
RUSKIN'S CREED (1889?) 618
"FROM THE AUTHOR OF 'MUNERA PULVERIS'" (BRANTWOOD, *May* 28, 1889) 618
ST. GEORGE'S FARMS (BRANTWOOD, *May* 29, 1889) . . . 619
THE WELSH LANGUAGE (1889) 620
ICELANDIC INDUSTRIES (1890) 620
THE FALLS OF FOYERS (BRANTWOOD, *August* 31, 1895) . . 621
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (BRANTWOOD, *December* 17, 1896) . 621
RUSKIN HALL (BRANTWOOD, *March* 1, 1899) 622

IV. RUSKINIANA

Addresses:—

Lectures at Eton:—

THE WING OF THE SWALLOW (*May* 10, 1873) . . . 627
THE BEAK OF THE CHOUGH (*May* 17, 1873) 628
THE SPANISH CHAPEL AT FLORENCE (*November* 27, 1875) . 628
STREAMS OF WESTMORLAND (*December* 8, 1877) . . . 630

ADDRESSES: *Continued*:—

PAGE

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS (*July* 1877) . . . 631
A CHRISTMAS GREETING (CONISTON, 1881) 632
THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY (1878 AND 1882) 634
TO "ACADEMY GIRLS" (*February* 1884) 639
VIVISECTION (*December* 1884) 643

EPITAPHS:—

ON H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY (1884) 647
ON THE REV. OSBORNE GORDON (1885) 647

CIRCULARS, NOTICES, ETC.:—

EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE (1858, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1886) 651
AN OXFORD PROTEST (1874) 653
AN APOLOGY AT A CONCERT (CONISTON, *December* 3, 1880) . 653
A CHARITABLE APPEAL (CONISTON, 1884) 654
PICTURES FOR JUDGMENT (OXFORD, 1884) 655

CONVERSATIONS:—

WITH SPURGEON (1858, *etc.*) 659
WITH HOLMAN HUNT IN THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO (1869) . 661
IN AN OXFORD DRAWING-ROOM 663
WITH JOWETT AT BRANTWOOD (1883) 664
WITH M. H. SPIELMANN AT BRANTWOOD (1884) 665
AT FARNLEY (1884) 670
AT SANDGATE WITH AN AMERICAN VISITOR (1887) . . . 671
AT BRANTWOOD WITH AMERICAN VISITORS 673
AT SALLENCHES (1888) 674

FROM RUSKIN'S NOTE-BOOKS:—

I. NOTES ON THE BIBLE:—

1. CONDUCT AND FAITH (1856, 1858, 1859):—

(i.) IN THE OLD TESTAMENT 679
(ii.) AS SPOKEN OF BY CHRIST 680

2. THE MINOR PROPHETS (1882) 684

II. NOTES ON THE CLASSICS:—

1. THE "PLUTUS" OF ARISTOPHANES (1858) . . . 688
2. THE ODES OF HORACE 690

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY AND MARGINALIA :—

PAGE

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY 697

MARGINALIA :—

A BOOK OF LESSONS IN GREEK 703
IN A BIRTHDAY BOOK 705
FITZGERALD'S "OMAR KHAYYAM" 705
JOWETT'S PLATO ("REPUBLIC," IX.) 706
"MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL" 706
ON MILL'S "LIBERTY" 707
ON MILL'S "POLITICAL ECONOMY" 708
REJECTED BOOKS 709

ANECDOTA, ETC. :—

Personalia :—

HOW RUSKIN WROTE 713
GRAMMAR 713
RUSKIN AND TYPOGRAPHY (WITH SOME LETTERS) . . . 713
AUTHOR AND PRINTERS (WITH SOME LETTERS) 715
AS CHILDREN'S FRIEND (WITH SOME LETTERS) 716
MASTER AND SERVANT (WITH A LETTER) 717
RUSKIN AND THE BRICKLAYER 719
AS ENGINEER: A MEMORIAL AT FULKING 719
A DAY ON DERWENTWATER 719
A DRAWING OF A FEATHER; AND BUTTERFLIES 720
A LESSON AT THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE 720
A GARDEN PARTY AT MISS INGELOW'S 720
TOBACCO 721
AN OLD COLLIER 721
RUSKIN AND CARLYLE 721
RUSKIN AND FREDERIC HARRISON 722
THE EAGLE'S EYE 722
THE BRANTWOOD POST-BAG 722
RUSKIN'S GOOD-BYE 722

Obiter Dicta :—

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT 723
ART, IMMORTALITY, AND NATURE 723
"BELIEVING" AND "KNOWING" 723
BOOKS FOR GIRLS 723
CATS IN HEAVEN 723

Obiter Dicta: Continued:—

PAGE

CORY'S "IONICA" 723
THE ETHICS OF "EXPERTISING" 724
THE GUIDES OF LONDON 724
A PICTURE BY HOGARTH 724
HOW MUCH DID SHAKESPEARE MEAN? 724
HOW TO BECOME AN ARTIST 724
VICTOR HUGO 724
IMMORTALITY 724
KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD 725
THE LEEDS TOWN HALL 725
"RUSKIN ON LUINI AT LUGANO" 725
MODERN WARFARE 725
NOTES ON TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM" 725
SARAH GRAND'S "IDEALA" 726
SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS 726
THE ART OF MISQUOTATION 726
THE "PRETTIEST THING IN NATURE" 727
THE TRUE KNIGHT 727
THE TRUE LADY 727
WALT WHITMAN 727
WORK AND RHYME 727
"UNTO THIS LAST" 727

Miscellanea:—

A GHOST STORY 728
A JAPANESE VIEW OF RUSKIN 728
PIRATED RUSKINS 728
RUSKIN AND TURNER 728
TOLSTOY ON RUSKIN 729
RUSKIN'S NAME ON GIOTTO'S TOWER 729

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES TO RUSKIN:—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE 732
ON HIS RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS (*Christmas* 1885) . . . 733
ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY (*February* 1899):—
(i.) FROM MEMBERS OF VARIOUS SOCIETIES 734
(ii.) FROM MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD . . 735

This Volume also contains the following Minor Ruskiniana not included in the above Lists:—

PAGE

Letter to his Father on Gothic Nomenclature (Venice, October 19, 1851) 481

Hans Andersen: Extract from Ruskin's Diary (St. Laurent, September 8, 1856) 585

Letter to his Father (Mornex, February 21, 1863) 662

On Women's Sphere: Letter to Miss Emily Faithfull (February 1871) 499

Letters to his Printers:—
to mr. chester (october 22, 1871) 716
to mr. jowett (various dates) 714, 715

"Railways in the Lake District": Letters to Mr. R. Somervell (June 1876) xxvi

"Integer Vitæ": Extract from Ruskin's Diary (Venice, December 31, 1876) 691

Letter to Edward Burne-Jones (Brantwood, November 2, 1878) . 152

Letters on the Title "Arrows of the Chace" (1880):—
to mr. allen (march 21) xxxix
to mr. wedderburn (april 14, 16, 22; may 4, 14, 19; august 5) xxxix

"Fiction, Fair and Foul": a Letter to Mr. G. Allen (May 18, 1880) xxxv

A Sunset: Extract from Ruskin's Diary (Brantwood, August 6, 1880) 23

The "Chesterfield Letter": a Disclaimer (Herne Hill, November 13, 1880) 552

Letter to the Author of "The Ethics of Love" (1881) . . . 527

Glasgow and Art: a Letter (January 1882) 534

Letter to G. Birkbeck Hill (December 7, 1883) 12

Letters to Miss Geraldine Bateman (1883) 716, 717

The Stage as a Means of Education: a Letter (1888) 549

Letter to his Coachman 718

Letters in reply to Autograph Collectors 495

Reminiscences of Ruskin:—
by the rev. f. a. malleson 216
on scott's novels: by mr. wedderburn 284
the national gallery revisited: by mr. cook (1888) . . . 453
on mr. and mrs. carlyle: by mrs. l. allen harker . . . 671

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATES

RUSKIN AT HIS DESK, 1883 (*Photogravure from a photograph by H. R. Barraud*) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

(*Woodcuts by J. D. Cooper, after drawings by Ruskin*)

PLATE

I. (*Fig.* 1) A SUNSET AT ABBEVILLE, 1868 . . *To face page* 22
(*Fig.* 2) AN AUGUST SKY AT BRANTWOOD, 1880 . „ „ 22

(PRINTED IN THE TEXT, *Fig.* 3.) TWILIGHT BETWEEN VERONA AND BRESCIA, 1845 . . . . . *Page* 28

II. (*Fig.* 4) A JULY THUNDER-CLOUD IN THE VAL D'AOSTA, 1858 . . . . . *To face page* 40
(*Fig.* 5) AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNSET: HERNE HILL, 1876 . . . . . „ „ 40

III. WARWICK CASTLE, 1847 (*Photogravure from a sepia drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 506

IV. STUDIES IN GROTESQUE (*Photogravure from an etched plate by George Cruikshank after drawings by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 566

V. WATENDLATH TARN, 1838 (*Photogravure from a pencil drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 604

VI. OLD FOLKESTONE, 1849 (*Photogravure from a pen and sepia drawing by Ruskin*) . . . . . „ „ 610

VII. THE MADONNA AND CHILD (*Photogravure from a photograph of the piece by Luca della Robbia at Brantwood*) . . . . . „ „ 666

FACSIMILES

A Page of the MS. of "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" (§§ 18, 19) . . . . . *Between pp.* 166, 167

A Page of the MS. (First Draft) of "Fiction, Fair and Foul" (§ 43) . . . . . „ 312, 313

A Page of the MS. of the Preface to "Arrows of the Chace" . . . . . „ 470, 471

First Draft of a Letter on "The Morality of Field Sports" (*January* 14, 1870) . . . . . „ 498, 499

First Draft of a Letter on "The Franco-Prussian War" (*October* 7, 1870) . . . . . *To face p.* 501

Sir John Lubbock's List of the Best Hundred Books "blottesquely" amended by Ruskin . . . . *Page* 583

A Page of the Greek Gospels, with Annotations by Ruskin . . . . . *To face p.* 703

Note.—The drawings by Ruskin given in this volume have not hitherto appeared. For Figs. 1–5, see p. xxvii. The facsimile of the "Page of the Greek Gospels" appeared in W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, 1903, p. 201.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXXIV

This volume contains (I.) the lectures of 1884 upon *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, held over for reasons of space from the last volume. (II.) Such of Ruskin's scattered pieces, and (III.) letters to the press, as have not been given in previous volumes, together with (IV.) various Ruskiniana. For the second and third Parts of the volume, the titles have been retained which Ruskin chose for similar collections published in his lifetime—*On the Old Road* and *Arrows of the Chace*. In each case, however, the present collection contains some matter which was not included, and omits some which was included, in the books thus entitled. It omits much, because many of the scattered pieces and letters have, in the chronological arrangement of this edition, been already given in previous volumes. It includes much which appeared (or was traced) subsequently to the publication of *On the Old Road* in 1885 and of *Arrows of the Chace* in 1880. Full particulars on these matters will be found in the Bibliographical Notes (pp. 88, 462).

"THE STORM-CLOUD"

In the Appendix to his Oxford lectures on *The Art of England*, Ruskin, being released from his self-imposed restraint,[1] mixed a little vinegar with the oil; and in the course of general reflections on the deficiencies of that Art, laid some of the blame upon the atmospheric conditions in which modern landscape-painters live.[2] These remarks bring us to the first Part of this volume, containing the lectures which Ruskin gave at the London Institution in February 1884 on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." In reading these lectures, it is well to distinguish Ruskin's account of phenomena from any theory of their cause. At the time when he first published the lectures,

[1] See Vol. XXXIII. p. lxviii.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 397 *seq.*

they encountered much ridicule. He had not clearly propounded any theory, or at any rate not any physical theory, of the phenomena in question. He contented himself with ascribing them to the Devil; and, wrapping himself as it were in the gloom, the Prophet denounced woe upon a wicked and perverse generation.[1] There was, as we shall presently see, a perfectly sober, solid, material, and accurate sense in which Ruskin's words were true. But he was not fully conscious of it himself, or he did not choose to make it explicit; and his readers, not penetrating to the true cause, were led by Ruskin's prophecies of woe to throw doubt and derision even upon the phenomena on which he based them. The newspapers, as he says in his Preface, "scouted his assertion of radical change, during recent years, in weather aspect as imaginary or insane" (p. 7).

Nothing could be worse-founded than such criticism. Ruskin was before all things a close and accurate observer of natural phenomena. For fifty years, he says, he had made patient and accurately recorded observations of the sky. Every reader of this edition of his Works now knows how true this assertion was. Few men have ever studied so many sunsets, and perhaps no man has ever studied so many sunrises, as Ruskin. He saw them and he did not let them go; he "kept them bottled," as he said in an aside in the lecture, "like his father's sherries"[2]—bottled in minute descriptions in his diary, or memoranda in his sketch-books. It was in 1871 that he "first recognized the clouds brought by the plague-wind as distinct in character." The observation was noted in *Fors*, and is repeated in *The Storm-Cloud* (p. 32). From that time forward, he says, his attention "never relaxed in its record of the phenomena." His diaries are full of it and many notes upon it occur in his books.[3]

It is interesting to find that another artist-observer, who had also been in the habit for many years of noting cloud-phenomena, had been

[1] In this connexion, Ruskin's notes on the Minor Prophets may be compared: see below, pp. 685, 686 (Nos. 6 and 22).

[2] Quoted from a notice of the lecture in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5, 1884. Compare Vol. VII. p. xxvi.

[3] See *Fors*, Letter 53, May 1875 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 317), and General Index. The extracts from his diary in *The Storm-Cloud* are as follow:—

Bolton, July 4, 1875	page 30
Coniston, June 22, 1876	,, 36
,, June 25–6, 1876	,, 35
,, July 16, 1876	,, 36
,, Aug. 13, 1879	,, 37
,, Aug. 17, 1879	,, 38
,, Aug. 6, 1880	,, 23 *n.*
Sallenches, Sept. 11, 1882	,, 70
Coniston, Feb. 22, 1883	,, 38

struck, as Ruskin was, by "the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century." Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., in his pleasant volume of country notes, thus wrote:—

"No doubt you have read the two lectures by Professor Ruskin which he entitles 'The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century.' In them is described, in the most wonderfully accurate manner, that sort of blight of bad weather which seems to have fallen upon us in these latter days. His description of what he calls the plague, or devil, wind is singularly correct; its character, persistence, and effects being dwelt on with that marvellous power of language for which he is so famous. One thing which he points out as characteristic of this wind is that its baneful nature does not seem to be influenced by the quarter from which it blows. Most of us can remember when an east wind was dry and cold, a south wind warm and wet, a west wind bright and clear, and a north wind bright and cold, but now we seem to have dark, cold winds persistently recurring from all quarters alike. The Professor allows that there are intervals of fine and even lovely weather, but the phenomena is in the ever-returning spells of this plague wind. A few years ago this wind was of a damp and rainy character, but certainly during this year and the last it has been one of cold and drought. In all years it has been attended with darkness and gloom; the clouds being, as he describes them, of paltry shapelessness. I have been noting in my diary for the last two years the state of the weather, and find that the wind in question has been blowing with its curiously pertinacious character almost entirely from the north and north-east. Even when, in the winter, we had the wind from the south, it was not accompanied by warmth or rain, some of the severest frosts having taken place when the wind was south. I have waited in vain for any explanations, or even recognition, from the meteorological experts of this singular state of affairs. These gentlemen would, of course, pay little attention to Mr. Ruskin's lectures, regarding them, no doubt, as unworthy of any serious scientific consideration; but for all that I am convinced, from my own experiences, the Professor never wrote anything that was more true in fact and description."

And, again, a few days later:—

"I have been particularly struck with the colourless aspect of the north-east wind lately; there is always a white haze or glare round the sun, which seems to bleach its rays, and when a few thin beggarly clouds pass over, it appears, as the Professor so happily expresses it, exactly like a bad half-crown at the bottom of a basin of soap-suds."[1]

[1] *Letters to Marco*, by G. D. Leslie, R.A., 1893, pp. 201–203, 209–210.

Ruskin's observations of the phenomena of "the storm-cloud" were, then, perfectly accurate. Nor is there any mystery about their origin. The Devil is every bit as black as Ruskin painted him; he is Smoke —smoke, mixed with damp. "Air currents meet the gaseous products of combustion, mixed with minute material particles, and are hindered or diverted in their course thereby, and move forward, dirty, irregular, and scattered. It would appear as though the upper air did not always have time to become cleansed each day from the gases and carbon which rise into it; there is not enough free space at hand, and an unclean atmosphere blocks what was once the serene expanse of the sky." The writer from whose recent work on the subject I am quoting,[1] adds that industrial statistics fully bear out the date which Ruskin fixes for the growth of the phenomena in question; the storm-cloud thickened just when the consumption of coal went up by leaps and bounds, both in this country and in the industrialised parts of central Europe. The distance which the blight of the plague-wind will travel is very great. "On Coronation Night," Mr. Collingwood has recorded,[2] "I saw it trailing from Barrow and Carnforth up the Lune valley as far as Tebay, always low and level, leaving the upper hills clear, perfectly continuous and distinct from the mist of water. This winter (1903), from the top of Wetherlam on a brilliant frosty day, I saw it gradually invade the Lake District from the south-east; the horizontal, clean-cut upper surface at about 2000 feet; the body of it dun and semi-transparent; its thick veil fouling the little cotton-woolly clouds that nestled in the cover of the Kirkstone group, quite separate from the smoke-pall; and by sunset it had reached to Dungeon Gill, leaving the Bow Fell valleys clear. Coming down by moonlight, I found the dales in a dry, cold fog, and heard that there had been no sunshine at Coniston that afternoon." Ruskin, as the conclusion of his lectures, says that the plague-wind and the storm-cloud will only be removed when men sincerely pray that "God may be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us." The investigations of meteorologists and economists confirm his words; it is the Devil of Smoke that needs to be exorcised, if the earth is to yield her increase.

The *text* of *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* here given follows that of the first (and hitherto only) edition. But the sections have now been numbered; and in Lecture II., which consisted largely of Notes on Lecture I., the necessary references have been inserted.

[1] *The Destruction of Daylight: a Study in the Smoke Problem*, by J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall, University of Manchester (George Allen, 1907).

[2] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 56. Compare Graham, p. 13.

The *manuscript* and corrected proofs of the greater part of *The Storm-Cloud* are at Brantwood.

A comparison of these with the final text reveals Ruskin's usual care in revision. A few notes are added from the MS. (see, *e.g.*, pp. 9, 20).

The illustrations, now included in the lecture, are reprinted from the report of it in the *Art Journal*. The lecture itself had been illustrated by coloured enlargements from Ruskin's sketches, which were thrown on a screen by the lime-light. Some of the enlargements were made for him by Mr. Arthur Severn (§ 26); others, by Mr. Collingwood (§ 40). "Such colours! such brushes! such—everything—waiting!" Ruskin had written to his aide-de-camp, who was set to work with Messrs. Newman's extra-luminous water-colours.[1] For the abstract of the lecture (by Mr. Wedderburn) in the *Art Journal*, woodcuts were made by Mr. J. D. Cooper from the drawings, and these are here included (Plates I. and II. and Fig. 3).

"ON THE OLD ROAD"

Under this title, Ruskin's miscellanies were collected and edited for him by Mr. Wedderburn in 1885. It was "A Collection of Miscellaneous Essays, Pamphlets, etc., published 1834–1885," and a large number of the miscellanies belonged to Ruskin's earlier periods of literary activity. These earlier pieces have all been printed in the volumes to which they belonged in point of the time of their composition. The present collection comprises fourteen pieces which were published at various dates between 1871 and 1888. The last of them is also the last, with two exceptions,[2] that Ruskin wrote.

The autobiographical reminiscence entitled *My First Editor* appropriately introduced the volumes of miscellanies issued in 1885, and it is here again placed first (pp. 93–104). The reminiscence, written in 1878, is of William Henry Harrison, the faithful friend and literary mentor of Ruskin's early days of authorship. A notice of him has been given in the Introduction to Ruskin's *Poems* (Vol. II.), and many letters from him and to him have been published,[3] which illustrate

[1] *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 375.

[2] The Epilogue to *Modern Painters* (September 1888) and the conclusion of *Præterita* (June 1889).

[3] See, for instance, Vol. II. p. 27 *n.*; Vol. III. p. lii. *n.*; Vol. VIII. p. 275; and General Index.

what Ruskin here says (p. 93) of Harrison's care in reading proofs, and criticising the author's style.

The piece was written by way of preface to a series of Reminiscences by Harrison, published after his death[1] in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1878). Though not himself an author, except in a very mild way, Harrison lived near the rose. As editor of *Friendship's Offering* and Registrar of the Royal Literary Fund,[2] he came across many men of distinction, in whose reflected radiance he sunned himself joyfully, as Ruskin describes.[3]

My First Editor is one of the most charming of Ruskin's shorter pieces; it shows the same serenity of temper, the same felicity in humorous reminiscence, and the same delicate skill in character-drawing that were afterwards conspicuous in *Præterita*. It is of peculiar interest in a connected study of Ruskin's writings, because this chapter —exhibiting, as it does, so complete a mastery of all his literary arts and graces—was written almost on the eve of his serious illness in 1878.[4]

The second and third pieces in this volume—on *The Range of Intellectual Conception* (pp. 107–111) and *The Nature and Authority of Miracle* (pp. 115–125) respectively—were papers read by Ruskin to the Metaphysical Society in 1871 and 1873. A third paper, read to the same Society in 1875—on *Social Policy*—was included by Ruskin in *A Joy for Ever*, and has already been printed.[5] The Society was founded by Tennyson and Sir James Knowles in 1869, its original members including Dean Stanley, James Martineau, R. H. Hutton, Ward, Bagehot, Froude, Gladstone, Manning, Father Dalgairns, Hinton, Henry Sidgwick, and Mark Pattison.[6] Ruskin was

[1] He had died in August 1874. See Vol. XXIV. p. xxxvi.

[2] See Vol. XX. p. liv.; and below, § 10.

[3] One of his reminiscences is worth disinterring from the *Magazine*, because it is the original authority for an interesting anecdote about Turner:—

"I used to meet Turner at the table of Mr. Ruskin, the father of the art critic. The first occasion was a few days after the appearance of a notice in the *Athenæum*, of a picture of Turner's which was therein characterised as 'Eggs and Spinach.' This stuck in the great painter's throat, and as we were returning together in Mr. Ruskin's carriage Turner ejaculated the obnoxious phrase every five minutes. I told him that if I had attained to his eminence in art I should not care a rush for what any one said of me. But the only reply I could get was, 'Eggs and Spinach.'" (May 1878, p. 546.)

[4] See Vol. XXV. p. xxiv.

[5] Vol. XVI. pp. 161–169.

[6] The full list, with other particulars of the Society, may be read in *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son*, 1897, vol. ii. p. 167. Tennyson's poem "The Higher Pantheism" was read at the first meeting of the Society (*ibid.*, p. 168). To Dalgairns, Ruskin refers in a letter to Professor Norton of November 10, 1870; for Hinton, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 75, § 10 (Vol. XXIX. p. 67).]

added in 1870. The Society died in 1880—"of too much love," according to Huxley; "because after ten years of strenuous effort no one had succeeded," said Tennyson, "in even defining the term 'metaphysics.'" Ruskin's attempt, in the first of the papers here printed, if not to define the term, yet to delimit the scope of the science (p. 111), was one of the many attempts, equally unsuccessful in all ages, it would seem, in this direction.

Of the proceedings of the Metaphysical Society, a vivid sketch was published in 1885 by R. H. Hutton.[1] In this he gave imaginary speeches by several of its members; that put into Ruskin's mouth is a compost of the actual papers here printed. He describes Ruskin's "deep-toned, musical voice which dwelt with slow emphasis on the most important words of each sentence, and which gave a singular force to the irony with which the speaker's expression of belief was freely mingled." Of the meeting at which Ruskin read his paper on Miracle, a lively account was given by Dr. Magee, then Bishop of Peterborough, in a letter to his wife:[2]—

". . . I went to dinner duly at the Grosvenor Hotel. The dinner was certainly a strangely interesting one. Had the dishes been as various we should have had severe dyspepsia, all of us. Archbishop Manning in the chair was flanked by two Protestant bishops right and left—Gloucester and Bristol and myself—on my right was Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*—an Arian; then came Father Dalgairns, a very able Roman Catholic priest; opposite him, Lord A. Russell, a Deist; then two Scotch metaphysical writers—Freethinkers; then Knowles, the *very* broad editor of the *Contemporary;* then, dressed as a layman and looking like a country squire, was Ward, formerly Rev. Ward, and earliest of the perverts to Rome; then Greg, author of *The Creed of Christendom*, a Deist; then Froude, the historian, once a deacon in our church, now a Deist; then Roden Noel, an actual Atheist and red republican, and looking very like one! Lastly Ruskin, who read after dinner a paper on miracles! which we discussed for an hour and a half! Nothing could be calmer, fairer, or even, on the whole, more reverent than the discussion. Nothing flippant or scoffing or bitter was said on either side, and very great ability, both of speech and thought, was shown by most speakers. In my opinion, we, the Christians, had much the best of it. Dalgairns, the priest, was very masterly; Manning, clever and precise and weighty; Froude, very acute, and so was Greg; while Ruskin declared himself

[1] "The Metaphysical Society: a Reunion," in the *Nineteenth Century*, August 1885, vol. 18, pp. 177 *seq.* The speech given to Ruskin is on pp. 186, 187.

[2] *The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee*, by J. C. Macdonnell, 1896, vol. i. p. 284.

delighted 'with the exquisite accuracy and logical power of the Bishop of Peterborough.' There is the story of the dinner. Altogether a remarkable and most interesting scene, and a greater gathering of remarkable men than could easily be met elsewhere. We only wanted a Jew and a Mahometan to make our Religious Museum complete."

The next piece (pp. 129, 130) is a Preface which Ruskin wrote for the daughter of an Oxford friend, Miss A. C. Owen, to her sketches, republished from the *Monthly Packet*, of *Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom* (1875).[1] The occasional notes which Ruskin appended to the author's text are added (pp. 130–132); and it may be noticed that good things are often to be found even in remarks thus made casually by the way. How excellent, for instance, is the characterisation of Vasari—"an ass with good things in his panniers" (p. 132).

The fifth paper is on a subject which, in a different connexion, will meet us again later in the volume, and which at all times enlisted Ruskin's ardent protest. Thirty years ago, schemes for the Extension of Railways in the Lake District were much discussed. In 1875 there was no definite scheme before Parliament, but a proposal was in the air for a continuation of the line from Windermere to Ambleside, and thence by Rydal and Grasmere and over Dunmail Raise to Keswick. An actual scheme was produced twelve years later, and was rejected by Parliament; for which result some share of the credit must be given to the nucleus of opposition formed at this earlier date by Ruskin and the St. George's Guild.[2] It was a Companion of the Guild, Mr. Robert Somervell, who organised the local protest. At the first whisper of the threatened "assault," Mr. Somervell drew up a form of petition, and Ruskin called attention to it, begging all "who may have taken an interest in his writings, or who may have any personal regard for him," to associate themselves with the protest. This request was distributed with *Fors Clavigera*, and is now reprinted (p. 135). A later slip—now one of the rare Ruskinian fly-sheets—in which he thanks those who had forwarded petitions, is also given (pp. 135–136). In 1876 Mr. Somervell's protest was enlarged and issued as a pamphlet, with the Preface by Ruskin now included among his Miscellanies (pp. 137–143).

[1] For a reference to the papers, see *Pleasures of England*, § 99 *n.* (Vol. XXXIII. p. 491).

[2] At the later date the local opposition was organised mainly by Mr. W. H. Hills, of Ambleside, Canon Rawnsley, of Crosthwaite, and Mr. Gordon Somervell, of Windermere.

Ruskin's Preface takes the form of a destructive analysis, written with characteristic vigour and point, of the arguments in favour of the new railway, and, *mutatis mutandis*, is applicable to other cases in which the destruction of natural scenery in favoured spots is defended by what Wordsworth called the "false utilitarian lure." The greatest happiness of the greatest number demands, it is said, that such scenery should be made accessible by the cheapest and swiftest transit to the largest number of persons. Ruskin's answer is that the scenery thus made accessible would no longer be the same scenery, and that its full capacity of pleasing the mind and heart would be gone (pp. 140, 141). In 1887 the scheme for an Ambleside railway was again mooted, and Ruskin once more intervened in the controversy (p. 603). Perhaps the ultimate solution, and safety, will be found in the proposal with which he expressed his agreement in a yet later letter (p. 604); namely, the acquisition or reservation of certain districts as National Trusts.

The *manuscript* of a portion of Ruskin's Preface (§§ 4, 5) is at Brantwood. Letters from Ruskin to Mr. Somervell show that the Preface cost him much trouble. "It will not come right," he said; but it did come in the end. "I've done the Preface at last," he wrote (June 22, 1876), "and I think it stunning. It came to me all of a heap as I was shaving. Nothing that's worth sixpence ever comes to me but that way; only sometimes it makes me cut myself."

The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism—the piece which comes next in the volume[1] (pp. 147–174)—is reprinted from two consecutive numbers of the *Nineteenth Century* (November and December 1878), where it appeared in the form of an undelivered Oxford lecture (§ 1). The discourse was suggested to Ruskin by a visit to the late Mr. William Graham and his daughter at Dunira, where he had found himself in company of three pictures, typical of different aspects of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" of Rossetti, the "Blind Girl" of Millais, and a drawing called "The King's Bridal" by Burne-Jones. The descriptions of these pictures, with the analysis of their several aims and characteristics, should be read in connexion with the first and second lectures in the later course on *The Art of England* (1883), in which Ruskin again discussed the meaning of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and paid a further tribute to the genius of Burne-Jones.[2]

[1] In the chronological order, the "Introductory" chapter on *My First Editor* precedes the *Three Colours*.

[2] See Vol. XXXIII. pp. 270–271, 287 *seq.*

Ruskin's visit was further fortunate in suggesting to him an illustrative conclusion to his discourse. In his bedroom there chanced to be a photograph of Jacopo della Quercia's effigy of Ilaria—the piece of sculpture which, when Ruskin first saw it in 1845, "became at once," what it "ever since remained," his "ideal of Christian sculpture."[1] In the present paper, it is instanced and described as a typical work of the perfect masters of art. The reader will find it interesting as a study in style to compare—as Ruskin does incidentally here (p. 172 *n.*) —the descriptions which he wrote at different periods of this tomb—first in a letter to his father, May 6, 1845 (Vol. IV. p. 122 *n.*); then in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (*ibid.*, pp. 122–124); next in *The Schools of Art in Florence* (Vol. XXIII. pp. 229–232); and finally in this place. In 1883, in a passage just referred to, he referred to it again. He had seen the tomb once more in the previous year, and Mr. Collingwood, who was then his companion at Lucca, has described his wrath when some one offered him a plaster mask—a hard, dead caricature—of his loved lady of Lucca.[2] In his autobiography written a few years later, he referred once again to the impression produced upon him by the perfect art of "the sleeping Ilaria."[3]

The *manuscript* of the second paper, §§ 11–19, 25, 26, is at Brantwood. A page of it is here included in facsimile (§§ 18–19).

The *Letters to the Clergy on The Lord's Prayer and the Church* (pp. 191–243) have been printed in one form or another, and in whole or in part, several times; the collector, interested in such matters, will find the complicated details unravelled in the Bibliographical Note (pp. 179–189). The origin of the Letters appears in the text.[4] Ruskin was persuaded to write a series of letters for Mr. Malleson, the vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, to read at meetings of a local clerical society. The persuasion was somewhat against his will, but Ruskin had a keen sense of the obligations of friendly neighbourliness, and he undertook the task imposed upon him. The principal series of Letters are very

[1] Epilogue of 1883 to the second volume of *Modern Painters* (Vol. IV. p. 347).

[2] See "Ruskin's Ilaria" in *Ruskin Relics*, pp. 98–99. In connexion with what Ruskin says, in Vol. XXIII. p. 233, about the affection of the peasantry for Ilaria, a quotation from the Arundel Society's note on the monument (see below, p. 170 *n.*) may be given: "We have often noticed the Lucchesi, on leaving the Duomo by the door beside which the monument is placed, stoop and press their lips for a moment to the sweet upturned face." The monument, then placed against the wall of the north transept, was in 1891 removed to the centre and protected by an iron railing.

[3] *Præterita*, ii. §§ 113, 114 (Vol. XXXV.).

[4] See pp. 191–193.

clear and cogent, though the audience to which they were read does not always seem to have grasped the writer's meaning very easily.[1] When the Letters were complete, they were privately printed (at the instance and cost of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley) and circulated among the local clergy. They were next printed by Mr. Malleson in the *Contemporary Review*, and in this form excited much controversy. Mr. Malleson thereupon made a book out of the Letters and various replies and comments which he received; and for this book Ruskin wrote the Epilogue, here included (pp. 215–230). At a later date, Mr. Malleson published other letters, etc., from Ruskin referring to the subject (pp. 231–243).

The *manuscript* of a portion of the Epilogue (§§ 249–262, 266) is at Brantwood.

The papers on *A Museum or Picture Gallery*, which come next in this volume (pp. 247–262), were first printed in the *Art Journal* in 1880. They are in the form of letters to a friend who was interested in the formation of a municipal gallery and museum at Leicester. The last part of the papers was repeated by Ruskin, with some rearrangement, in *Fors Clavigera*, as a sketch of the ideal, in one department, for his own Museum of St. George, and the papers generally should be read in connexion with the account of that Museum in Vol. XXX.

The *manuscript* of §§ 19–21 is at Brantwood; it shows much retouching.

We come next to the most important of the miscellanies—the series of essays entitled *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, which were first printed in the *Nineteenth Century* (1880, 1881). These were written at irregular intervals, and are somewhat discursive. The main subjects with which they deal are two, and Ruskin takes up the one or the other as the spirit moves him. One of the subjects is that indicated in the title given to the papers. What is fiction? he asks (though not till the last paper). He answers in a passage (pp. 370, 371) in which a Greek vase is happily taken as a type of a fair fictile thing. His attack is upon the morbid taint in modern fiction, which he traces in several pages of acute analysis (pp. 268–282) to the unhealthy conditions of modern town-life. The study of Gotthelf may be taken as a corrective which he desired to supply, though he was conscious enough that the novelist of agricultural Switzerland had *longueurs* and dulness which

[1] See the note on p. 197 below.

readers of the highly-spiced fiction of the day might find intolerable.[1] But in the present papers Sir Walter is the model which Ruskin holds up in contrast, and a considerable part of the essays is taken up with various studies in Scott's novels. He defines and classifies the novels in order of merit; explains and defends Scott's use of dialect; draws out points of character from Sir Walter's Sunday diversions; classifies his types, and so forth. The drawing up of a class-list of Scott's novels is a pastime in which most lovers of Sir Walter have indulged, and Ruskin's list is entitled to respectful attention. He recurs to the subject in one of the late letters included in the present volume (p. 607), and discusses some of his preferences in *Fors Clavigera*.[2] But the theory which, in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, the class-list is meant to illustrate, breaks down at a crucial point, when brought to the test of dates. The theory is that Scott's perfect novels were all written in unclouded days and before physical suffering had come upon him; and, though much of his later work was still grand, that yet every pang in the stomach paralysed the brain. There may be some element of truth in the diagnosis. But *Rob Roy* is included by Ruskin in his series of the perfect and untainted novels; and yet, as Lockhart relates, *Rob Roy* was written in acute pain.[3]

The second main subject of the essays is a critical comparison between Wordsworth and Byron, and this occupies the third and fourth chapters, where also is contained a most interesting disquisition on the characteristics of good style in literature (pp. 334–337). Ruskin is not blind to the defects of Byron; but, writing in a generation when depreciation of Byron has been the critical fashion, he lays stress on the native force, the strain of noble feeling, the heroic themes, and the sense for the great style which are to be counted among the poet's virtues. In this respect the present essays should be read with the chapter of *Præterita*[4] in which Ruskin again renders homage to Byron as one of his masters. Tempted by the then recently published essays in which Matthew Arnold had extolled Wordsworth, to the depreciation of Byron, Ruskin, in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, goes to the other extreme and depreciates Wordsworth, to the aggrandisement of Byron. The passages in which he executes this manœuvre are admirable examples of the resources of Ruskin's literary art—sometimes highly charged with allusive ornament (as in the comparison between the Little Duddon and the rivers of stormier history to whose music Byron sang, p. 322);

[1] See Vol. XXXII.
[2] Letter 92 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 455, 456).
[3] See further, on this point, p. 289 *n.*
[4] "Vester, Camenae"; i. ch. viii. (Vol. XXXV.).

sometimes barbed with gentle irony (as in the reference to Fox How and Rydal Mount, p. 318). Nor is Ruskin's criticism of Wordsworth in itself unfair. But, as contained in these papers, it is partial; much of what is rightly to be said in praise of Wordsworth had been said finely by Ruskin elsewhere.[1] Ruskin's "bucolic friends" protested, it seems, against his present disparagement of Wordsworth (p. 349), and certainly it has given pain and puzzlement to some fervent admirers of both writers.[2] But Ruskin's appreciation of Wordsworth remains where it will not soon be forgotten—on every title-page of *Modern Painters*. These later essays unsay nothing of what Ruskin had said before in praise of his master;[3] but there is no poet, I suppose, more unequal than Wordsworth, and Ruskin was moved by injustice done, as he considered, to Byron, to deal out severe justice to Wordsworth's occasional narrowness of view and fatal facility in dropping into bathos. It may, I think, be held further that in these papers on *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, as he says of *Fors Clavigera*, Ruskin was desirous "to say things a little piquantly."[4] "Look at my *Nineteenth Century* article," he wrote to Mr. Allen (May 18, 1880); "there's a lot of fun in it, if people can find it out!" There are many of us who could wish that an attack upon George Eliot was an incidental indiscretion, but Ruskin, as will be seen later on in this volume (p. 558), ruled out such a suggestion. The judicious reader, in the case of Ruskin's literary, as in that of his artistic, criticism, finds firmer ground perhaps in his praises than in his disparagements. Certainly one may read these brilliant critical essays with profit and with pleasure, without admitting that George Eliot's characters are but "the sweepings of the Pentonville omnibus," or that the description which some foolish person seems to have given Ruskin of *The Mill on the Floss* (p. 282) is a fitting account of the flight and return of Maggie Tulliver.

The *manuscript* of *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, is in the possession of Mr. Wedderburn,[5] who took some of it through the press for Ruskin.

[1] See, for instance, *Sesame and Lilies*, § 70 (Vol. XVIII. p. 124), and General Index.

[2] See the chapters on "Ruskin and Wordsworth" in Canon H. D. Rawnsley's *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, 1901.

[3] They unsay nothing, but Ruskin in his later writings adds qualifications to his former praise. See, for instance, a note of 1883 to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., where he qualifies the remark that Wordsworth is "without appeal" as to the impressions of natural things on the human mind, by the addendum, "but by no means as to the logical conclusions to be surely drawn from them" (Vol. IV. p. 78 *n.*). In *The Pleasures of England* (1884), also, there is a vein of gentle sarcasm in Ruskin's allusions to the poet (see Vol. XXXIII. p. 483 *n.*).

[4] See *Præterita*, i. § 55 (Vol. XXXV.).

[5] A fair copy (in Ruskin's hand) of the MS. of Chapter I., dated 13th May 1880, is in the possession of Mr. Frederick Hillyard.

It includes some unused sheets; and, in the case of Chapter V., a few leaves of its first draft, as well as the printed revise, to which § 123 was a final addition. Some additional passages are here printed from the MS. sheets (pp. 395–397).

The tenth and the thirteenth pieces in the volume—separated by an interval of five years in date—deal with the subject of Usury. The earlier of them—*Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder* (pp. 401–425)—appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for February 1880, and grew out of another article in the same review. In the Epilogue to the *Letters to the Clergy*, published in the *Contemporary* for December 1879, Ruskin had incidentally referred to a challenge repeatedly addressed to the Bishop of Manchester in the pages of *Fors Clavigera*, on the subject of Usury. The Bishop, Dr. Fraser, had not seen the challenges, of which he heard for the first time, it seems,[1] on taking up the *Contemporary Review*. He forthwith addressed a Reply to Ruskin, who published it in the *Review*, with a Rejoinder on his own part. There the matter rested. The Bishop did not retort; the Rejoinder, he wrote to his friend Archdeacon Norris, seemed to him the "ravings of a lunatic."[2] This is a judgment which will hardly commend itself to disinterested third parties; the Bishop would have done better, I think, in explaining his reason for leaving Ruskin alone, to have taken the line which Leslie Stephen tells us that Fawcett adopted in a like case. There was "an utter absence of any common ground," and the argument could therefore only have been "at cross purposes."[3] Ruskin's Rejoinder in the present instance is fairly open to criticism as being somewhat stilted and overweighted; but raving or incoherent, it certainly is not. It was the premises which the Bishop had to destroy, and this was a task which would perhaps have presented some inconveniences. For the position to which Ruskin sought to pin down his antagonist, and from which the argument proceeds with ruthless exactitude, is the condemnation of "usury," by the literal text of the Bible and by the authority of learned divines. The Rejoinder was written, if hotly, yet not with haste. On the contrary, Ruskin took a certain malicious glee in polishing his points. "I must give the Bishop a turn," he said to a friend;[4] the "turn" was for roasting.

[1] The Bishop cannot have received the private challenge which Ruskin sent him in addition to the public references in *Fors:* see Vol. XXIX. p. 95.

[2] *Life of Bishop Fraser*, by Thomas Hughes, p. 305.

[3] See Vol. XXVII. p. 378 *n.*

[4] At another time he said to a friend who remonstrated with him, "You and

The first draft in *manuscript* of §§ 4–7 is at Brantwood, and bears witness to the labour of the file—or the spit.

The other paper on Usury (pp. 443–447) was written in 1885 as a Preface to a tract by Mr. R. G. Sillar, one of two brothers who were equally persistent in tilting against the "accursed thing," and by whose pamphlets Ruskin was converted to the same crusade. In his earlier books, as we have seen,[1] Ruskin condemned usury only in the sense of excessive interest; subsequently, he came to condemn all interest as a matter of principle, though he preached its abolition as a counsel of perfection, not as an immediately practical policy. His point of view is clearly expressed in a letter, now included in *Arrows of the Chace* (below, p. 579), written at the time when the Preface to Mr. Sillar's pamphlet was forthcoming.

The eleventh paper in this volume (pp. 429-434) is a Preface which Ruskin wrote in 1883 to a pamphlet by Mr. T. C. Horsfall, of Manchester, on *The Study of Beauty and Art in Large Towns.* Ruskin's acquaintance and correspondence with Mr. Horsfall have been noted in *Fors Clavigera;*[2] the present Preface was in connexion with the Art Museum which Mr. Horsfall founded and arranged in Manchester. References to the Museum, for which Ruskin wrote some Catalogue notes, have been given in Vol. XIII. pp. 616, 625.

The next Preface (pp. 437–440) was written at the end of 1884 for an English translation of M. Ernest Chesneau's book on *The English School of Painting* (1885). Ruskin, as he notes in the Preface (p. 439), had already in his Oxford lectures expressed his concurrence with M. Chesneau's critical judgment, telling his pupils that they might "accept M. Chesneau's criticism as his own." The life of Turner, which Ruskin commissioned M. Chesneau to write, and for which he supplied much material, was unfortunately never completed, and Ruskin's material, as mentioned in a previous volume,[3] has disappeared. Many private letters to M. Chesneau will be found in a later volume of this edition.

The thirteenth piece in this volume—*Usury and the English Bishops*—has already been mentioned, above.

the Bishop are dangling over the pit of hell, and you want me to sprinkle you with rose-water" (*Saturday Review*, September 14, 1907).

[1] Vol. XVII. p. xcviii.

[2] See Vol. XXIX. pp. 149, 589.

[3] Vol. XIII. p. lvi.

The last piece is a Preface (pp. 451–453), written in April 1888, to my *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*. Two notes which he appended to the text are added (p. 453), together with some remarks which he made on the occasion of one of his last visits to the Gallery. With the exception of the Epilogue to *Modern Painters* and the last chapter of *Præterita*, this Preface is the latest piece of writing that came from Ruskin's pen. It now stands not inaptly at the end of *On the Old Road*, dealing as it does with the Old Masters in the National Gallery, where Ruskin's earliest studies had been made.

"ARROWS OF THE CHACE"

The next section of the volume contains a collection of all Ruskin's letters to the press which have not been given in previous volumes of this edition. With letters to the press are included some which, though not addressed to the newspapers, were obviously written for publication, and a few others not of a personal character which were published by their recipients. Ruskin's Personal Letters are reserved for Volumes XXXVI. and XXXVII.

The Public Letters were first collected in 1880 under the title here retained. In 1878 Mr. R. H. Shepherd had published a Bibliography of Ruskin in which he succeeded, at the cost of much labour, in tracing most of Ruskin's contributions to the periodical press, and this suggested to "An Oxford Pupil" (Mr. Wedderburn) the printing of the letters themselves in 1880. The two volumes of *Arrows of the Chace* then issued contained 152 Letters, etc. Of these, 93 have already been given in previous volumes, while two are reserved for the Personal Letters. The Letters already given belong for the most part to the earlier periods of Ruskin's literary activity. In 1890 Mr. Wedderburn made a further collection of the published Letters, supplementary to those previously given in *Arrows of the Chace*. The collection was first printed in a magazine, now defunct, called *Igdrasil*, and was afterwards privately issued in a volume entitled *Ruskiniana*. Of this only ten copies were printed, so that this supplementary collection has hitherto been little known even among Ruskinians. It included 144 Letters, etc. Of these, 32 have already been given, while 20 are reserved for the Personal Letters.

Full bibliographical particulars with regard to these matters are given below (pp. 459–468). It will be seen that the collection in the present volume comprises (1) 58 Letters from *Arrows of the Chace*,

and (2) 84 from *Ruskiniana;* whilst (3) 50 more are given, as the result of further gleaning, bringing the total of the present collection up to 192, and that of the whole collection given in this or earlier volumes up to 323.[1] It may be added that of the 192 in the present volume, no less than 174 belong to the years 1870 onwards, whereas in the collection of 1880, 72 belonged to dates earlier than 1870.

The figures just given are interesting in two ways. They show, first, how voluminous Ruskin was as a contributor to the public press; and, secondly, that in his two latest decades (for his literary activity was at an end by 1890) he was especially prone to write *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*

What, it may be asked, is the nature of these contributions, what their place in the *corpus* of Ruskin's work, and what their value? The questions have been answered by two critics of high authority—Ruskin himself and Mark Pattison.

Ruskin has defined their nature in one of the happiest of his titles. Like other happy things, it did not occur at once. Many an author has confessed that the hardest part of a book was its title, and Mr. Wedderburn's correspondence enables us to trace Ruskin in pursuit of the right phrase:—

> "(21*st March* 1880. To Mr. Allen.)—Mr. Wedderburn has shown me this morning his plan of arrangement for the volume, or volumes, of my letters to papers. I don't think my own egotistic pride has ever been so much gratified as by the look of this bill of fare, and I leave it to the Editor and to you to arrange *everything* concerning its production and ministration to the, I doubt not, hungry public."

And to Mr. Wedderburn he wrote:—

> "(14*th April.*)—For 'Public Letters' I certainly don't care as a title. It's a lovely afternoon and I must go out, and hope some mellifluous nomenclature will come into my head in the sun."
>
> "(16*th April.*)—Your letters always are a delight to me, and hearing of this letter-book is a great pride and amusement to me, and there's not the least fear of your doing anything wrong in it. The title, of course, I like my finger in, that I may lick it afterwards if the title's nice, but all the rest I leave with secure comfort to you. So for your queries. 1. Title, still undetermined, very puzzling, but will get a nice one, please the pigs. 2. Don't send me any proofs."

[1] This figure excludes twenty-five included in *Arrows* or *Ruskiniana,* but now reserved for the Personal Letters.

"(22*nd April.*)—I've been thinking every morning before I got up, for a title, but it's very diffy [difficult]. I'm not sure that I shall not have to take your plain one after all.[1] 'Spare Minutes,' 'Spent Shot,' 'Surdis auribus' are the three best I've got. You may guess how bad the three worst were.—Ever affly. yours, J. R."

(Mr. Wedderburn then suggested "A Quiver of Arrows.")

"(25*th April.*)—It is curious that I had thought myself of 'Lost Arrows,' and your quotation would be delicious, and your objections to the other names are all sound. Howbeit, I can't resolve this Sunday morning, and I think the 'Quiver' is a little too poetical. I *incline* in spite of the Latin to the 'Surdis.' It's so thoroughly *true*, and people would find out and be impressed by that fact. But I'll think more."

"(4*th May.*)—It's very nice having a respite still. I thought of 'Totus in Illis' and of 'Here and There,' but they're neither here nor there. I'm not sure my own motto 'To-day' might do, but am so busy with Scott. I dare not trust my wits."

"(14*th May.*)—Will 'Signals on the Old Road' do?"

"(19*th May.*)—Yes, will think. I like 'The Faggot.' I don't mind its being called sticks (why not rods?). I think it will do."

"(5*th Aug.*)—At last I have got it! 'Arrows of the Chace.' . . . Preface as soon as I can, but I've a terrific paper on Byron for September[2] which takes everything out of me that's in."

The Letters, then, went forth as arrows shot by an archer in the fray; and if often "winged with feathers," certainly they are also, like those of Hiawatha, "tipped with flint." In his Preface to the original collection of 1880—"a model," as was said at the time, "of pure, sweet, equable English," and concluding with "one of the finest and loftiest, and at the same time the sweetest and most urbane, sentences to be found in the whole range of purely personal eloquence"[3]—Ruskin explains the value which he himself placed upon the Letters. They were written "with fully provoked zeal," and "expressed with deliberate precision," "within narrow limits of space and time"; they thus contain, said with "the best art he had" at command, "the indices of nearly everything he cared for most deeply."

Unlike Ruskin's other books published after 1871, *Arrows of the Chace*, being collected from the newspapers, was sent to them for

[1] "The Public Letters of John Ruskin" was the title under which Mr. Wedderburn had given a preliminary account of the collection in the *Contemporary Review:* see below, p. 462.

[2] *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, III.; below, p. 322.

[3] *Athenæum*, December 18, 1880: see further below, p. xlvi.

notice, and it was fortunate in numbering Mark Pattison among its reviewers. His estimate of the book, given in a signed article in the *Academy* (February 12, 1881), does not materially differ from its author's. He disputes, indeed, Ruskin's foible of omniscience "from foreign politics to domestic servants, from war to silk-worms." "Upon art, and all that concerns it," he says, "Mr. Ruskin, however disputable opinions he may have at times broached, stands unrivalled as a judge, an interpreter, an appreciator. But he cannot claim the same deferential hearing when he speaks of . . . the morality of field sports, dress, female franchise, Shakspere, dramatic reform, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is not that upon any of these things Mr. Ruskin may not have something good to say, but that he cannot expect to transfer to any of these subjects the *prestige* which his special knowledge has justly conferred on his opinions on art. . . . When it comes to speaking of sweeping crossings, the crossing-sweeper is sure to know a thing or two which we do not know." Having entered this *caveat*, Mark Pattison goes on as follows:—

"But what excellent things are scattered up and down these miscellaneous letters! 'A gentleman would hew for himself a log-hut rather than live in modern houses.' 'You can't have art where you have smoke [; you may have it in hell, perhaps, for the Devil is too clever not to consume his own smoke']. 'So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.' 'There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served.' 'Good art cannot be produced as an investment. You cannot build a good cathedral, if you only build it that you may charge sixpence for admission.' 'We must recognize the duties of governors before we can elect the men fit to perform them.' 'While everybody shrinks at abstract suggestions of there being possible error in a book of Scripture, your sensible English housewife fearlessly rejects Solomon's opinion when it runs slightly counter to her own.'[1] Such sparkling bits of aphoristic wit and wisdom are scattered in profusion over these letters, even those of which the main tenor is paradoxical or unpractical. Without attempting to deny that many of the social and economical opinions and proposals here put forward are of this unpractical character, I think the reader will nevertheless feel himself stirred and animated in a way in which more sober and well-considered suggestions never move him. Mr. Ruskin does but feel more keenly than the rest of us those evils which spoil and darken the wholesomeness and beauty of modern life. When the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together, there are some spirits who feel the anguish too acutely, and cry out in their

[1] For these passages, see Vol. XVII. p. 526; below, pp. 521, 499; Vol. XVII. pp. 518, 533 (§ 3), 533 (§ 4), 521.

noble rage that we have but to will it and the evil will disappear. Mr. Ruskin, like other humanitarians, exaggerates the power of human skill and energy to cope with natural conditions. . . . But we are quickened and invigorated for the struggle in which we are all engaged with the misery of the world, and the sluggish and the selfish may be reached by Mr. Ruskin's random arrows where homilies and exhortations are all in vain."

There is a piece of self-criticism in Ruskin's Preface on which Mark Pattison makes an interesting note. Ruskin says that in his earlier period, to which most of the Letters in the original collection belonged, he was "fonder of metaphor, and more fertile in simile," and "employed both with franker trust in the reader's intelligence"; he could then "dismiss in six words forms of art on which I should now perhaps spend half a page of analytic vituperation" (p. 470). Mark Pattison's comment is this:—

"What has happened to Mr. Ruskin—the drying up of the richest source of poetical expression, the power of metaphor—is only what has happened to all men of the gifted tongue who have lived long enough, and to the greatest poets most conspicuously—witness Milton and Wordsworth. But whoever before Ruskin knew it of himself and dared to say so? The unfortunate effect upon us of ageing is that our feeling of the evil of life, and the mistakes of the managers of affairs, continues to be no less intense than it was in our youth, while the power of venting our indignation in veiled sarcasm, or flashing figure, is no longer at command. We are thus tempted to take refuge in expressions of direct scorn and contempt, which directness is but the sign and mark of intellectual failure —failure, not in judgment, but in power of expression. We all regard 'restoration' with horror, and are aghast at the havoc it has made among our antiquities. But surely the cause of the beautiful and the venerable is not served by outbreaks such as 'All restoration is accursed architects' jobbery, and will go on as long as they can get their filthy bread by such business.' Another such burst of splenetic irritation against John Stuart Mill is only to be palliated by the apology which the editor offers in a note—viz., that it occurs not in a published letter sent by the writer to the papers, but in a private communication to a friend."

The greater part of the Letters collected in the present volume belong, as we have seen, to Ruskin's later period, in which the mood of splenetic irritation becomes more frequent. It should be remembered that, as his influence became more widely spread, he was the more invited to express his opinion on this, that, and the other subject. Partly in good nature, and partly in self-confidence, he was easily

"drawn," and allowed himself, as he says in one of the Letters, to be "plagued about things in general."[1] That he still wrote "with fully provoked zeal" need not be doubted; but in these latter years the stimulus often came from without, not from within. In such cases he would speed his arrow, sometimes in hasty scorn, sometimes to tease or startle. There was a great hubbub in the critical press when, in amending Lord Avebury's list of the "Best Hundred Books," Ruskin "put his pen blottesquely" through the name of Gibbon. Solemn critics informed Ruskin that "to omit Gibbon is to leave a gap in your knowledge of the history of the world which nothing else can fill."[2] As if Ruskin were not aware of that fact! He knew his Gibbon well, and had annotated it page by page. He quarried from the marvellous mine freely; but he was not going to abstain from his fling at Gibbon's epithets, nor was he persuaded that every book indispensable to a scholar is necessarily to be included among the selection for a general reader. Here, as elsewhere, Ruskin's explosions of opinion are personal, sincere, and therefore interesting to any student of his life and work.

They are, also, seldom expressed except with characteristic vigour or felicity. The later letters are, as we have seen, often more hasty, and, as Ruskin says, less rich in metaphor than the earlier. But his art of expression is still there. It is noteworthy that of the "sparkling bits of aphoristic wit and wisdom" quoted by Mark Pattison, a fair proportion comes, in fact, from letters of the later period of Ruskin's style; and the list might be extended from other letters later still, which were not before Pattison at the time. How happy, for instance, is his rule for critics—to "praise the living and be just to the dead" (p. 559); or his satire upon those who "think to refresh themselves from the foundry by picnic in a lime-kiln" (p. 571). His description of the Derbyshire glens is as vivid as anything he ever wrote (p. 572). His excursions into politics were random; but he put very happily some facts about Ireland which professional politicians do not always remember (p. 582); and the bitterness of his diatribes against the moral standards and mechanism of the age is often redeemed by the finished art in the vituperation (see, *e.g.*, some phrases on pp. 594, 604). One likes to think that even in his moments of greatest anger and seeming despair, he had the craftsman's or the swordsman's pleasure in a sentence well pieced or a blow deftly struck.

[1] See below, p. 598.

[2] "Ruskin's Judgment of Gibbon and Darwin," in the New York *Critic*, May 1, 1886.

His old friend, Dr. John Brown, was of that conviction. "You must have pleasure sometimes in your work," he wrote, "though fierce indignation not seldom lacerates your heart. Did you not like that sentence beginning 'A shepherd maid' and ending with 'the ruins of the world'?" Dr. Brown was writing of a passage in *The Bible of Amiens;*[1] but a like felicity, or force, of language appears on many a page of the *Arrows*, and habitual energy of diction, as has been well said,[2] was "never yet practised by a melancholy man, and must have armed Ruskin himself, indignant, insurgent, menacing, against that profounder calamity, sadness."

Very few are the pages of this collection from which things as good could not be culled. The verdict of another critic of the original *Arrows of the Chace* may be given:—

"There is not a letter in the book of which it can be said that it is not interesting; not one but is distinguished by some notable feature, as a touch of fine and pleasant wit, or a stout stroke of satire, or a piece of wisdom nobly thought and luminously phrased, or a passage of sonorous and splendid rhetoric, or a fling of whimsical temper. To follow their author through his many moods of irony and reproof, of indignation and of calm, of fun and suggestiveness and scorn, is an intellectual exercise not only as agreeable as can be imagined, but as serviceable also. . . . Mr. Ruskin has much to say, and he knows so well how to say it that people are apt to value his sayings even more for their manner's sake than for the sake of their matter. It is the common lot of most of those who deal in prose to be either useful at the expense of beauty, or ornamental at the cost of serviceableness. With Mr. Ruskin it is otherwise. To him the instrument of prose is lyre and axe, is lamp and trowel, is a brush to paint with and a sword to slay, in one. A great artist in speech, he is a working exemplification of the theory which holds that English prose is of no particular epoch, but that in all its essentials, and allowing for the influence of current fashions of speech, it is one and the same thing with Shakespeare and with Addison, with Bunyan and with Burke, with Browne and Bacon, and with Carlyle and Sterne. There are few manners in literature at once so affluent and so subtle, so capable and so full of refinement, as that of the author of *Modern Painters*. The reason why it is felt to be so is, we take it, that Mr. Ruskin, in fact, is not only great as a writer, but great as an intelligence and as a man. To a mind extraordinarily vigorous yet subtle, to an imagination unwontedly rich and vivid and

[1] Chapter ii. § 4 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 55): see *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 275.

[2] In a review of Brown's letters, in the *Athenæum*.

splendid, he adds the precious attributes of a noble heart, a sweet and earnest temper, and a boundless goodwill. These attributes are perceived in his work and impart to it, however questionable its aim and however dubitable its conclusions, a certain fine and human quality of reality, which is one secret of its prodigious force."[1]

Whether this estimate be accepted or not, it is of historical interest in this edition of Ruskin's Works as marking the assured place which he had now won for himself from a leading critical organ, at one time very grudging to his literary claims.

The arrangement of the Letters in the present collection is, in accordance with the general rule of the edition, chronological; but the chronological list of contents at the beginning of the volume (p. xi.) is supplemented by another in which the Letters are grouped together under their several subjects (p. 475). The list of subjects is, as Ruskin says, a sort of index to his interests, and most of them have been dealt with more elaborately in earlier volumes. Among the hobbies which the Letters illustrate is chess. From his boyhood to the verge of extreme old age, he was a great lover of the game. An attentive reader might have guessed as much from analogies drawn from chess in Ruskin's books, and occasional references to masters of the game.[2] He himself played, says a friend, "with great rapidity and considerable brilliancy. At one time he was a constant visitor to the Maskelyne and Cooke entertainment, where on at least one occasion he took a hand in the rubber with 'Psycho'; and whenever a new chess-playing automaton made a public appearance he would endeavour to try conclusions with it. Indeed, it was a matter of pride to him that he had obtained more than one victory over the famous Mephisto at the time when it was performing at the Crystal Palace with considerable *éclat*."[3] He was a Vice-President of the British Chess Association, and "endowed the national tournaments with a set of his works—a prize much coveted by the competitors and valued by the winners."[4] Ruskin was impatient, as may be gathered from the letters in this volume, with an opponent who did not play quickly. The squares on Ruskin's own board were coloured red and green. He was fond also of playing by correspondence; Mr. Macdonald, the drawing-master of his school at

[1] *Athenæum*, December 18, 1880. The reviewer was W. E. Henley.

[2] See Vol. VI. p. 85; Vol. XIII. pp. 259, 272; Vol. XIX. p. 466; Vol. XXXII. p. 492.

[3] *John Ruskin*, by M. H. Spielmann, p. 150. Compare a letter to C. E. Norton of February 15, 1874 (Vol. XXXVII.).

[4] From the Chess Column of the *Westminster Gazette*, January 27, 1900.

Oxford, was often his antagonist in that sort.[1] His library contained a corner of books on the subject (see below, p. 699).

The *manuscript* of Ruskin's public letters, which were sent to the press, is naturally not available; but he often took great pains with their composition, and rough drafts of some of them are contained in his note-books. Two pages from these are given in facsimile, pp. 498, 501; whilst his "blottesque" emendation of Lord Avebury's list of the "Best Hundred Books" is reproduced from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (p. 583).

"RUSKINIANA"

The last part of this volume is devoted to a collection of *Ruskiniana.*

The first section of these contains Reports of various lectures or *Addresses* which have not been included in previous volumes (pp. 627–644).

These are followed by the *Epitaphs* which Ruskin composed for monuments to his friend and pupil, Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany), and to his friend and tutor, the Rev. Osborne Gordon (pp. 647, 648).

The next section collects a number of *Circulars* and Notices issued at various times by Ruskin (pp. 651–655).

The fourth section (pp. 659–676) brings together from various sources a number of *Conversations* with Ruskin which have been recorded in print.

In the following sections we enter, as it were, into Ruskin's study and library. His *Note-books* and Diaries are very voluminous, and it has been thought that some typical extracts from the former might be interesting. No author has preached more usefully than Ruskin on the duty of careful reading, and the Notes here given show him at practice, reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting. To the constancy of his Bible studies, repeated reference has been made in the Introductions to these volumes; while the references supplied under the text show how the language of the Bible mingled perpetually with his thoughts. The Notes on the Bible, printed in this volume (pp. 679–688), are samples of studies of the kind which occur in almost all his note-books and diaries. "Once in his rooms at Oxford," says Mr. Collingwood,[2] "I remember getting into a difficulty about the correct quotation of some passage. 'Haven't you a concordance?'

[1] See Vol. XXI. p. xxvi.
[2] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 211.

I asked. 'I'm ashamed to say I have,' he said. I did not quite understand him. 'Well,' he explained, 'you and I oughtn't to need Cruden!'" Ruskin, it is safe to say, seldom found the need. He habitually quoted from memory; and it is very rarely that, in editing these volumes, we have found his memory even at trivial fault. Together with the Bible, Ruskin made constant, and generally a daily, study of some Greek or Latin author, or of Dante; and here, again, he annotated as he read.[1] The Notes on the *Plutus* of Aristophanes (pp. 688–690), which he read in 1858 (as he tells us in *Præterita*[2]), show the manner in which he read. His selection of English titles for the Odes of Horace is added (pp. 690–694), together with a few notes for his intended commentary, already mentioned.[3]

An account of *Ruskin's Library* follows (pp. 697–702), and this is supplemented by such of his *Marginalia* (pp. 703–709) as have found their way into print, together with a few additions.

Next comes a section of Ruskiniana devoted to a collection of personal *Anecdotes* (pp. 713–722), *Obiter Dicta* (pp. 723–727), and *Miscellanea* (pp. 728, 729).

Once when his talk was rather confidential, Mr. Collingwood said, "Never mind, I'm not Boswell taking notes." "I think," he replied, "you might do worse!"[4] Ruskin had many note-takers among his friends, disciples, and casual acquaintances. For many years Ruskiniana, of any sort, were accounted "good copy" by the newspapers; and few authors have had their sayings and doings so minutely chronicled. This section of our volume does not pretend to be exhaustive. Many additional pages would have been required for the inclusion of every story, reminiscence, and casual remark which has appeared in print in connexion with Ruskin. But it is believed that this edition includes, either in the present collection or in other volumes, all the Ruskiniana that are of any interest or throw any light on the author's character.

Finally, the text of various addresses presented to Ruskin is added (pp. 733–735).

The *illustrations* in the volume remain to be noticed. The *frontispiece* is a photograph, by H. R. Barraud, of Ruskin. It is one of the

[1] He made similar entries in his note-books on Homer, Pindar, Plato, Xenophon, Pausanias, Livy, Pliny. Analyses of Dante and indices of topics are frequent in them. He kept also a series of note-books in which he noted passages in the classics or other authors under different headings. There is thus a "Topics" book, a "Myth" book, a "Places" book, and a "Grammar" book.

[2] Vol. iii. § 22 (Vol. XXXV.).

[3] Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiii.

[4] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 11.

photographs to which Ruskin refers below (p. 562) as "the first that expressed what good or character there is in me for my own work."

The illustrations to *The Storm-Cloud* (Plates I. and II.) have been mentioned already (p. xxvii.). The others are introduced to illustrate various passages in the Letters or Conversations. Ruskin's drawing of Warwick Castle (Plate III.) was made in 1847; it is in sepia ($18 \times 22\frac{1}{2}$). The Plate (IV.) of Studies in the Grotesque was etched for him by George Cruikshank, and was perhaps intended for use in *Stones of Venice*, where two of the figures were separately used; for further particulars, see p. 566. In connexion with Ruskin's defence of the Lake Country, an early drawing (1838) of a well-known spot, Watendlath Tarn, is introduced (Plate V.); it is in pencil ($8\frac{7}{8} \times 10\frac{7}{8}$). The drawing of Folkestone done in 1849 in pen and sepia (11×18)—Plate VI.—shows the place in the old days which Ruskin remembered and regretted (pp. 610, 673). These two drawings, and that of Warwick Castle, are in the collection of Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, of Glasgow, by whose kindness they are here reproduced. The last Plate (VII.) shows the piece of *faience* which in Ruskin's later years occupied the central position over the mantelpiece in his study; he attributed it to Luca della Robbia, but Mr. Fairfax Murray, who obtained the piece for him, assigned it to Andrea (p. 666).

E. T. C.

I

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(1884)

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

TWO LECTURES

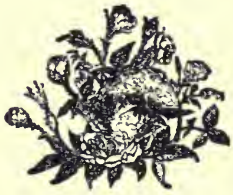
DELIVERED AT THE LONDON INSTITUTION

FEBRUARY 4TH AND 11TH, 1884.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD.



GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1884.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The book entitled *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* was first written for two lectures delivered at the London Institution on February 4 and 11, 1884.

The first lecture was fully reported in the *Times* of February 5, 1884, and in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the same date (by Mr. Cook), and less fully in several other newspapers (*e.g.*, the *Standard*). The second lecture, which it had been understood was to be only a repetition of the first, was not reported. The first lecture was also fully reported (by Mr. Wedderburn) in the *Art Journal* of April 1884, N.S. No. 40, pp. 105–108; and this report was illustrated by woodcuts, made by Mr. J. D. Cooper from Mr. Severn's enlargements of Ruskin's drawings. In the *Art Journal* the titles of the "Sunset at Abbeville" (now Fig. 1 on Plate I.) and the Herne-Hill Sunset (Fig. 5 on Plate II.) were transposed. These woodcuts are given in the present edition. A very few copies of them were printed separately for binding up with the edition of *The Storm-Cloud* next described.

ISSUE IN PARTS

The lectures were first issued in two Parts, small quarto, in May 1884, 3000 copies of each being printed.

Part I.—The title-page was as given here (p. 3), except that instead of the rose there was "Lecture I." On the reverse was the imprint, "Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, | London and Aylesbury." Preface, pp. iii.–vi.; Lecture, pp. 1–63.

Issued in buff-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front. On this title-page the date "*Monday, February 4th*" was added below "Lecture I."

Part II.—The title-page was as before, except for the words "Lecture II. | *Monday, February 11th.*" On the reverse was the imprint, "Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury." A half-title preceded the title-page. "Lecture II.," pp. 65–142; half-title "Index," p. 143; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), 145–152 (with the imprint repeated at the foot of p. 152). Title-page and Contents to the complete work were stitched in at the end of the Part.

Issued as before; the words "*Price Three Shillings* the Two Lectures. | (Not sold separately)" being added below the frame.

ISSUE IN VOLUME FORM

This may still be called *First Edition*, as it was made up of remainder sheets of the separate Parts.

The title-page is as here given (p. 3); on the reverse is the imprint,

"Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, | London and Aylesbury." The half-title and title-page are not counted in the pagination. Contents, p. i.; Preface, pp. iii.–vi.

Issued in green or brown cloth boards, lettered across the back: "Ruskin | Storm | Cloud | 1884." Price 4s. 6d. The edition is still current.

An *unauthorised American edition* was issued at 50 cents.

Reviews of the first lecture were numerous. See, for instance, the *St. James's Gazette*, February 5; *Daily News*, February 6, 1884 (noticed by Ruskin, p. 77), August 8, 1884; *Standard*, February 6; *Whitehall Review*, February 7 ("Sin and the Weather"); *Knowledge*, February 8, 1884 (vol. vi. p. 81); *World*, February 13, 1884.

A note in the *World* (February 20, 1884) states that Ruskin, "on the second delivery of his lecture, inadvertently raised a perfect storm-cloud of hisses and applause by speaking of the mountain which faces his residence at Coniston as the grand 'Old Man.' When the tumult had subsided, the lecturer rebuked his audience (amongst whom was Miss Gladstone) for their display of feeling; but he was unable to eradicate the confusion from their minds; and when he came (§ 35) to describe the grand Old Man as looking quite frantic, his added 'I mean the mountain' was only just in time to save a second outburst."

In the present edition, the sections have been numbered.

The words Lecture I. and the date have been added on p. 9. And the date on p. 42.

Ruskin's references in Lecture I. to Notes in Lecture II. were numerical "1" to "19," but the references to Notes 17 (in § 21) and 20 (in § 38) were omitted. In this edition references to the Note, section, and page are given; and similarly in the Notes (in Lecture II.), references back to the several pages in Lecture I. are given, and occasionally the words commented upon (which Ruskin in his text did not always quote) are supplied.

A few typographical errors in the Greek in §§ 5, 54 have been corrected; and references to Ruskin's other books have been adjusted to the present edition. In § 57, line 2, "atmosphere" is a correction for "atmospheric"; and in § 65 "On the Change," etc., a correction for "On the Changes."]

PREFACE

THE following lectures, drawn up under the pressure of more imperative and quite otherwise directed work,[1] contain many passages which stand in need of support, and some, I do not doubt, more or less of correction, which I always prefer to receive openly from the better knowledge of friends, after setting down my own impressions of the matter in clearness as far as they reach, than to guard myself against by submitting my manuscript, before publication, to annotators whose stricture or suggestion I might often feel pain in refusing, yet hesitation in admitting.

But though thus hastily, and to some extent incautiously, thrown into form, the statements in the text are founded on patient and, in all essential particulars, accurately recorded observations of the sky, during fifty years of a life of solitude and leisure; and in all they contain of what may seem to the reader questionable, or astonishing, are guardedly and absolutely true.

In many of the reports given by the daily press, my assertion of radical change, during recent years, in weather aspect was scouted as imaginary, or insane. I am indeed, every day of my yet spared life, more and more grateful that my mind is capable of imaginative vision, and liable to the noble dangers of delusion which separate the speculative intellect of humanity from the dreamless instinct of brutes: but I have been able, during all active work, to use or refuse my power of contemplative imagination, with as easy command of it as a physicist's of his telescope: the times of morbid are just as easily distinguished by me from

[1] [Namely, the publication of the Oxford lectures on *The Art of England*, Vol. XXXIII.]

those of healthy vision, as by men of ordinary faculty dream from waking; nor is there a single fact stated in the following pages which I have not verified with a chemist's analysis, and a geometer's precision.

The first lecture is printed, with only addition here and there of an elucidatory word or phrase, precisely as it was given on the 4th February. In repeating it on the 11th, I amplified several passages, and substituted for the concluding one, which had been printed with accuracy in most of the leading journals, some observations which I thought calculated to be of more general interest. To these, with the additions in the first text, I have now prefixed a few explanatory notes, to which numeral references are given in the pages they explain, and have arranged the fragments in connection clear enough to allow of their being read with ease as a second Lecture.

HERNE HILL, 12*th March*, 1884.

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

LECTURE I

(*Delivered on February* 4, 1884)

1. LET me first assure my audience that I have no *arrière pensée* in the title chosen for this lecture. I might, indeed, have meant, and it would have been only too like me to mean, any number of things by such a title;—but, to-night, I mean simply what I have said, and propose to bring to your notice[1] a series of cloud phenomena, which, so far as I can weigh existing evidence, are peculiar to our own times; yet which have not hitherto received any special notice or description from meteorologists.

2. So far as the existing evidence, I say, of former literature can be interpreted, the storm-cloud—or more accurately plague-cloud, for it is not always stormy—which I am about to describe to you, never was seen but by now living, or *lately* living eyes. It is not yet twenty years that this—I may well call it, wonderful—cloud has been, in its essence, recognizable. There is no description of it, so far as I have read, by any ancient observer. Neither Homer nor Virgil, neither Aristophanes nor Horace, acknowledge any such clouds among those compelled by Jove. Chaucer has no word of them, nor Dante;[2] Milton none, nor Thomson. In modern times, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron are alike unconscious of them; and the most observant and descriptive of scientific men, De Saussure,

[1] [Here, as always, a comparison of the final text with its earlier stages shows Ruskin's chastening upon revision. The proofs read: "... bring to your notice no pictorial images of political gloom, but only a series ..."]

[2] [See Note 1; below, § 41, p. 42.]

is utterly silent concerning them. Taking up the traditions of air from the year before Scott's death, I am able, by my own constant and close observation, to certify you that in the forty following years (1831 to 1871 approximately—for the phenomena in question came on gradually) —no such clouds as these are, and are now often for months without intermission, were ever seen in the skies of England, France, or Italy.

3. In those old days, when weather was fine, it was luxuriously fine; when it was bad—it was often abominably bad, but it had its fit of temper and was done with it —it didn't sulk for three months without letting you see the sun,—nor send you one cyclone inside out, every Saturday afternoon, and another outside in, every Monday morning.

In fine weather the sky was either blue or clear in its light; the clouds, either white or golden, adding to, not abating, the lustre of the sky. In wet weather, there were two different species of clouds,—those of beneficent rain, which for distinction's sake I will call the non-electric rain-cloud, and those of storm, usually charged highly with electricity. The beneficent rain-cloud was indeed often extremely dull and grey for days together, but gracious nevertheless, felt to be doing good, and often to be delightful after drought; capable also of the most exquisite colouring, under certain conditions;[1] and continually traversed in clearing by the rainbow:—and, secondly, the storm-cloud, always majestic, often dazzlingly beautiful, and felt also to be beneficent in its own way, affecting the mass of the air with vital agitation, and purging it from the impurity of all morbific elements.

4. In the entire system of the Firmament, thus seen and understood, there appeared to be, to all the thinkers of those ages, the incontrovertible and unmistakable evidence of a Divine Power in creation, which had fitted, as the air for human breath, so the clouds for human sight and nourishment;—the Father who was in heaven feeding

[1] [See Note 2; § 42, p. 43.]

day by day the souls of His children with marvels, and satisfying them with bread, and so filling their hearts with food and gladness.[1]

Their *hearts*, you will observe, it is said, not merely their bellies,—or indeed not at all, in this sense, their bellies—but the heart itself, with its blood for this life, and its faith for the next. The opposition between this idea and the notions of our own time may be more accurately expressed by modification of the Greek than of the English sentence. The old Greek is—

ἐμπιπλῶν τροφῆς καὶ εὐφροσύνης τὰς καρδίας ἡμῶν.

filling with meat, and cheerfulness, our hearts.

The modern Greek should be—

ἐμπιπλῶν ἀνέμου καὶ ἀφροσύνης τὰς γαστέρας ἡμῶν.

filling with wind, and foolishness, our stomachs.

5. You will not think I waste your time in giving you two cardinal examples of the sort of evidence which the higher forms of literature furnish respecting the cloud-phenomena of former times.

When, in the close of my lecture on landscape last year at Oxford,[2] I spoke of stationary clouds as distinguished from passing ones, some blockheads wrote to the papers to say that clouds never were stationary.[3] Those foolish letters were so far useful in causing a friend to write me the pretty one I am about to read to you, quoting a passage about clouds in Homer which I had myself never noticed, though perhaps the most beautiful of its kind in the *Iliad*. In the fifth book, after the truce is broken, and the

[1] [Acts xiv. 17.]

[2] [See *Art of England*, § 191 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 392).]

[3] [The reference is to some correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which followed its report of Ruskin's sixth lecture on *The Art of England*. Sir Robert Rawlinson (November 21), in an interesting letter (headed "Clouds, Poets, and Painters"), said that "Mr. Ruskin never saw, other than in imagination, a fair-weather cloud remain motionless," and cited *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iv. sc. 12. Another correspondent ("L," November 24) referred to "Mr. Ruskin's extraordinary remarks on stationary clouds."]

aggressor Trojans are rushing to the onset in a tumult of clamour and charge, Homer says that the Greeks, abiding them, "stood like clouds." My correspondent, giving the passage, writes as follows:—

"SIR,—Last winter when I was at Ajaccio, I was one day reading Homer by the open window, and came upon the lines—

> Ἀλλ' ἔμενον, νεφέλῃσιν ἐοικότες, ἅς τε Κρονίων
> Νηνεμίης ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσιν,
> Ἀτρέμας, ὅφρ' εὔδῃσι μένος Βορέαο καὶ ἄλλων
> Ζαχρηῶν ἀνέμων, οἵτε νέφεα σκιόεντα
> Πνοιῇσιν λιγυρῇσι διασκιδνᾶσιν ἀέντες·
> Ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδὲ φέβοντο.[1]

'But they stood, like the clouds which the Son of Kronos establishes in calm upon the mountains, motionless, when the rage of the North and of all the fiery winds is asleep.' As I finished these lines, I raised my eyes, and looking across the gulf, saw a long line of clouds resting on the top of its hills. The day was windless, and there they stayed, hour after hour, without any stir or motion. I remember how I was delighted at the time, and have often since that day thought on the beauty and the truthfulness of Homer's simile.

"Perhaps this little fact may interest you, at a time when you are attacked for your description of clouds.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,
"G. B. HILL."[2]

6. With this bit of noonday from Homer, I will read you a sunset and a sunrise from Byron. That will enough express to you the scope and sweep of all glorious literature, from the orient of Greece herself to the death of the last Englishman who loved her.[3] I will read you from *Sardanapalus* the address of the Chaldean priest Beleses

[1] [*Iliad*, v. 522–527.]

[2] [George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L.; for his winter sojourn in Corsica (1882–1883), see *Letters of George Birkbeck Hill*, 1906, pp. 145–146. He was an early admirer of Ruskin's books: see *ibid.*, p. 60. Ruskin's reply to this letter was as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, *7th Dec.* '83.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I've just time to thank you, by this post—but please let me know if your address is permanent. I had totally forgot the passage! —but I don't think the young generation will teach *me* much about clouds! It is a curious feeling in old age. Homer has his word about that too, hasn't he?—that nobody knows one's old sinews.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN."

(*Talks about Autographs*, by George Birkbeck Hill, 1896, p. 26, where the letter is given in facsimile).]

[3] [See Note 3; § 3, p. 44.]

to the sunset, and of the Greek slave, Myrrha, to the morning.

"The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,[1]
Like the blood he predicts.[2] If not in vain,
Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
I have outwatch'd ye, reading ray by ray
The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
For what he brings the nations, 't is the furthest
Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!
An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
Its everlasting page the end of what
Seem'd everlasting; but oh! thou TRUE sun!
The burning oracle of all that live,
As fountain of all life, and *symbol of*
Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
Thy lore unto calamity?[3] Why not
Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine
All-glorious burst from ocean? why not dart
A beam of hope athwart the future years,
As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh, hear me!
I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant—
I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams,
When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd
For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
Only to thus much. While I speak, he sinks—
Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
To the delighted west, which revels in
Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
Death, so it be but glorious? 'T is a sunset;
And mortals may be happy to resemble
The gods but in decay."[4]

Thus the Chaldean priest, to the brightness of the setting sun. Hear now the Greek girl, Myrrha, of his rising:—

"The day at last has broken. What a night
Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven!
Though varied with a transitory storm,

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[1] [See Note 4; § 44, p. 44.]
[2] [See Note 5; § 45, p. 45.]
[3] [See Note 6; § 46, p. 45.]
[4] [Act ii. scene 1. The following quotation is from Act v. scene 1.]

More beautiful in that variety:[1]
How hideous upon earth! where peace, and hope,
And love, and revel, in an hour were trampled
By human passions to a human chaos,
Not yet resolved to separate elements:—
'T is warring still! And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
So like,—we almost deem it permanent;
So fleeting,—we can scarcely call it aught
Beyond a vision, 't is so transiently
Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love."

How often *now*—young maids of London,—do you make *sunrise* the "haunted epoch" of either?[2]

7. Thus much, then, of the skies that used to be, and clouds "more lovely than the unclouded sky," and of the temper of their observers. I pass to the account of clouds that *are*, and—I say it with sorrow—of the *dis*temper of *their* observers.

But the general division which I have instituted between bad-weather and fair-weather clouds must be more carefully carried out in the sub-species, before we can reason of it farther: and before we begin talk either of the sub-genera and sub-species, or super-genera and super-species of cloud, perhaps we had better define what *every* cloud is, and must be, to begin with.

Every cloud that can be, is thus primarily definable: "Visible vapour of water floating at a certain height in the air." The second clause of this definition, you see, at once implies that there is such a thing as visible vapour of water which does *not* float at a certain height in the air. You are all familiar with one extremely cognizable variety of

[1] [See Note 7; § 47, p. 46.]
[2] [Compare the "Notes on a Word in Shakespeare," below, p. 535.]

that sort of vapour—London Particular;[1] but that especial blessing of metropolitan society is only a strongly-developed and highly-seasoned condition of a form of watery vapour which exists just as generally and widely at the bottom of the air, as the clouds do—on what, for convenience' sake, we may call the top of it;—only as yet, thanks to the sagacity of scientific men, we have got no general name for the bottom cloud, though the whole question of cloud nature begins in this broad fact, that you have one kind of vapour that lies to a certain depth on the ground, and another that floats at a certain height in the sky.[2] Perfectly definite, in both cases, the surface level of the earthly vapour, and the roof level of the heavenly vapour, are each of them drawn within the depth of a fathom. Under *their* line, drawn for the day and for the hour, the clouds will not stoop, and above *theirs*, the mists will not rise. Each in their own region, high or deep, may expatiate at their pleasure; within that, they climb, or decline,—within that they congeal or melt away; but below their assigned horizon the surges of the cloud sea may not sink, and the floods of the mist lagoon may not be swollen.

8. That is the first idea you have to get well into your minds concerning the abodes of this visible vapour; next, you have to consider the manner of its visibility. Is it, you have to ask, with cloud vapour, as with most other things, that they are seen when they are there, and not seen when they are not there? or has cloud vapour so much of the ghost in it, that it can be visible or invisible as it likes, and may perhaps be all unpleasantly and malignantly there, just as much when we don't see it, as when we do? To which I answer, comfortably and generally, that, on the whole, a cloud is where you see it, and isn't where you don't;[3] that, when there's an evident and honest

[1] [Dickens's phrase for London fog: coined in *Bleak House* (1852), ch. iii.]

[2] [On the general subject of the scientific questions which Ruskin asks in these lectures about the clouds, see the Postscript to ch. i. part vii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 141), and compare the correspondence of 1885 with Sir Oliver Lodge (Vol. XXXVII.).]

[3] [For a reference by Ruskin to this passage, see § 60 (below, p. 55).]

thunder-cloud in the north-east, you needn't suppose there's a surreptitious and slinking one in the north-west;—when there's a visible fog at Bermondsey, it doesn't follow there's a spiritual one, more than usual, at the West End: and when you get up to the clouds, and can walk into them or out of them, as you like, you find when you're in them they wet your whiskers, or take out your curls, and when you're out of them, they don't; and therefore you may with probability assume—not with certainty, observe, but with probability—that there's more water in the air where it damps your curls than where it doesn't. If it gets much denser than that, it will begin to rain; and then you may assert, certainly with safety, that there is a shower in one place, and not in another; and not allow the scientific people to tell you that the rain is everywhere, but palpable in Tooley Street, and impalpable in Grosvenor Square.

9. That, I say, is broadly and comfortably so on the whole,—and yet with this kind of qualification and farther condition in the matter. If you watch the steam coming strongly out of an engine-funnel,[1]—at the top of the funnel it is transparent,—you can't see it, though it is more densely and intensely there than anywhere else. Six inches out of the funnel it becomes snow-white,—you see it, and you see it, observe, exactly where it is,—it is then a real and proper cloud. Twenty yards off the funnel it scatters and melts away; a little of it sprinkles you with rain if you are underneath it, but the rest disappears; yet it is still there; —the surrounding air does not absorb it all into space in a moment; there is a gradually diffusing current of invisible moisture at the end of the visible stream—an invisible, yet quite substantial, vapour; but not, according to our definition, a cloud, for a cloud is vapour *visible.*

10. Then the next bit of the question, of course, is, What makes the vapour visible, when it is so? Why is the compressed steam transparent, the loose steam white, the dissolved steam transparent again?

[1] [See Note 8; § 48, p. 46.]

The scientific people tell you that the vapour becomes visible, and chilled, as it expands. Many thanks to them; but can they show us any reason why particles of water should be more opaque when they are separated than when they are close together, or give us any idea of the difference of the state of a particle of water, which won't *sink* in the air, from that of one that won't *rise* in it?[1]

11. And here I must parenthetically give you a little word of, I will venture to say, extremely useful, advice about scientific people in general. Their first business is, of course, to tell you things that are so, and do happen,—as that, if you warm water, it will boil; if you cool it, it will freeze; and if you put a candle to a cask of gunpowder, it will blow you up. Their second, and far more important business, is to tell you what you had best do under the circumstances,—put the kettle on in time for tea; powder your ice and salt, if you have a mind for ices; and obviate the chance of explosion by not making the gunpowder. But if, beyond this safe and beneficial business, they ever try to *explain* anything to you, you may be confident of one of two things,—either that they know nothing (to speak of) about it, or that they have only seen one side of it—and not only haven't seen, but usually have no mind to see, the other. When, for instance, Professor Tyndall explains the twisted beds of the Jungfrau to you by intimating that the Matterhorn is growing flat;[2] or the clouds on the lee side of the Matterhorn by the wind's rubbing against the windward side of it,[3]—you may be pretty sure the scientific people don't know much (to speak of) yet, either about rock-beds, or cloud-beds. And even if the explanation, so to call it, be sound on one side, windward or lee, you may, as I said, be nearly certain it won't do on the other. Take the very top and centre of scientific interpretation by the greatest of its masters:

[1] [See Note 9; § 50, p. 48.]
[2] [See Note 10; § 51, p. 48.]
[3] [See Note 11; § 52, p. 49.]

Newton explained to you—or at least was once supposed to have explained—why an apple fell; but he never thought of explaining the exactly correlative, but infinitely more difficult question, how the apple got up there!

You will not, therefore, so please you, expect me to explain anything to you,—I have come solely and simply to put before you a few facts, which you can't see by candlelight, or in railroad tunnels, but which are making themselves now so very distinctly felt as well as seen, that you may perhaps have to roof, if not wall, half London afresh before we are many years older.

12. I go back to my point—the way in which clouds, as a matter of fact, become visible. I have defined the floating or sky cloud, and defined the falling or earth cloud. But there's a sort of thing between the two, which needs a third definition: namely, Mist. In the 22nd page of his *Glaciers of the Alps*,[1] Professor Tyndall says that "the marvellous blueness of the sky in the earlier part of the day indicated that the air was charged, almost to saturation, with transparent aqueous vapour." Well, in certain weather that is true. You all know the peculiar clearness which precedes rain,—when the distant hills are looking nigh. I take it on trust from the scientific people that there is then a quantity—almost to saturation—of aqueous vapour in the air, but it is aqueous vapour in a state which makes the air more transparent than it would be without it. What state of aqueous molecule is that, absolutely unreflective[2] of light—perfectly transmissive of light, and showing at once the colour of blue water and blue air on the distant hills?

13. I put the question—and pass round to the other side. Such a clearness, though a certain forerunner of rain, is not always its forerunner. Far the contrary. Thick air is a much more frequent forerunner of rain than clear air. In cool weather, you will often get the transparent

[1] [The references are to the first edition (1860) of *The Glaciers of the Alps*.]
[2] [See Note 12; § 54, p. 51. Also Note 14, § 57, p. 53.]

prophecy: but in hot weather, or in certain not hitherto defined states of atmosphere, the forerunner of rain is mist. In a general way, after you have had two or three days of rain, the air and sky are healthily clear, and the sun bright. If it is hot also, the next day is a little mistier—the next misty and sultry,—and the next and the next, getting thicker and thicker, end in another storm, or period of rain.

14. I suppose the thick air, as well as the transparent, is in both cases saturated with aqueous vapour;—but also in both, observe, vapour that floats everywhere, as if you mixed mud with the sea; and it takes no shape anywhere: you may have it with calm, or with wind, it makes no difference to it. You have a nasty haze with a bitter east wind, or a nasty haze with not a leaf stirring, and you may have the clear blue vapour with a fresh rainy breeze, or the clear blue vapour as still as the sky above. What difference is there between *these* aqueous molecules that are clear, and those that are muddy, *these* that must sink or rise, and those that must stay where they are, *these* that have form and stature, that are bellied like whales and backed like weasels,[1] and those that have neither backs nor fronts, nor feet nor faces, but are a mist—and no more—over two or three thousand square miles?

I again leave the questions with you, and pass on.

15. Hitherto I have spoken of all aqueous vapour as if it were either transparent or white—visible by becoming opaque like snow, but not by any accession of colour. But even those of us who are least observant of skies, know that, irrespective of all supervening colours from the sun, there are white clouds, brown clouds, grey clouds, and black clouds. Are these indeed—what they appear to be—entirely distinct monastic disciplines of cloud: Black Friars, and White Friars, and Friars of Orders Grey? Or is it only their various nearness to us, their denseness, and

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, § 185: Vol. XXXIII. p. 389.]

the failing of the light upon them, that makes some clouds look black[1] and others snowy?

I can only give you qualified and cautious answer. There are, by differences in their own character, Dominican clouds, and there are Franciscan;—there are the Black Hussars of the Bandiera della Morte,[2] and there are the Scots Greys whose horses *can* run upon the rock.[3] But if you ask me, as I would have you ask me, why argent and why sable, how baptized in white like a bride or a novice and how hooded with blackness like a Judge of the Vehmgericht Tribunal,[4]—I leave these questions with you, and pass on.

16. Admitting degrees of darkness, we have next to ask what colour from sunshine can the white cloud receive, and what the black?

You won't expect me to tell you all that, or even the little that is accurately known about that, in a quarter of an hour; yet note these main facts on the matter.

On any pure white, and practically opaque, cloud, or thing like a cloud, as an Alp, or Milan Cathedral, you can have cast[5] by rising or setting sunlight, any tints of amber, orange, or moderately deep rose—you can't have lemon yellows, or any kind of green except in negative hue by opposition; and though by storm-light you may sometimes get the reds cast very deep, beyond a certain limit you cannot go,—the Alps are never vermilion colour, nor flamingo colour, nor canary colour; nor did you ever see a full scarlet cumulus of thunder-cloud.

On opaque white vapour, then, remember, you can get a glow or a blush of colour, never a flame of it.

17. But when the cloud is transparent as well as pure,

[1] [See Note 13; § 55, p. 52.]

[2] [For the reference here, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 89 (below, p. 359).]

[3] ["Shall horses run upon the rock?" (Amos vi. 12). To the "terrible Scots Greys," Ruskin often refers: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 475, and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [The MS. has, in place of "like a Judge," etc., "like a sister of mercy as they dress nowadays, or a carrion crow as they dress on all days." For "the Vehmgericht," see *Anne of Geierstein*, ch. xx.]

[5] [The word "cast" is to be distinguished from "reflected": see Note 14, § 56, p. 53.]

and can be filled with light through all the body of it, you then can have by the light reflected[1] from its atoms any force conceivable by human mind of the entire group of the golden and ruby colours, from intensely burnished gold colour, through a scarlet for whose brightness there are no words, into any depth and any hue of Tyrian crimson and Byzantine purple. These with full blue breathed between them at the zenith, and green blue nearer the horizon, form the scales and chords of colour possible to the morning and evening sky in pure and fine weather; the keynote of the opposition being vermilion against green blue, both of equal tone, and at such a height and acme of brilliancy that you cannot see the line where their edges pass into each other.

18. No colours that can be fixed in earth can ever represent to you the lustre of these cloudy ones. But the actual tints may be shown you in a lower key, and to a certain extent their power and relation to each other.

I have painted the diagram here shown you[2] with colours prepared for me lately by Messrs. Newman, which I find brilliant to the height that pigments can be;[3] and the ready kindness of Mr. Wilson Barrett[4] enables me to show you their effect by a white light as pure as that of the day. The diagram is enlarged from my careful sketch of the sunset of 1st October, 1868, at Abbeville, which was a beautiful example of what, in fine weather about to pass into storm, a sunset could then be, in the districts of Kent and Picardy unaffected by smoke.[5] In reality, the ruby and vermilion clouds were, by myriads, more numerous than I have had time to paint: but the general character of their grouping is well enough expressed. All the illumined

[1] [See Note 14; § 56, p. 53.]

[2] [Fig. 1 on Plate I.]

[3] [Compare Ruskin's letter to Mr. Collingwood given in the Introduction, above, p. xxvii.]

[4] [For a letter from Ruskin to Mr. Wilson Barrett, then the actor-manager of the Princess' Theatre, on his production of *Claudian*, see a later volume of this edition.]

[5] [See the further description of this sky below, § 60, p. 56. In his diary at Abbeville (October 1, 1868) Ruskin notes: "The most lovely sunset I ever saw in heaven, beating the Boulogne one of 1861, not in richness, but in exquisiteness."]

clouds are high in the air, and nearly motionless; beneath them, electric storm-cloud rises in a threatening cumulus on the right, and drifts in dark flakes across the horizon, casting from its broken masses radiating shadows on the upper clouds. These shadows are traced, in the first place by making the misty blue of the open sky more transparent, and therefore darker; and secondly, by entirely intercepting the sunbeams on the bars of cloud, which, within the shadowed spaces, show dark on the blue instead of light.

But, mind, all that is done by reflected light—and in that light you never get a *green* ray from the reflecting cloud; there is no such thing in nature as a green lighted cloud relieved from a red sky,—the cloud is always red, and the sky green, and green, observe, by transmitted, not reflected light.[1]

19. But now note, there is another kind of cloud, pure white, and exquisitely delicate; which acts not by reflecting, nor by refracting, but, as it is now called,[2] *dif*fracting, the sun's rays. The particles of this cloud are said—with what truth I know not[3]—to send the sunbeams round them instead of through them; somehow or other, at any rate, they resolve them into their prismatic element; and then you have literally a kaleidoscope in the sky, with every colour of the prism in absolute purity; but above all in force, now, the ruby red and the *green*,—with purple, and violet-blue, in a virtual equality, more definite than that of the rainbow.[4] The red in the rainbow is mostly brick red, the violet, though beautiful, often lost at the edge; but in the prismatic cloud the violet, the green, and the ruby are all more lovely than in any precious stones, and they are varied as in a bird's breast, changing their places, depths, and extent at every instant;—the main cause of this change

[1] [See, again, Note 14; § 57, p. 53.]
[2] [The proof has, "as Professor Tyndall calls it": see *Glaciers of the Alps*, 1860, p. 237.]
[3] [See Note 15; § 58, p. 54.]
[4] [For a reference to this passage, see Vol. VII. p. 148 *n.*]

Fig. 1

A Sunset at Abbeville, 1868

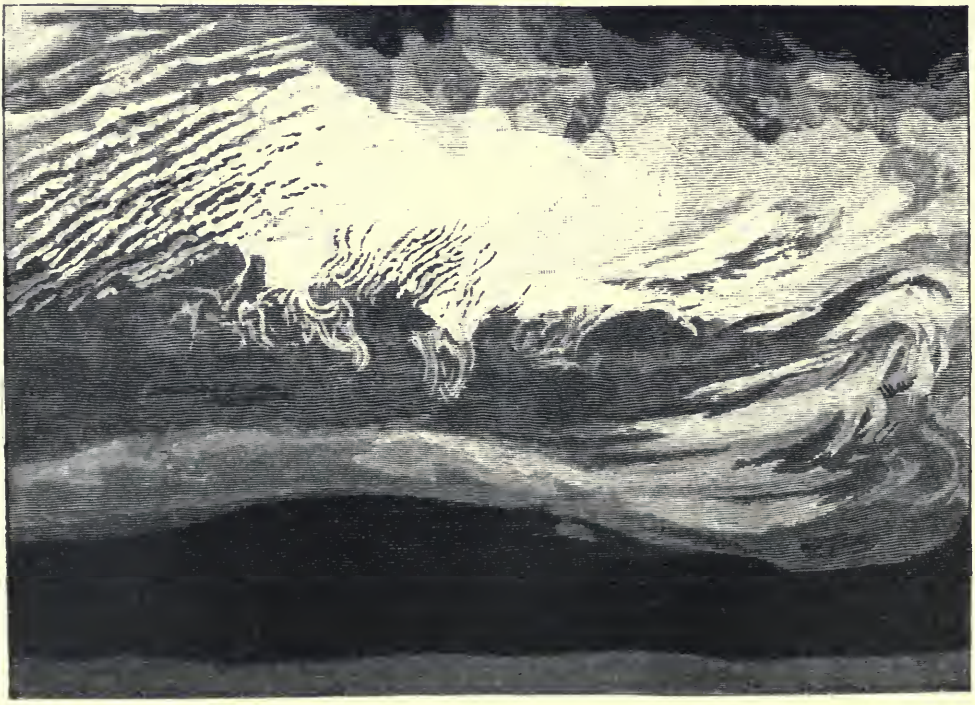


Fig. 2

An August Sky at Brantwood, 1880

being, that the prismatic cloud itself is always in rapid, and generally in fluctuating motion.

"A light veil of clouds had drawn itself," says Professor Tyndall, in describing his solitary ascent of Monte Rosa,[1] "between me and the sun, and this was flooded with the most brilliant dyes. Orange, red, green, blue—all the hues produced by diffraction—were exhibited in the utmost splendour.

"Three times during my ascent (the short ascent of the last peak) similar veils drew themselves across the sun, and at each passage the splendid phenomena were renewed. There seemed a tendency to form circular zones of colour round the sun; but the clouds were not sufficiently uniform to permit of this, and they were consequently broken into spaces, each steeped with the colour due to the condition of the cloud at the place."

Three times, you observe, the veil passed, and three times another came, or the first faded and another formed; and so it is always, as far as I have registered prismatic cloud: and the most beautiful colours I ever saw were on those that flew fastest.

20. This second diagram[2] is enlarged admirably by Mr. Arthur Severn from my sketch of the sky in the afternoon of the 6th of August, 1880, at Brantwood, two hours before sunset.[3] You are looking west by north, straight towards the sun, and nearly straight towards the wind.

[1] [*Glaciers of the Alps*, p. 154.]

[2] [Fig. 2 on Plate I.]

[3] [For further remarks on it, see below, § 60, p. 56. In his diary (Brantwood, August 6) Ruskin made the following entry:—

"In the afternoon the most overwhelming, wonderful hours of increasing prismatic light, like a painted window in heaven, pale but intent; and in one or two cases, even deep rose colour, passing into orange, barred or interstained with pale emerald green, passing here and there into olive but not violet except in some dark grey clouds which became violet by being touched with the ruby: these very rare and small, like Turner's lightest spray of dark touches in Flint Castle. All this on the edges above the sun, at about 12–15° above him; he, some 20° above horizon; and all sky interwoven with muslin and netting of divinest cirri cloud, over infinite shoals and sands of mackerel cloud; but all flying, failing, melting—re-appearing—twisting and intertwisting—faster than eye could follow; and, after some three hours of this play (5 to 8), ending in two great ranks of storm-cloud—lower, pale against higher, dark (or backing of dark): the latter with long locks and tresses, as of hair at its edge; and both overlying the range of hills, exactly like the Hesperides dragon—ending northward in a clear sky against a black monster cloud—half dolphin, half tiger (which?) rolled and rose, and finally toppled and tumbled—the face of it, or where, had it been a beast, the face would

From the west the wind blows fiercely towards you out of the blue sky. Under the blue space is a flattened dome of earth-cloud clinging to, and altogether masquing the form of, the mountain, known as the Old Man of Coniston.

The top of that dome of cloud is two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, the mountain two thousand six hundred, the cloud lying two hundred feet deep on it. Behind it, westward and seaward, all's clear; but when the wind out of that blue clearness comes over the ridge of the earth-cloud, at that moment and that line, its own moisture congeals into these white—I believe, *ice*-clouds; threads, and meshes, and tresses, and tapestries, flying, failing, melting, reappearing; spinning and unspinning themselves, coiling and uncoiling, winding and unwinding, faster than eye or thought can follow: and through all their dazzling maze of frosty filaments shines a painted window in palpitation; its pulses of colour interwoven in motion, intermittent in fire,—emerald and ruby and pale purple and violet melting into a blue that is not of the sky, but of the sunbeam;—purer than the crystal, softer than the rainbow, and brighter than the snow.

But you must please here observe that while my first diagram did with some adequateness represent to you the colour facts there spoken of, the present diagram can only *explain*, not reproduce them. The bright reflected colours of clouds *can* be represented in painting, because they are relieved against darker colours, or, in many cases, *are* dark colours, the vermilion and ruby clouds being often much darker than the green or blue sky beyond them. But in the case of the phenomena now under your attention, the colours are all *brighter than pure white*,—the entire body

have been, falling forward like a gloomy and slow avalanche and melting, as it was torn down or dragged, into nothingness.

"I believe these swift and mocking clouds and colours are only between storms. They are assuredly new in Heaven, so far as my life reaches. I never saw a single example of them till after 1870."

For a coloured reproduction of Turner's "Flint Castle," see Plate XI. in Vol. XXII. (p. 62). For the dragon in his "Garden of the Hesperides," see Plate 78 in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 402).]

of the cloud in which they show themselves being white by transmitted light, so that I can only show you what the colours are, and where they are,—but leaving them dark on the white ground. Only artificial, and very high illumination would give the real effect of them,—painting cannot.

21. Enough, however, is here done to fix in your minds the distinction between those two species of cloud,—one, either stationary, or slow in motion, *reflecting unresolved* light;[1] the other, fast-flying, and *transmitting resolved* light. What difference is there in the nature of the atoms, between those two kinds of clouds? I leave the question with you for to-day, merely hinting to you my suspicion that the prismatic cloud is of finely-comminuted water, or ice,[2] instead of aqueous vapour; but the only clue I have to this idea is in the purity of the rainbow formed in frost mist, lying close to water surfaces. Such mist, however, only becomes prismatic as common rain does, when the sun is behind the spectator, while prismatic clouds are, on the contrary, always between the spectator and the sun.

22. The main reason, however, why I can tell you nothing yet about these colours of diffraction or interference, is that, whenever I try to find anything firm for you to depend on, I am stopped by the quite frightful inaccuracy of the scientific people's terms, which is the consequence of their always trying to write mixed Latin and English,[3] so losing the grace of the one and the sense of the other. And, in this point of the diffraction of light I am stopped dead by their confusion of idea also, in using the words undulation and vibration as synonyms. "When," says Professor Tyndall,[4] "you are told that the atoms of the sun *vibrate* at different rates, and produce *waves* of different sizes,—your experience of water-waves will enable you to form a tolerably clear notion of what is meant."

[1] [See Note 16; § 60, p. 55.]
[2] [See Note 17; § 61, p. 56.]
[3] [Compare *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. § 36 *n.* (Vol. XXVI. p. 317).]
[4] [*Forms of Water*, § 29 (p. 11).]

"Tolerably clear"!—your toleration must be considerable, then. Do you suppose a water-wave is like a harp-string? Vibration is the movement of a body in a state of tension,—undulation, that of a body absolutely lax. In vibration, not an atom of the body changes its place in relation to another,—in undulation, not an atom of the body remains in the same place with regard to another. In vibration, every particle of the body ignores gravitation, or defies it,—in undulation, every particle of the body is slavishly submitted to it. In undulation, not one wave is like another; in vibration, every pulse is alike. And of undulation itself, there are all manner of visible conditions, which are not true conditions. A flag ripples in the wind, but it does not undulate as the sea does,—for in the sea, the water is taken from the trough to put on to the ridge, but in the flag, though the motion is progressive, the bits of bunting keep their place. You see a field of corn undulating as if it was water,—it is different from the flag, for the ears of corn bow out of their places and return to them,—and yet, it is no more like the undulation of the sea, than the shaking of an aspen leaf in a storm, or the lowering of the lances in a battle.

And the best of the jest is, that after mixing up these two notions in their heads inextricably, the scientific people apply both when neither will fit; and when all undulation known to us presumes weight, and all vibration, impact,—the undulating theory of light is proposed to you concerning a medium which you can neither weigh nor touch!

All *communicable* vibration—of course I mean—and in dead matter: *You* may fall a-shivering on your own account, if you like, but you can't get a billiard-ball to fall a-shivering on *its* own account.[1]

23. Yet observe that in thus signalizing the inaccuracy of the terms in which they are taught, I neither accept, nor assail, the conclusions respecting the oscillatory states of light, heat, and sound, which have resulted from the

[1] [See Note 18; § 65, p. 59.]

postulate of an elastic, though impalpable and imponderable ether, possessing the elasticity of air. This only I desire you to mark with attention,—that both light and sound are *sensations* of the animal frame, which remain, and must remain, wholly inexplicable, whatever manner of force, pulse, or palpitation may be instrumental in producing them: nor does any such force *become* light or sound, except in its rencontre with an animal. The leaf hears no murmur in the wind to which it wavers on the branches, nor can the clay discern the vibration by which it is thrilled into a ruby. The Eye and the Ear are the creators alike of the ray and the tone; and the conclusion follows logically from the right conception of their living power,—"He that planted the Ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the Eye, shall not He see?"[1]

24. For security, therefore, and simplicity of definition of light, you will find no possibility of advancing beyond Plato's "the power that through the eye manifests colour,"[2] but on that definition, you will find, alike by Plato and all great subsequent thinkers, a *moral* Science of Light founded, far and away more important to you than all the physical laws ever learned by vitreous revelation. Concerning which I will refer you to the sixth lecture which I gave at Oxford in 1872, on the relation of Art to the Science of Light (*Eagle's Nest*, § 97[3]), reading now only the sentence introducing its subject:—

"The 'Fiat lux' of creation is therefore, in the deep sense, 'fiat anima,' and is as much, when you understand it, the ordering of Intelligence as the ordering of Vision. It is the appointment of change of what had been else only a mechanical effluence from things unseen to things unseeing,—from Stars, that did not shine, to Earth, that did not perceive,—the change, I say, of that blind vibration into the glory of the Sun and Moon for human eyes: so making possible the communication out of the unfathomable truth of that portion of truth which is good for us, and animating to us, and is set to rule over the day and over the night of our joy and our sorrow."

[1] [Psalms xciv. 9.]
[2] [*Minos*, 314 A: see Vol. XX. p. 223, and compare Vol. XXII. p. 194.]
[3] [Vol. XXII. p. 194.]

*

25. Returning now to our subject at the point from which I permitted myself, I trust not without your pardon, to diverge; you may incidentally, but carefully, observe, that the effect of such a sky as that represented in the second diagram, so far as it can be abstracted or conveyed by painting at all, implies the total absence of any pervading warmth of tint, such as artists usually call "tone." Every tint must be the purest possible, and above all the white. Partly, lest you should think, from my treatment of these two phases of effect, that I am insensible to the

Fig. 3

TWILIGHT BETWEEN VERONA AND BRESCIA, 1845

quality of tone,—and partly to complete the representation of states of weather undefiled by plague-cloud, yet capable of the most solemn dignity in saddening colour, I show you, Diagram 3, the record of an autumn twilight of the year 1845,—sketched while I was changing horses between Verona and Brescia. The distant sky in this drawing is in the glowing calm which is always taken by the great Italian painters for the background of their sacred pictures; a broad field of cloud is advancing upon it overhead, and meeting others enlarging in the distance; these are rain-clouds, which will certainly close over the clear sky, and bring on rain before midnight: but there is no power in them to pollute the sky beyond and above them: they do

not darken the air, nor defile it, nor in any way mingle with it; their edges are burnished by the sun like the edges of golden shields, and their advancing march is as deliberate and majestic as the fading of the twilight itself into a darkness full of stars.

26. These three instances are all I have time to give of the former conditions of serene weather, and of non-electric rain-cloud. But I must yet, to complete the sequence of my subject, show you one example of a good, old-fashioned, healthy, and mighty, storm.

In Diagram 4,[1] Mr. Severn has beautifully enlarged my sketch of a July thunder-cloud of the year 1858, on the Alps of the Val d'Aosta, seen from Turin, that is to say, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. You see that no mistake is possible here about what is good weather and what bad, or which is cloud and which is sky; but I show you this sketch especially to give you the scale of heights for such clouds in the atmosphere. These thunder cumuli entirely *hide* the higher Alps.[2] It does not, however, follow that they have buried them, for most of their own aspect of height is owing to the approach of their nearer masses; but at all events, you have cumulus there rising from its base, at about three thousand feet above the plain, to a good ten thousand in the air.

White cirri, in reality parallel, but by perspective radiating, catch the sunshine above, at a height of from fifteen to twenty thousand feet; but the storm on the mountains gathers itself into a full mile's depth of massy cloud,—every fold of it involved with thunder, but every form of it, every action, every colour, magnificent:—doing its mighty work in its own hour and its own dominion, nor snatching from you for an instant, nor defiling with a stain, the abiding blue of the transcendent sky, or the fretted silver of its passionless clouds.

27. We so rarely now see cumulus cloud of this grand

[1] [Fig. 4 on Plate II. (p. 40).]
[2] [In the MS., "Monts Combin and Velan."]

kind, that I will yet delay you by reading the description of its nearer aspect, in the 130th page of *Eagle's Nest*:[1]—

"The rain which flooded our fields the Sunday before last, was followed, as you will remember, by bright days, of which Tuesday the 20th (February, 1872) was, in London, notable for the splendour, towards the afternoon, of its white cumulus clouds. There has been so much black east wind lately, and so much fog and artificial gloom, besides, that I find it is actually some two years since I last saw a noble cumulus cloud under full light. I chanced to be standing under the Victoria Tower at Westminster, when the largest mass of them floated past, that day, from the north-west; and I was more impressed than ever yet by the awfulness of the cloud-form, and its unaccountableness, in the present state of our knowledge. The Victoria Tower, seen against it, had no magnitude: it was like looking at Mont Blanc over a lamp-post. The domes of cloud-snow were heaped as definitely: their broken flanks were as grey and firm as rocks, and the whole mountain, of a compass and height in heaven which only became more and more inconceivable as the eye strove to ascend it, was passing behind the tower with a steady march, whose swiftness must in reality have been that of a tempest: yet, along all the ravines of vapour, precipice kept pace with precipice, and not one thrust another.

"What is it that hews them out? Why is the blue sky pure there,—the cloud solid here; and edged like marble: and why does the state of the blue sky pass into the state of cloud, in that calm advance?

"It is true that you can more or less imitate the forms of cloud with explosive vapour or steam; but the steam melts instantly, and the explosive vapour dissipates itself. The cloud, of perfect form, proceeds unchanged. It is not an explosion, but an enduring and advancing presence. The more you think of it, the less explicable it will become to you."

28. Thus far then of clouds that were once familiar; now at last, entering on my immediate subject, I shall best introduce it to you by reading an entry in my diary which gives progressive description of the most gentle aspect of the modern plague-cloud.

"Bolton Abbey, *4th July*, 1875.

"Half-past eight, morning; the first bright morning for the last fortnight.

"At half-past five it was entirely clear, and entirely calm; the moorlands glowing, and the Wharfe glittering

[1] [The reference is to the first edition; §§ 130, 131 (Vol. XXII. pp. 212-213).]

in sacred light, and even the thin-stemmed field-flowers quiet as stars, in the peace in which—

> "'All trees and simples, great and small,
> That balmy leaf do bear,
> Than they were painted on a wall,
> No more do move, nor steir.'[1]

But, an hour ago, the leaves at my window first shook slightly. They are now trembling *continuously*, as those of all the trees, under a gradually rising wind, of which the tremulous action scarcely permits the direction to be defined, —but which falls and returns in fits of varying force, like those which precede a thunderstorm—never wholly ceasing: the direction of its upper current is shown by a few ragged white clouds, moving fast from the north, which rose, at the time of the first leaf-shaking, behind the edge of the moors in the east.

"This wind is the plague-wind of the eighth decade of years in the nineteenth century; a period which will assuredly be recognized in future meteorological history as one of phenomena hitherto unrecorded in the courses of nature, and characterized pre-eminently by the almost ceaseless action of this calamitous wind. While I have been writing these sentences, the white clouds above specified have increased to twice the size they had when I began to write; and in about two hours from this time—say by eleven o'clock, if the wind continue,—the whole sky will be dark with them, as it was yesterday, and has been through prolonged periods during the last five years. I first noticed the definite character of this wind, and of the clouds it brings with it, in the year 1871, describing

[1] [*Hymnes, or Sacred Songs, wherein the right use of Poesie may be espied.* By Alexander Hume, Edinburgh, 1599. The author (1560–1609) was minister of Logie; the verse (which is from his best poem, *A Description of the Day Estivall*, p. 15) is in the original:—

> "All trees and simples, great and small,
> That balmie leife do beir,
> Nor thay were painted on a wall,
> Nae mair they move or steir."]

it then in the July number[1] of *Fors Clavigera;* but little, at that time, apprehending either its universality, or any probability of its annual continuance. I am able now to state positively that its range of power extends from the North of England to Sicily; and that it blows more or less during the whole of the year, except the early autumn. This autumnal abdication is, I hope, beginning: it blew but feebly yesterday, though without intermission, from the north, making every shady place cold, while the sun was burning; its effect on the sky being only to dim the blue of it between masses of ragged cumulus. To-day it has entirely fallen; and there seems hope of bright weather, the first for me since the end of May, when I had two fine days at Aylesbury; the third, May 28th, being black again from morning to evening. There seems to be some reference to the blackness caused by the prevalence of this wind in the old French name of Bise, '*grey* wind'; and, indeed, one of the darkest and bitterest days of it I ever saw was at Vevay in 1872."[2]

29. The first time I recognized the clouds brought by the plague-wind as distinct in character was in walking back from Oxford, after a hard day's work, to Abingdon,[3] in the early spring of 1871: it would take too long to give you any account this evening of the particulars which drew my attention to them; but during the following months I had too frequent opportunities of verifying my first thoughts of them, and on the first of July in that year wrote the description of them which begins the *Fors Clavigera* of August, thus:—

"It is the first of July, and I sit down to write by the dismallest light that ever yet I wrote by; namely, the light of this midsummer morning, in mid-England (Matlock, Derbyshire), in the year 1871.

"For the sky is covered with grey cloud;—not rain-cloud, but a dry black veil, which no ray of sunshine can pierce; partly diffused in mist,

[1] [That is, the August number, written in July: see below, § 29.]

[2] [An error for 1870; his diary of that year notes on May 6 at Vevay the "bitter black east wind."]

[3] [Where Ruskin was living at the time: see Vol. XX. p. xxxix.]

feeble mist, enough to make distant objects unintelligible, yet without any substance, or wreathing, or colour of its own. And everywhere the leaves of the trees are shaking fitfully, as they do before a thunderstorm; only not violently, but enough to show the passing to and fro of a strange, bitter, blighting wind. Dismal enough, had it been the first morning of its kind that summer had sent. But during all this spring, in London, and at Oxford, through meagre March, through changelessly sullen April, through despondent May, and darkened June, morning after morning has come grey-shrouded thus.

"And it is a new thing to me, and a very dreadful one. I am fifty years old, and more; and since I was five, have gleaned the best hours of my life in the sun of spring and summer mornings; and I never saw such as these, till now.

"And the scientific men are busy as ants, examining the sun and the moon, and the seven stars, and can tell me all about *them*, I believe, by this time; and how they move, and what they are made of.

"And I do not care, for my part, two copper spangles how they move, nor what they are made of. I can't move them any other way than they go, nor make them of anything else, better than they are made. But I would care much and give much, if I could be told where this bitter wind comes from, and what *it* is made of.

"For, perhaps, with forethought, and fine laboratory science, one might make it of something else.

"It looks partly as if it were made of poisonous smoke; very possibly it may be: there are at least two hundred furnace chimneys in a square of two miles on every side of me. But mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way. It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men's souls —such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be flitting hither and thither, doubting, themselves, of the fittest place for them.

"You know, if there *are* such things as souls, and if ever any of them haunt places where they have been hurt, there must be many above us, just now, displeased enough!" [1]

The last sentence refers of course to the battles of the Franco-German campaign, which was especially horrible to me, in its digging, as the Germans should have known, a moat flooded with waters of death between the two nations for a century to come.

30. Since that Midsummer day, my attention, however otherwise occupied, has never relaxed in its record of the phenomena characteristic of the plague-wind; and I now define for you, as briefly as possible, the essential signs of it.

(1.) It is a wind of darkness,—all the former conditions of tormenting winds, whether from the north or east, were more or less capable of co-existing with sunlight, and often

[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 132, 133.]

with steady and bright sunlight; but whenever, and wherever the plague-wind blows, be it but for ten minutes, the sky is darkened instantly.

31. (2.) It is a malignant *quality* of wind, unconnected with any one quarter of the compass; it blows indifferently from all, attaching its own bitterness and malice to the worst characters of the proper winds of each quarter. It will blow either with drenching rain, or dry rage, from the south, —with ruinous blasts from the west,—with bitterest chills from the north,—and with venomous blight from the east.

Its own favourite quarter, however, is the south-west, so that it is distinguished in its malignity equally from the Bise of Provence, which is a north wind always, and from our own old friend, the east.

32. (3.) It always blows *tremulously*, making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness which gives them—and I watch them this moment as I write—an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress. You may see the kind of quivering, and hear the ominous whimpering, in the gusts that precede a great thunderstorm; but plague-wind is more panic-struck, and feverish; and its sound is a hiss instead of a wail.

When I was last at Avallon,[1] in South France, I went to see *Faust* played at the little country theatre: it was done with scarcely any means of pictorial effect, except a few old curtains, and a blue light or two. But the night on the Brocken was nevertheless extremely appalling to me,—a strange ghastliness being obtained in some of the witch scenes merely by fine management of gesture and drapery; and in the phantom scenes, by the half-palsied, half-furious, faltering or fluttering past of phantoms stumbling as into graves; as if of not only soulless, but senseless, Dead, moving with the very action, the rage, the decrepitude, and the trembling of the plague-wind.

33. (4.) Not only tremulous at every moment, it is also *intermittent* with a rapidity quite unexampled in former

[1] [In August 1882: see the Introduction to Vol. XXXIII. p. xxxv.]

weather. There are, indeed, days—and weeks, on which it blows without cessation, and is as inevitable as the Gulf Stream; but also there are days when it is contending with healthy weather, and on such days it will remit for half an hour, and the sun will begin to show itself, and then the wind will come back and cover the whole sky with clouds in ten minutes; and so on, every half-hour, through the whole day; so that it is often impossible to go on with any kind of drawing in colour, the light being never for two seconds the same from morning till evening.

34. (5.) It degrades, while it intensifies, ordinary storm; but before I read you any description of its efforts in this kind, I must correct an impression which has got abroad through the papers,[1] that I speak as if the plague-wind blew now always, and there were no more any natural weather. On the contrary, the winter of 1878–9 was one of the most healthy and lovely I ever saw ice in;—Coniston lake shone under the calm clear frost in one marble field, as strong as the floor of Milan Cathedral, half a mile across and four miles down; and the first entries in my diary which I read you shall be from the 22nd to 26th June, 1876, of perfectly lovely and natural weather:—

"*Sunday, 25th June*, 1876.

"Yesterday, an entirely glorious sunset, unmatched in beauty since that at Abbeville,[2]—deep scarlet, and purest rose, on purple grey, in bars; and stationary, plumy, sweeping filaments above in upper sky, like '*using up the brush*,' said Joanie; remaining in glory, every moment best, changing from one good into another, (but only in colour or light—*form steady*,) for half an hour full, and the clouds afterwards fading into the grey against amber twilight, *stationary in the same form for about two hours*, at least.

[1] [This passage, it will be noted, was added in revising the spoken lecture for the press.]

[2] [See above, p. 21.]

The darkening rose tint remained till half-past ten, the grand time being at nine.

"The day had been fine,—exquisite green light on afternoon hills."

"*Monday, 26th June*, 1876.

"Yesterday an entirely perfect summer light on the Old Man; Lancaster Bay all clear; Ingleborough and the great Pennine fault as on a map. Divine beauty of western colour on thyme and rose,—then twilight of clearest *warm* amber far into night, of *pale* amber all night long; hills dark-clear against it.

"And so it continued, only growing more intense in blue and sunlight, all day. After breakfast, I came in from the well under strawberry bed, to say I had never seen anything like it, so pure or intense, in Italy; and so it went glowing on, cloudless, with soft north wind, all day."

"*16th July.*

"The sunset almost too bright *through the blinds* for me to read Humboldt at tea by,—finally, new moon like a lime-light, reflected on breeze-struck water; traces, across dark calm, of reflected hills."

35. These extracts are, I hope, enough to guard you against the absurdity of supposing that it all only means that I am myself soured, or doting, in my old age, and always in an ill humour. Depend upon it, when old men are worth anything, they are better-humoured than young ones; and have learned to see what good there is, and pleasantness, in the world they are likely so soon to have orders to quit.

Now then—take the following sequences of accurate description of thunderstorm, *with* plague-wind.

"*22nd June*, 1876.

"Thunderstorm; pitch dark, with no *blackness*,—but deep, high, *filthiness* of lurid, yet not sublimely lurid,

smoke-cloud; dense manufacturing mist; fearful squalls of shivery wind, making Mr. Severn's sail[1] quiver like a man in a fever fit—all about four, afternoon—but only two or three claps of thunder, and feeble, though near, flashes. I never saw such a dirty, weak, foul storm. It cleared suddenly after raining all afternoon, at half-past eight to nine, into pure, natural weather,—low rain-clouds on quite clear, green, wet hills."

"*Brantwood, 13th August,* 1879.

"The most terrific and horrible thunderstorm, this morning, I ever remember. It waked me at six, or a little before—then rolling incessantly, like railway luggage trains, quite ghastly in its mockery of them—the air one loathsome mass of sultry and foul fog, like smoke; scarcely raining at all, but increasing to heavier rollings, with flashes quivering vaguely through all the air, and at last terrific double streams of reddish-violet fire, not forked or zigzag, but rippled rivulets—two at the same instant some twenty to thirty degrees apart, and lasting on the eye at least half a second, with grand artillery-peals following; not rattling crashes, or irregular cracklings, but delivered volleys. It lasted an hour, then passed off, clearing a little, without rain to speak of,—not a glimpse of blue,—and now, half-past seven, seems settling down again into Manchester devil's darkness.

"Quarter to eight, morning.—Thunder returned, all the air collapsed into one black fog, the hills invisible, and scarcely visible the opposite shore; heavy rain in short fits, and frequent, though less formidable, flashes, and shorter thunder. While I have written this sentence the cloud has again dissolved itself, like a nasty solution in a bottle, with miraculous and unnatural rapidity, and the hills are in sight again; a double-forked flash—rippled, I mean, like the others—starts into its frightful ladder of light between me and Wetherlam, as I raise my eyes. All black above,

[1] [That is, the sail of Mr. Severn's boat on Coniston Lake, seen from Ruskin's study-window.]

a rugged spray cloud on the Eaglet. (The 'Eaglet' is my own name for the bold and elevated crag to the west of the little lake above Coniston mines. It had no name among the country people, and is one of the most conspicuous features of the mountain chain, as seen from Brantwood.)

"Half-past eight.—Three times light and three times dark since last I wrote, and the darkness seeming each time as it settles more loathsome, at last stopping my reading in mere blindness. One lurid gleam of white cumulus in upper lead-blue sky, seen for half a minute through the sulphurous chimney-pot vomit of blackguardly cloud beneath, where its rags were thinnest."

"*Thursday, 22nd Feb.* 1883.

"Yesterday a fearfully dark mist all afternoon, with steady, south plague-wind of the bitterest, nastiest, poisonous blight, and fretful flutter. I could scarcely stay in the wood for the horror of it. To-day, really rather bright blue, and bright semi-cumuli, with the frantic Old Man blowing sheaves of lancets and chisels across the lake—not in strength enough, or whirl enough, to raise it in spray, but tracing every squall's outline in black on the silver grey waves, and whistling meanly, and as if on a flute made of a file."

"*Sunday, 17th August*, 1879.

"Raining in foul drizzle, slow and steady; sky pitch-dark, and I just get a little light by sitting in the bow-window; diabolic clouds over everything: and looking over my kitchen garden yesterday, I found it one miserable mass of weeds gone to seed, the roses in the higher garden putrefied into brown sponges, feeling like dead snails; and the half-ripe strawberries all rotten at the stalks."

36. (6.) And now I come to the most important sign of the plague-wind and the plague-cloud: that in bringing on their peculiar darkness, they *blanch* the sun instead of

reddening it. And here I must note briefly to you the uselessness of observation by instruments, or machines, instead of eyes. In the first year when I had begun to notice the specialty of the plague-wind, I went of course to the Oxford observatory to consult its registrars. They have their anemometer always on the twirl, and can tell you the force, or at least the pace, of a gale,[1] by day or night. But the anemometer can only record for you how often it has been driven round, not at all whether it went round *steadily*, or went round *trembling*. And on that point depends the entire question whether it is a plague breeze or a healthy one: and what's the use of telling you whether the wind's strong or not, when it can't tell you whether it's a strong medicine, or a strong poison?

But again—you have your *sun*-measure, and can tell exactly at any moment how strong, or how weak, or how wanting, the sun is. But the sun-measurer can't tell you whether the rays are stopped by a dense *shallow* cloud, or a thin *deep* one. In healthy weather, the sun is hidden behind a cloud, as it is behind a tree; and, when the cloud is past, it comes out again, as bright as before. But in plague-wind, the sun is choked out of the whole heaven, all day long, by a cloud which may be a thousand miles square and five miles deep.

And yet observe: that thin, scraggy, filthy, mangy, miserable cloud, for all the depth of it, can't turn the sun red, as a good, business-like fog does with a hundred feet or so of itself. By the plague-wind every breath of air you draw is polluted, half round the world; in a London fog the air itself is pure, though you choose to mix up dirt with it, and choke yourself with your own nastiness.

37. Now I'm going to show you a diagram of a sunset in entirely pure weather, above London smoke. I saw it and sketched it from my old post of observation—the top garret of my father's house at Herne Hill. There, when

[1] [See Note 19; § 70, p. 62.]

the wind is south, we are outside of the smoke and above it; and this diagram,[1] admirably enlarged from my own drawing by my, now in all things best aide-de-camp, Mr. Collingwood, shows you an old-fashioned sunset—the sort of thing Turner and I used to have to look at,—(nobody else ever would) constantly. Every sunset and every dawn, in fine weather, had something of the sort to show us. This is one of the last pure sunsets I ever saw, about the year 1876,—and the point I want you to note in it is, that the air being pure, the smoke on the horizon, though at last it hides the sun, yet hides it through gold and vermilion. Now, don't go away fancying there's any exaggeration in that study. The *prismatic* colours, I told you, were simply impossible to paint; these, which are transmitted colours, can indeed be suggested, but no more. The brightest pigment we have would look dim beside the truth.

38. I should have liked to have blotted down for you a bit of plague-cloud to put beside this; but Heaven knows, you can see enough of it nowadays without any trouble of mine; and if you want, in a hurry, to see what the sun looks like through it, you've only to throw a bad half-crown into a basin of soap and water.

Blanched Sun,—blighted grass,—blinded man.—If, in conclusion, you ask me for any conceivable cause or meaning of these things—I can tell you none, according to your modern beliefs; but I can tell you what meaning it would have borne to the men of old time. Remember, for the last twenty years, England, and all foreign nations, either tempting her, or following her, have blasphemed[2] the name of God deliberately and openly; and have done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it is in his power to do. Of states in such moral gloom every seer of old predicted the physical gloom, saying, "The light shall be darkened in the heavens thereof,

[1] [Fig. 5 on Plate II.]
[2] [See Note 20; § 80, p. 72.]

Fig. 4

A July Thunder-cloud in the Val d'Aosta, 1858

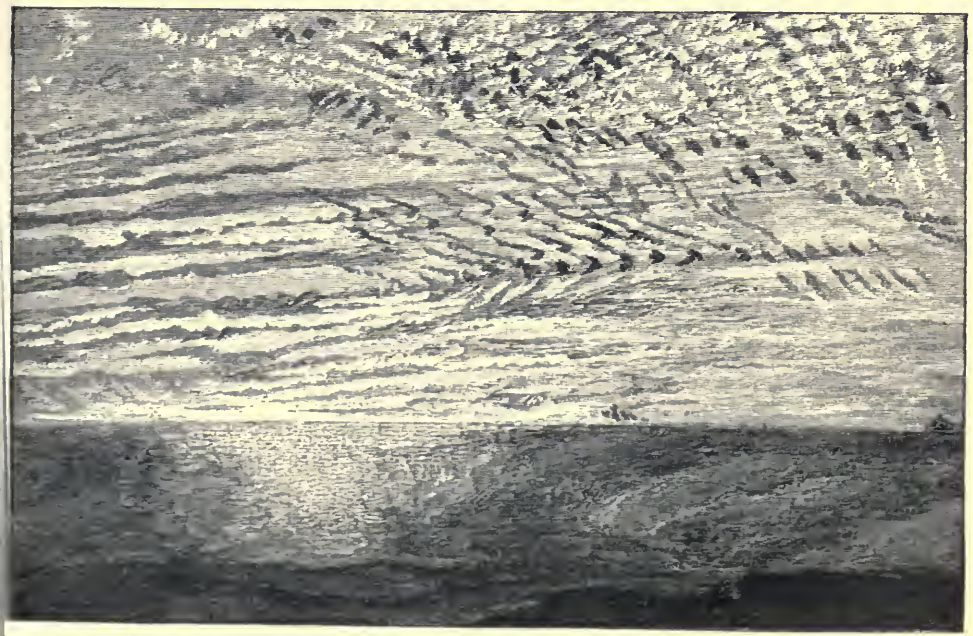


Fig. 5

An Old-fashioned Sunset, 1876

and the stars shall withdraw their shining."[1] All Greek, all Christian, all Jewish prophecy insists on the same truth through a thousand myths; but of all the chief, to former thought, was the fable of the Jewish warrior and prophet, for whom the sun hasted not to go down, with which I leave you to compare at leisure the physical result of your own wars and prophecies, as declared by your own elect journal not fourteen days ago,—that the Empire of England, on which formerly the sun never set, has become one on which he never rises.[2]

39. What is best to be done, do you ask me? The answer is plain. Whether you can affect the signs of the sky or not, you *can* the signs of the times.[3] Whether you can bring the *sun* back or not, you can assuredly bring back your own cheerfulness, and your own honesty. You may not be able to say to the winds, "Peace; be still," but you can cease from the insolence of your own lips, and the troubling of your own passions. And all *that* it would be extremely well to do, even though the day *were* coming when the sun should be as darkness, and the moon as blood. But, the paths of rectitude and piety once regained, who shall say that the promise of old time would not be found to hold for us also?—"Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord God, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

[1] [Joel ii. 10: for the next Bible reference, see Joshua x. 13; for other references to the sun standing still for Joshua, see below, pp. 117, 327.]

[2] [The reference is to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On January 2 it had published the report of "registered sunshine" for the week ending December 29; namely, "nil." The sunless weather continued, and on January 23 the *Gazette* published "the following simple ditty:—

Old England is afraid of none,
She fears no foemen's threats,
For on her mighty empire
The sun it never sets.

He who retails this axiom in
His generation wise is;
The sun it never sets because
The sun it never rises."]

[3] [Matthew xvi. 3; for the following Bible references, see Mark iv. 39; Job iii. 17; Joel ii. 31; Malachi iii. 10.]

LECTURE II

(*Delivered on February* 11, 1884)

March 11*th*, 1884.

40. It was impossible for me, this spring, to prepare, as I wished to have done, two lectures for the London Institution: but finding its members more interested in the subject chosen than I had anticipated, I enlarged my lecture at its second reading by some explanations and parentheses, partly represented, and partly farther developed, in the following notes; which led me on, however, as I arranged them, into branches of the subject untouched in the former lecture, and it seems to me of no inferior interest.

41. (*Note* 1; § 2, p. 9: "*Dante has no word of the storm-clouds.*") The vapour over the pool of Anger in the *Inferno*, the clogging stench which rises from Caina, and the fog of the circle of Anger in the *Purgatorio* resemble,[1] indeed, the cloud of the Plague-wind very closely,—but are conceived only as supernatural. The reader will no doubt observe, throughout the following lecture, my own habit of speaking of beautiful things as "natural," and of ugly ones as "unnatural." In the conception of recent philosophy, the world is one Kosmos in which diphtheria is held to be as natural as song, and cholera as digestion. To my own mind—and the more distinctly the more I see, know, and feel—the Earth, as prepared for the abode of man, appears distinctly ruled by agencies of health and disease, of which the first may be aided by his industry, prudence, and piety; while the destroying laws are allowed to prevail against him, in the degree in which he allows himself in idleness, folly,

[1] [*Purgatorio*, xv. 142. For the "pool of Anger," see *Inferno*, vii. 123. The "clogging stench" rises, not from Caina, but from the quarters assigned to the Flatterers in the second Bolgia of Circle viii. of Hell: see *Inferno*, xviii. 106 *seq.*]

and vice. Had the point been distinctly indicated where the degrees of adversity necessary for his discipline pass into those intended for his punishment, the world would have been put under a manifest theocracy; but the declaration of the principle is at least distinct enough to have convinced all sensitive and earnest persons, from the beginning of speculation in the eyes and mind of Man: and it has been put in my power by one of the singular chances which have always helped me in my work when it was in the right direction, to present to the University of Oxford the most distinct expression of this first principle of mediæval Theology which, so far as I know, exists in fifteenth-century art. It is one of the drawings of the Florentine book which I bought for a thousand pounds, against the British Museum,[1] some ten or twelve years since; being a compendium of classic and mediæval religious symbolism. In the two pages of it, forming one picture, given to Oxford, the delivery of the Law on Sinai is represented on the left hand, (*contrary to the Scriptural narrative*, but in deeper expression of the benediction of the Sacred Law to all nations,) as in the midst of bright and calm light, the figure of the Deity being supported by luminous and level clouds, and attended by happy angels: while opposite, on the right hand, the worship of the Golden Calf is symbolized by a single decorated pillar, with the calf on its summit, surrounded by the clouds and darkness of a furious storm, issuing from the mouths of fiends;—uprooting the trees, and throwing down the rocks, above the broken tables of the Law, of which the fragments lie in the foreground.

42. (*Note* 2; *see* § 3, p. 10: "*The beneficent rain-cloud . . . capable of the most exquisite colouring under certain conditions.*") These conditions are mainly in the arrangement

[1] [Ultimately, however, Ruskin sold the book to the Museum for the same sum, and the drawing, taken from it for presentation to Oxford, was replaced; for particulars, see Vol. XV. p. 380, Vol. XX. p. 335 *n.*, and Vol. XXII. p. 426. The two pages here described are reproduced on Plates 20 and 21 in *A Florentine Picture-Chronicle . . . by Maso Finiguerra, with critical and descriptive text by Sidney Colvin* (1898).]

of the lower rain-clouds in flakes thin and detached enough to be illuminated by early or late sunbeams: their textures are then more softly blended than those of the upper cirri, and have the qualities of painted, instead of burnished or inflamed, colour.

They were thus described in the 4th chapter of the 7th part of *Modern Painters:*[1]—

"Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-colour, and purple, and amber, and blue, not shining, but misty-soft, the barred masses, when seen nearer, found to be woven in tresses of cloud, like floss silk, looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

"No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable; Turner himself never caught them. Correggio, putting out his whole strength, could have painted them,—no other man."

43. (*Note* 3; *see* § 6, p. 12: "*Byron . . . the last Englishman who loved Greece.*") I did not, in writing this sentence, forget Mr. Gladstone's finely scholastic enthusiasm for Homer;[2] nor Mr. Newton's for Athenian—(I wish it had not been also for Halicarnassian) sculpture. But Byron loved Greece herself—through her death—and *to* his own; while the subsequent refusal of England to give Greece one of our own princes for a king,[3] has always been held by me the most ignoble, cowardly, and lamentable, of all our base commercial *im*policies.

44. (*Note* 4; § 6, p. 13.) "Deepening" clouds.—Byron never uses an epithet vainly,—he is the most accurate, and therefore the most powerful, of all modern describers. The deepening of the cloud is essentially necessary to the redness of the orb. Ordinary observers are continually unaware of this fact, and imagine that a red sun can be darker than

[1] [Vol. VII. p. 179.]

[2] [For another reference to Mr. Gladstone's Homeric Studies, see Vol. XXXI. p. 16; and for C. T. Newton's discoveries at Halicarnassus, *Præterita*, ii. § 155 (Vol. XXXV.).]

[3] [For other references to this episode, see *Time and Tide*, § 161 (Vol. XVII. p. 449), and Vol. XVIII. p. 551.]

the sky round it! Thus Mr. Gould, though a professed naturalist, and passing most of his life in the open air, over and over again, in his *British Birds*, draws the setting sun dark on the sky!

45. (*Note* 5; § 6, p. 13.) "Like the blood he predicts."—The astrological power of the planet Mars was of course ascribed to it in the same connection with its red colour. The reader may be interested to see the notice, in *Modern Painters*,[1] of Turner's constant use of the same symbol; partly an expression of his own personal feeling, partly, the employment of a symbolic language known to all careful readers of solar and stellar tradition:—

"He was very definitely in the habit of indicating the association of any subject with circumstances of death, especially the death of multitudes, by placing it under one of his most deeply *crimsoned* sunset skies.

"The colour of blood is thus plainly taken for the leading tone in the storm-clouds above the 'Slave-ship.' It occurs with similar distinctness in the much earlier picture of 'Ulysses and Polypheme,' in that of 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' and, subdued by softer hues, in the 'Old Téméraire.'

"The sky of this Goldau is, in its scarlet and crimson, the deepest in tone of all that I know in Turner's drawings.

"Another feeling, traceable in several of his former works, is an acute sense of the contrast between the careless interests and idle pleasures of daily life, and the state of those whose time for labour, or knowledge, or delight, is passed for ever. There is evidence of this feeling in the introduction of the boys at play in the churchyard of Kirkby Lonsdale, and the boy climbing for his kite among the thickets above the little mountain churchyard of Brignal-banks; it is in the same tone of thought that he has placed here the two figures fishing, leaning against these shattered flanks of rock,—the sepulchral stones of the great mountain Field of Death."

46. (*Note* 6; § 6, p. 13.) "Thy lore unto calamity."—It is, I believe, recognized by all who have in any degree become interested in the traditions of Chaldean astrology, that its warnings were distinct,—its promises deceitful. Horace thus warns Leuconoe against reading the Babylonian numbers to learn the time of her death,[2]—he does not imply their promise of previous happiness; and the continually deceptive character of the Delphic oracle itself tempted

[1] [In vol. iv. ch. xviii. § 24 (Vol. VI. p. 381).]
[2] [*Odes*, i. 11: "Tu ne quæsieris."]

always rather to fatal than to fortunate conduct, unless the inquirer were more than wise in his reading. Byron gathers into the bitter question all the sorrow of former superstition, while in the lines italicized, just above, he sums in the briefest and plainest English, all that we yet know, or may wisely think, about the Sun. It is the "*Burning* oracle" (other oracles there are by sound, or feeling, but this by fire) of all that live; the only means of our accurate knowledge of the things round us, and that affect our lives: it is the *fountain* of all life,—Byron does not say the *origin;* —the origin of life would be the origin of the sun itself; but it is the visible *source* of vital energy, as the spring is of a stream, though the origin is the sea. "And symbol of Him who bestows it."—This the sun has always been, to every one who believes there is a bestower; and a symbol so perfect and beautiful that it may also be thought of as partly an apocalypse.

47. (*Note* 7; § 6, p. 14.) "More beautiful in that variety."—This line, with the one italicized beneath, expresses in Myrrha's mind, the feeling which I said, in the outset,[1] every thoughtful watcher of heaven necessarily had in those old days; whereas now, the variety is for the most part, only in modes of disagreeableness; and the vapour, instead of adding light to the unclouded sky, takes away the aspect and destroys the functions of sky altogether.

48. (*Note* 8; § 9, p. 16.) "Steam out of an engine funnel."—Compare the sixth paragraph of Professor Tyndall's *Forms of Water*, and the following seventh one, in which the phenomenon of transparent steam becoming opaque is thus explained:—

"Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a cloud."

But the author does not tell us, in the first place, what

[1] [See above, pp. 10–14.]

is the shape or nature of a "bit of steam," nor, in the second place, how the contraction of the individual bits of steam is effected without any diminution of the whole mass of them, but on the contrary, during its steady *expansion;* in the third place he assumes that the particles of water dust are solid, not vesicular, which is not yet ascertained; in the fourth place, he does not tell us how their number and size are related to the quantity of invisible moisture in the air; in the fifth place, he does not tell us how cool invisible moisture differs from hot invisible moisture; and in the sixth, he does not tell us why the cool visible moisture stays while the hot visible moisture melts away. So much for the present state of "scientific" information, or at least communicativeness, on the first and simplest conditions of the problem before us!

49. In its wider range that problem embraces the total mystery of volatile power in substance; and of the visible states consequent on sudden—and presumably, therefore, imperfect—vaporization; as the smoke of frankincense, or the sacred fume of modern devotion which now fills the inhabited world, as that of the rose and violet its deserts. What,—it would be useful to know, is the actual bulk of an atom of orange perfume?—what of one of vaporized tobacco, or gunpowder?—and where do *these* artificial vapours fall back in beneficent rain? or through what areas of atmosphere exist, as invisible, though perhaps not innocuous, cloud?

All these questions were put, closely and precisely, four-and-twenty years ago, in the 1st chapter of the 7th part of *Modern Painters*, paragraphs 4 to 9,[1] of which I can here allow space only for the last, which expresses the final difficulties of the matter better than anything said in this lecture:—

"But farther: these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material, or its aspect, its

[1] [See Vol. VII. pp. 136–141.]

loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs, of cold. Yet the vapour stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapour pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?"

50. (*Note* 9; § 10, p. 17.) The opposed conditions of the higher and lower orders of cloud, with the balanced intermediate one, are beautifully seen on mountain summits of rock or earth. On snowy ones they are far more complex: but on rock summits there are three distinct forms of attached cloud in serene weather; the first that of cloud veil laid over them, and *falling* in folds through their ravines, (the obliquely descending clouds of the entering chorus in Aristophanes[1]); secondly, the ascending cloud, which develops itself loosely and independently as it rises, and does not attach itself to the hillside, while the falling veil cloud clings to it close all the way down;—and lastly the throned cloud, which rests indeed on the mountain summit, with its base, but rises high above into the sky, continually changing its outlines, but holding its seat perhaps all day long.

These three forms of cloud belong exclusively to calm weather; attached drift cloud, (see Note 11) can only be formed in the wind.

51. (*Note* 10; § 11, p. 17: "*Tyndall explains the twisted beds of the Jungfrau by intimating that the Matterhorn is growing flat.*") *Glaciers of the Alps*, page 10:—

"Let a pound weight be placed upon a cube of granite" (size of supposed cube not mentioned), "the cube is flattened, though in an infinitesimal degree. Let the weight be removed, the cube remains a little flattened.

[1] [*Clouds*, 325: see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 26 *n.*).]

Let us call the cube thus flattened No. 1. Starting with No. 1 as a new mass, let the pound weight be laid upon it. We have a more flattened mass, No. 2. . . . Apply this to squeezed rocks, to those, for example, which form the base of an obelisk like the Matterhorn,—the conclusion seems inevitable *that the mountain is sinking by its own weight,*" etc., etc.

Similarly the Nelson statue must be gradually flattening the Nelson column,—and in time Cleopatra's needle will be as flat as her pincushion?

52. (*Note* 11; § 11, p. 17: "*. . . or the clouds on the lee side of the Matterhorn by the wind's rubbing against the windward side.*") *Glaciers of the Alps*, page 146:—

"The sun was near the western horizon, and I remained alone upon the Grat to see his last beams illuminate the mountains, which, with one exception, were without a trace of cloud.

"This exception was the Matterhorn, the appearance of which was extremely instructive. The obelisk appeared to be divided in two halves by a vertical line, drawn from its summit half-way down, to the windward of which we had the bare cliffs of the mountain; and to the left of it a cloud which appeared to cling tenaciously to the rocks.

"In reality, however, there was no clinging; the condensed vapour incessantly got away, but it was ever renewed, and thus a river of cloud had been sent from the mountain over the valley of Aosta. The wind, in fact, blew lightly up the valley of St. Nicholas, charged with moisture, and when the air that held it *rubbed against the cold cone* of the Matterhorn, the vapour was chilled and precipitated in his lee."

It is not explained, why the wind was not chilled by rubbing against any of the neighbouring mountains, nor why the cone of the Matterhorn, mostly of rock, should be colder than cones of snow. The phenomenon was first described by De Saussure, who gives the same explanation as Tyndall; and from whom, in the first volume of *Modern Painters*, I adopted it without sufficient examination.[1] Afterwards I re-examined it, and showed its fallacy, with respect to the cap or helmet cloud, in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, page 128,[2] in the terms given in the

[1] [See Vol. III. pp. 371–372.]
[2] [The reference is to the first edition: see now Vol. VII. p. 164.]

subjoined note,* but I still retained the explanation of Saussure for the lee-side cloud, engraving in Plate 69 the modes of its occurrence on the Aiguille Dru, of which the most ordinary one was afterwards represented by Tyndall in his *Glaciers of the Alps*,[1] under the title of "Banner-cloud." Its less imaginative title, in *Modern Painters*,[2] of "Lee-side cloud," is more comprehensive, for this cloud forms often under the brows of far-terraced precipices, where it has no resemblance to a banner. No true explanation of it has ever yet been given; for the first condition of the problem has hitherto been unobserved,—namely, that such cloud is constant in certain states of weather, under precipitous rocks;—but never developed with distinctness by domes of snow.

53. But my former expansion of Saussure's theory is at least closer to the facts than Professor Tyndall's "rubbing

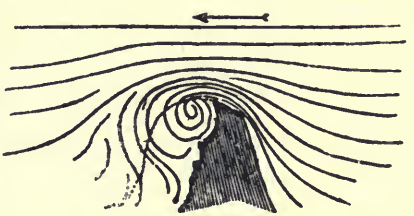
* "But both Saussure and I ought to have known,—we did know, but did not think of it,—that the covering or cap-cloud forms on hot summits as well as cold ones;—that the red and bare rocks of Mont Pilate, hotter, certainly, after a day's sunshine than the cold storm-wind which sweeps to them from the Alps, nevertheless have been renowned for their helmet of cloud, ever since the Romans watched the cloven summit, grey against the south, from the ramparts of Vindonissa, giving it the name from which the good Catholics of Lucerne have warped out their favourite piece of terrific sacred biography. And both my master and I should also have reflected that if our theory about its formation had been generally true, the helmet cloud ought to form on every cold summit, at the approach of rain, in approximating proportions to the bulk of the glaciers; which is so far from being the case that not only (A) the cap-cloud may often be seen on lower summits of grass or rock, while the higher ones are splendidly clear (which may be accounted for by supposing the wind containing the moisture not to have risen so high); but (B) the cap-cloud always shows a preference for hills of a conical form, such as the Mole or Niesen, which can have very little power in chilling the air, even supposing they were cold themselves; while it will entirely refuse to form huge masses of mountain, which, supposing them of chilly temperament, must have discomforted the atmosphere in their neighbourhood for leagues."

[1] [Not in *Glaciers of the Alps*, but as frontispiece to *The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers*, 1872 ("Cloud Banner of the Aiguille du Dru").]

[2] [Vol. v. part vii. ch. iii. § 5 (Vol. VII. pp. 165–166).]

against the rocks," and I therefore allow room for it here, with its illustrative woodcut :—

"When a moist wind blows in clear weather over a cold summit, it has not time to get chilled as it approaches the rock, and therefore the air remains clear, and the sky bright on the windward side; but under the lee of the peak, there is partly a back eddy, and partly still air; and in that lull and eddy the wind gets time to be chilled by the rock, and the cloud appears, as a boiling mass of white vapour, rising continually with the return current to the upper edge of the mountain, where it is caught by the straight wind and partly torn, partly melted away in broken fragments.



"In the accompanying figure, the dark mass represents the mountain peak, the arrow the main direction of the wind, the curved lines show the directions of such current and its concentration, and the dotted line encloses the space in which cloud forms densely, floating away beyond and above in irregular tongues and flakes."

54. (*Note* 12; § 12, p. 18.) See below, on the different uses of the word "reflection," Note 14, and note that throughout this lecture I use the words "aqueous molecules," alike of water liquid or vaporized, not knowing under what conditions or at what temperatures water-dust becomes water-gas; and still less, supposing pure water-gas blue, and pure air blue, what are the changes in either which make them what sailors call "dirty"; but it is one of the worst omissions of the previous lecture, that I have not stated among the characters of the plague-cloud that it is *always* dirty,* and *never blue under any conditions*, neither when deep in the distance, nor when in the electric states which produce sulphurous blues in natural cloud. But see the next note.

* In my final collation of the lectures given at Oxford last year on the Art of England, I shall have occasion to take notice of the effect of this character of plague-cloud on our younger painters, who have perhaps never in their lives seen a *clean* sky![1]

[1] [The reference is to the Appendix to the delivered lectures which Ruskin added when publishing them: see §§ 198 *seq.* (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 398–402).]

55. (*Note* 13; § 15, p. 20.) Black clouds.—For the sudden and extreme local blackness of thundercloud, see Turner's drawing of Winchelsea,[1] (England series,) and compare Homer, of the Ajaces, in the 4th book of the *Iliad*,—(I came on the passage in verifying Mr. Hill's quotation[2] from the 5th):—

"ἅμα δὲ νέφος εἵπετο πεζῶν.
Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδεν νέφος ἀιπόλος ἀνὴρ
Ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς,
Τῷ δέ τ', ἄνευθεν ἐόντι, μελάντερον, ἠύτε πίσσα
Φαίνετ', ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λάιλαπα πολλήν·
Ῥιγησέν τε ἰδὼν, ὑπό τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα·
Τοῖαι ἅμ' Αἰάντεσσιν ἀρηϊθόων αἰζηῶν
Δήϊον ἐς πόλεμον πυκιναὶ κίνυντο φάλαγγες
Κυάνεαι."[3]

I give Chapman's version—noting only that his *breath* of Zephyrus, ought to have been "cry" or "roar" of Zephyrus, the blackness of the cloud being as much connected with the wildness of the wind as, in the formerly quoted passage, its brightness with calm of air.

"Behind them hid the ground
A cloud of foot, that seemed to smoke. And as a Goatherd spies
On some hill top, out of the sea a rainy vapour rise,
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which though far off he rest,
Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast
Whereat he, frighted, drives his herds apace into a den;
So, darkening earth, with swords and shields, showed these with all their men."

I add here Chapman's version of the other passage, which is extremely beautiful and close to the text, while Pope's is hopelessly erroneous.[4]

"Their ground they still made good,
And in their silence and set powers, like fair still clouds they stood,
With which Jove crowns the tops of hills in any quiet day
When Boreas, and the ruder winds that use to drive away
Air's *dusky vapours, being loose,* in many a whistling gale,
Are pleasingly bound up and calm, and not a breath exhale."

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[1] [In Ruskin's collection: see his notes upon it in Vol. XIII. p. 437.]
[2] [See above, p. 12.]
[3] [*Iliad*, iv. 274–282.]
[4] [For a similar comparison between Chapman's version of Homer, and Pope's, see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 275).]

56. (*Note* 14; § 17, p. 21.) "Reflected."—The reader must be warned in this place of the difference implied by my use of the word "cast" in § 16, and "reflected" here: that is to say, between light or colour which an object possesses, whatever the angle it is seen at, and the light which it reverberates at one angle only. The Alps, under the rose* of sunset, are exactly of the same colour whether you see them from Berne or Schaffhausen. But the gilding to our eyes of a burnished cloud depends, I believe, at least for a measure of its lustre, upon the angle at which the rays incident upon it are reflected to the eye, just as much as the glittering of the sea beneath it—or the sparkling of the windows of the houses on the shore.

57. Previously, at page 18, in calling the molecules of transparent atmosphere "absolutely" unreflective of light, I mean, in like manner, unreflective from their *surfaces*. Their blue colour seen against a dark ground is indeed a kind of reflection, but one of which I do not understand the nature. It is seen most simply in wood smoke, blue against trees, brown against clear light; but in both

* In speaking, at p. 20 of the first lecture, of the limits of depth in the rose-colour cast on snow, I ought to have noted the greater strength of the tint possible under the light of the tropics. The following passage, in Mr. Cunningham's *Natural History of the Strait of Magellan*,[1] is to me of the greatest interest, because of the beautiful effect described as seen on the occasion of his visit to "the small town of Santa Rosa" (near Valparaiso). "The day, though clear, had not been sunny, so that, although the snowy heights of the Andes had been distinctly visible throughout the greater part of our journey, they had not been illuminated by the rays of the sun. But now, as we turned the corner of a street, the chain of the Cordillera suddenly burst on our gaze in such a blaze of splendour that it almost seemed as if the windows of heaven had been opened for a moment, permitting a flood of *crimson* light to stream forth upon the snow. The sight was so unexpected, and so transcendently magnificent, that a breathless silence fell upon us for a few moments, while even the driver stopped his horses. This deep red glow lasted for three or four minutes, and then rapidly faded into that lovely rosy hue so characteristic of snow at sunset among the Alps."

[1] [For another reference to this book, see *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 344.]

cases the colour is communicated to (or left in) the *transmitted* rays.

So also the green of the sky (p. 26) is said to be given by transmitted light, yellow rays passing through blue air: much yet remains to be known respecting translucent colours of this kind; only let them always be clearly distinguished in our minds from the firmly possessed colour of opaque substances, like grass or malachite.

58. (*Note* 15; § 19, p. 22.) Diffraction.—Since these passages were written, I have been led, in conversation with a scientific friend, to doubt my statement that the coloured portions of the lighted clouds were brighter than the white ones. He was convinced that the resolution of the rays would diminish their power, and in *thinking* over the matter, I am disposed to agree with him, although my impression at the time has been always that the diffracted colours rose out of the white, as a rainbow does out of the grey. But whatever the facts may be, in this respect the statement in the text of the impossibility of representing diffracted colour in painting is equally true. It may be that the resolved hues are darker than the white, as coloured panes in a window are darker than the colourless glass, but all are alike in a key which no artifice of painting can approach.

59. For the rest, the phenomena of diffraction are not yet arranged systematically enough to be usefully discussed: some of them involving the resolution of the light, and others merely its intensification. My attention was first drawn to them near St. Laurent, on the Jura mountains, by the vivid reflection, (so it seemed,) of the image of the sun from a particular point of a cloud in the west, after the sun itself was beneath the horizon: but in this image there were no prismatic colours, neither is the constantly seen metamorphosis of pine forests into silver filigree on ridges behind which the sun is rising or setting, accompanied with any prismatic hue; the trees become luminous,

but not iridescent: on the other hand, in his great account of his ascent of Mont Blanc with Mr. Huxley, Professor Tyndall thus describes the sun's remarkable behaviour on that occasion:—

"As we attained the brow which forms the entrance to the Grand Plateau, he *hung his disk upon a spike of rock* to our left, and, surrounded by a glory of interference spectra of the most gorgeous colours, blazed down upon us." (*Glaciers of the Alps*, p. 76.)

Nothing irritates me more, myself, than having the colour of my own descriptions of phenomena in anywise attributed by the reader to accidental states either of my mind or body;—but I cannot, for once, forbear at least the innocent question to Professor Tyndall, whether the extreme beauty of these "interference spectra" may not have been partly owing to the extreme *sobriety* of the observer? no refreshment, it appears, having been attainable the night before at the Grands Mulets, except the beverage diluted with dirty snow, of which I have elsewhere quoted the Professor's pensive report,—"my memory of that tea is not pleasant."[1]

60. (*Note* 16; § 21, p. 25.) "Either stationary or slow in motion, reflecting unresolved light."

The rate of motion is of course not essentially connected with the method of illumination; their connection, in this instance, needs explanation of some points which could not be dealt with in the time of a single lecture.

It is before said,[2] with reserve only, that "a cloud is where it is seen, and is not where it is not seen." But thirty years ago, in *Modern Painters*, I pointed out (see the paragraph quoted in note 8th[3]) the extreme difficulty of arriving at the cause of cloud outline, or explaining how, if we admitted at any given moment the atmospheric moisture to be generally diffused, it could be chilled by

[1] [See *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 144.]
[2] [See above, p. 15.]
[3] [Above, p. 47.]

formal *chills* into formal clouds. How, for instance, in the upper cirri, a thousand little chills, alternating with a thousand little warmths, could stand still as a thousand little feathers.

But the first step to any elucidation of the matter is in the firmly fixing in our minds the difference between windless clouds, unaffected by any conceivable local accident, and windy clouds, affected by some change in their circumstances as they move.

In the sunset at Abbeville, represented in my first diagram,[1] the air is absolutely calm at the ground surface, and the motion of its upper currents extremely slow. There is no local reason assignable for the presence of the cirri above, or of the thundercloud below. There is no conceivable cause either in the geology, or the moral character, of the two sides of the town of Abbeville, to explain why there should be decorative fresco on the sky over the southern suburb, and a muttering heap of gloom and danger over the northern. The electric cloud is as calm in motion as the harmless one: it changes its form, indeed, but imperceptibly; and, so far as can be discerned, only at its own will is exalted, and with its own consent abased.

But in my second diagram are shown forms of vapour sustaining at every instant all kinds of varying local influences; beneath, fastened down by mountain attraction, above, flung afar by distracting winds; here, spread abroad into blanched sheets beneath the sunshine, and presently gathered into strands of coiled cordage in the shade. Their total existence is in metamorphosis, and their every aspect a surprise, or a deceit.

61. (*Note* 17; § 21, p. 25.) "Finely comminuted water or *ice*."—My impression that these clouds were glacial was at once confirmed by a member of my audience, Dr. John

[1] [See § 18; and Fig. 1 on Plate I. (p. 22).]

Rae, in conversation after the lecture, in which he communicated to me the perfectly definite observations which he has had the kindness to set down with their dates for me, in the following letter:—

"4, Addison Gardens, Kensington, *4th Feb.*, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I have looked up my old journal of thirty years ago, written in pencil because it was impossible to keep ink unfrozen in the snow-hut in which I passed the winter of 1853–4, at Repulse Bay, on the Arctic Circle.*

"On the 1st of February, 1854, I find the following:—

"'A beautiful appearance of some cirrus clouds near the sun, the central part of the cloud being of a fine pink or red, then green, and pink fringe. This continued for about a quarter of an hour. The same was observed on the 27th of the month, but not so bright. Distance of clouds from sun, from 3° to 6°.'

"On the 1st February the temperature was 38° below zero, and on the 27th February 26° below.

"'On the 23rd and 30th (of March) the same splendid appearance of clouds as mentioned in last month's journal was observed. On the first of these days, about 10.30 A.M., it was extremely beautiful. The clouds were about 8° or 10° from the sun, below him and slightly to the eastward,—having a green fringe all round, then pink; the centre part at first green, and then pink or red.'

"The temperature was 21° below zero, Fahrenheit.

"There may have been other colours—blue, perhaps—but I merely noted the most prominent; and what I call green may have been bluish, although I do not mention this last colour in my notes.

"From the lowness of the temperature at the time, the clouds *must* have been frozen moisture.

"The phenomenon is by no means common, even in the Arctic zone.

"The second beautiful cloud-picture shown this afternoon[1] brought so visibly to my memory the appearance seen by me as above described, that I could not avoid remarking upon it.—Believe me very truly yours,

"John Rae." (M.D., F.R.S.)

* I trust that Dr. Rae will forgive my making the reader better aware of the real value of this communication by allowing him to see also the following passage from the kind private letter by which it was supplemented:—

"Many years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, I and my men became educated for Arctic work, in which I was five different times employed, in two of which expeditions we lived wholly by our own hunting and fishing for twelve months, one in a stone house (very disagreeable), and another winter in a snow hut (better), *without fire of any kind to warm us.* On the first of these expeditions, 1846–7, my little party, there being no officer but myself, surveyed seven hundred miles of coast of Arctic America by a sledge journey, which Parry, Ross, Bach, and Lyon had

[1] [That is, the "August Sky at Brantwood," Fig. 2 on Plate I. (p. 22).]

62. Now this letter enables me to leave the elements of your problem for you in very clear terms.

Your sky—altogether—may be composed of one or more of four things:—

Molecules of water in warm weather.

Molecules of ice in cold weather.

Molecules of water-vapour in warm weather.

Molecules of ice-vapour in cold weather.

But of the size, distances, or modes of attraction between these different kinds of particles, I find no definite information anywhere, except the somewhat vague statement by Sir William Thomson, that "if a drop of water could be magnified so as to be as large as the earth, and have a diameter of eight thousand miles, then a molecule of this water in it would appear *somewhat larger than a shot*" (What kind of shot?) "*and somewhat smaller than a cricket-ball*"![1]

63. And as I finally review the common accounts given of cloud formation, I find it quite hopeless for the general reader to deal with the quantity of points which have to be kept in mind and severally valued, before he can account for any given phenomena. I have myself, in many of the passages of *Modern Painters* before referred to, conceived of cloud too narrowly as always produced by *cold*, whereas the temperature of a cloud must continually, like that of our visible breath in frosty weather, or of the visible current of steam, or the smoking of a warm lake surface under sudden frost, be above that of the surrounding atmosphere; and yet I never remember entering a cloud without being

failed to accomplish, costing the country about £70,000 or £80,000 at the lowest computation. The total expense of my little party, including my own pay, was under fourteen hundred pounds sterling.

"My Arctic work has been recognized by the award of the founder's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society (before the completion of the whole of it)."

[1] [This statement by Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) is quoted by Ruskin from § 8 (p. 6) of Balfour Stewart's *Conservation of Energy* (for which book, see below, p. 61).]

chilled by it, and the darkness of the plague-wind, unless in electric states of the air, is always accompanied by deadly chill.

64. Nor, so far as I can read, has any proper account yet been given of the balance, in serene air, of the warm air under the cold, in which the warm air is at once compressed by weight, and expanded by heat, and the cold air is thinned by its elevation, yet contracted by its cold. There is indeed no possibility of embracing the conditions in a single sentence, any more than in a single thought. But the practical balance is effected in calm air, so that its lower strata have no tendency to rise, like the air in a fire balloon, nor its higher strata to fall, unless they congeal into rain or snow.

I believe it will be an extreme benefit to my younger readers if I write for them a little *Grammar of Ice and Air*,[1] collecting the known facts on all these matters, and I am much minded to put by my ecclesiastical history[2] for a while, in order to relate what is legible of the history of the visible Heaven.

65. (*Note* 18; § 22, p. 26.) "You can't get a billiard ball to fall a-shivering on its own account."—I am under correction in this statement by the Lucasian professor of Cambridge, with respect to the molecules of bodies capable of "epipolizing" light:—

"Nothing seems more natural than to suppose that the incident vibrations of the luminiferous ether produce vibratory movements among the ultimate molecules of sensitive substances, and that the molecules in return, *swinging on their own account,* produce vibrations in the luminous ether, and thus cause the sensation of light. The periodic times of these vibrations depend upon the periods in which the molecules are *disposed to swing.*" ("On the Change of Refrangibility of Light," p. 549.[3])

[1] [On this intended book, see the Introduction to Vol. XXVI. p. lxii.]

[2] [*Our Fathers have Told Us* (Vol. XXXIII.).]

[3] [Ruskin quotes from the paper, thus entitled, by Sir George Gabriel Stokes, F.R.S. (Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge), in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* for 1852, pp. 463–562. The paper is reprinted in vol. iii. (see p. 388) of Stokes's *Mathematical and Physical Papers* (1901).

It seems to me a pleasant conclusion, this, of recent science, and suggestive of a perfectly regenerate theology. The "Let there be light"[1] of the former Creation is first expanded into "Let there be a disposition of the molecules to swing," and the destinies of mankind, no less than the vitality of the universe, depend thereafter upon this amiable, but perhaps capricious, and at all events not easily influenced or anticipated, disposition!

Is it not also strange that in a treatise entering into so high mathematical analysis as that from which I quote, the false word "swing," expressing the action of a body liable to continuous arrest by gravitation, should be employed to signify the oscillation, wholly unaffected by gravity, of substance in which the motion once originated, may cease only with the essence of the body?

66. It is true that in men of high scientific calibre, such as the writer in this instance, carelessness in expression does not affect the security of their conclusions. But in men of lower rank, mental defects in language indicate fatal flaws in thought.[2] And although the constant habit to which I owe my (often foolishly praised[3]) "command of language"—of never allowing a sentence to pass proof in which I have not considered whether, for the vital word in it, a better could be found in the dictionary—makes me somewhat morbidly intolerant of careless diction, it may be taken for an extremely useful and practical rule, that if a man can think clearly he will write well, and that no good science was ever written in bad English. So that, before you consider whether a scientific author says a true or a false thing, you had better first look if he is able properly to say *any*thing—and secondly, whether his conceit permits him to say anything properly.

67. Thus, when Professor Tyndall, endeavouring to write poetically of the sun, tells you that "The lilies of

[1] [Genesis i. 3.]
[2] [Compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 138.]
[3] [See Vol. XXV. p. 14.]

the field are his workmanship,"[1] you may observe, first, that since the sun is not a man, nothing that he does is workmanship; while even the figurative statement that he rejoices *as* a strong man to run his course,[2] is one which Professor Tyndall has no intention whatever of admitting. And you may then observe, in the second place, that, if even in that figurative sense, the lilies of the field are the sun's workmanship, in the same sense the lilies of the hot-house are the stove's workmanship,—and in perfectly logical parallel, you, who are alive here to listen to me, because you have been warmed and fed through the winter, are the workmanship of your own coal-scuttles.

68. Again, when Mr. Balfour Stewart begins a treatise on *The Conservation of Energy*,—which is to conclude, as we shall see presently,[3] with the prophecy of its total extinction as far as the present world is concerned,—by clothing in a "properly scientific garb"[4] our innocent impression that there is some difference between the blow of a rifle stock and a rifle ball, he prepares for the scientific toilette by telling us in italics that "the something which the rifle ball possesses in contradistinction to the rifle stock is clearly the power of overcoming resistance," since "it can penetrate through oak-wood or through water—or (alas! that it should be so often tried) through the human body; and *this power of penetration*" (italics now mine) "*is the distinguishing characteristic of a substance moving with very great velocity.* Let us define by the term 'Energy,' this power which the rifle ball possesses of overcoming obstacles, or of doing work."

Now, had Mr. Stewart been a better scholar, he would have felt, even if he had not known, that the Greek word "energy" could only be applied to the living—and of living, with perfect propriety only to the *mental*, action of animals,

[1] [*Heat as a Mode of Motion*, 1863, p. 432: the passage is quoted in Vol. XXII. p. 196.]

[2] [Psalms xix. 5.]

[3] [See below, p. 76.]

[4] [See § 18 (p. 13) of *The Conservation of Energy, being an Elementary Treatise on Energy and its Laws*, 1874.]

and that it could no more be applied as a "scientific garb," to the flight of a rifle ball, than to the fall of a dead body. And, if he had attained thus much, even of the science of language, it is just possible that the small forte and faculty of thought he himself possesses might have been energized so far as to perceive that the force of all inertly moving bodies, whether rifle stock, rifle ball, or rolling world, is under precisely one and the same relation to their weights and velocities; that the effect of their impact depends—not merely on their pace, but their constitution; and on the relative forms and stability of the substances they encounter, and that there is no more quality of Energy, though much less quality of Art, in the swiftly penetrating shot, or crushing ball, than in the deliberately contemplative and administrative puncture by a gnat's proboscis, or a sempstress' needle.

69. Mistakes of this kind, beginning with affectations of diction, do not always invalidate general statements or conclusions,—for a bad writer often equivocates out of a blunder as he equivocates into one,—but I have been strict in pointing out the confusions of idea admitted in scientific books between the movement of a swing, that of a sounding violin chord, and that of an agitated liquid, because these confusions have actually enabled Professor Tyndall to keep the scientific world in darkness as to the real nature of glacier motion for the last twenty years;[1] and to induce a resultant quantity of aberration in the scientific mind concerning glacial erosion, of which another twenty years will scarcely undo the damage.

70. (*Note* 19; § 36, p. 39.) "Force and pace."—Among the nearer questions which the careless terminology on which I have dwelt in the above note has left unsettled, I believe the reader will be surprised, as much as I am myself, to find that of the mode of impulse in a common gust of wind! Whence is its strength communicated to

[1] [See on this subject, Vol. XXVI. pp. xxxiii.–xl.]

it, and how gathered in it? and what is the difference of manner in the impulse between compressible gas and incompressible fluid? For instance: The water at the head of a weir is passing every instant from slower into quicker motion; but (until broken in the air) the fast flowing water is just as dense as the slowly flowing water. But a fan alternately compresses and rarifies the air between it and the cheek, and the violence of a destructive gust in a gale of wind means a momentary increase in velocity and density of which I cannot myself in the least explain,—and find in no book on dynamics explained,—the mechanical causation.

71. The following letter, from a friend whose observations on natural history for the last seven or eight years have been consistently valuable and instructive to me,[1] will be found, with that subjoined in the note, in various ways interesting; but especially in its notice of the inefficiency of ordinary instrumental registry in such matters:—

"6, Moira Place, Southampton, *Feb. 8th*, 1884.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Some time since I troubled you with a note or two about sea-birds, etc. . . . but perhaps I should never have ventured to trouble you again, had not your lecture on the 'Storm Clouds' touched a subject which has deeply interested me for years past. I had, of course, no idea that you had noticed this thing, though I might have known that, living the life you do, you must have done so. As for me, it has been a source of perplexity for years: so much so, that I began to wonder at times whether I was not under some mental delusion about it, until the strange theatrical displays of the last few months, for which I was more or less prepared, led so many to use their eyes, unmuzzled by brass or glass, for a time. I know you do not bother, or care much to read newspapers, but I have taken the liberty of cutting out and sending a letter of mine, sent on the 1st January to an evening paper,* upon this

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* "THE LOOK OF THE SKY

"To the Editor of the 'St. James's Gazette'

"Sir,—I have been a very constant though not a scientific observer of the sky for a period of forty years; and I confess to a certain feeling of astonishment at the way in which the 'recent celestial phenomena' seem to have taken the whole body of scientific observers by surprise. It

[1] [For other letters from R. C. Leslie, see Vol. XXV. pp. liv., 58, 177–179, 183; Vol. XXXIII. p. 217; and *Dilecta* (Vol. XXXV.). For the sunsets in the autumn of 1883, see below, p. 78.]

subject, thinking you might like to know that one person, at any rate, has seen that strange, bleared look about the sun, shining so seldom except through a ghastly glare of pale, persistent haze. May it be that the singular colouring of the sunsets marks an end of this long period of plague-cloud, and that in them we have promise of steadier weather? (No: those sunsets were entirely distinct phenomena, and promised, if anything, only evil.—R.)

"I was glad to see that in your lecture you gave the dependants upon the instrument-makers a warning.[1] On the 26th I had a heavy sailing-boat lifted and blown, from where she lay hauled up, a distance of four feet, which, as the boat has four hundred-weight of iron upon her keel, gives a wind-gust, or force, not easily measured by instruments.—Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours sincerely,

"Robt. C. Leslie."

72. I am especially delighted, in this letter, by my friend's vigorously accurate expression, eyes "unmuzzled by

would even appear that something like these extraordinary sunsets was necessary to call the attention of such observers to what has long been a source of perplexity to a variety of common folk, like sailors, farmers, and fishermen. But to such people the look of the weather, and what comes of that look, is of far more consequence than the exact amount of ozone or the depth or width of a band of the spectrum.

"Now, to all such observers, including myself, it has been plain that of late neither the look of the sky nor the character of the weather has been, as we should say, what it used to be; and those whose eyes were strong enough to look now and then toward the sun have noticed a very marked increase of what some would call a watery look about him, which might perhaps be better expressed as a white sheen or glare, at times developing into solar halo or mock suns, as noted in your paper of the 2nd of October last year. A fisherman would describe it as 'white and davery-like.' So far as my observation goes, this appearance was only absent here for a limited period during the present summer, when we had a week or two of nearly normal weather; the summer before it was seldom absent.

"Again, those whose business or pleasure has depended on the use of wind-power have all remarked the strange persistence of hard westerly and easterly winds, the westerly ones at times partaking of an almost trade-wind-like force and character. The summer of 1882 was especially remarkable for these winds, while each stormy November has been followed by a period about mid-winter of mild calm weather with dense fog. During these strong winds in summer and early autumn the weather would remain bright and sunny, and to a landsman would be not remarkable in any way, while the barometer has been little affected by them; but it has been often observed by those employed on the water that when it ceased blowing half a gale the sky at once became overcast, with damp weather or rain. This may all seem common enough to most people; but

[1] [See above, p. 39.]

brass or glass." I have had occasion continually, in my art-lectures,[1] to dwell on the great law of human perception and power, that the beauty which is good for us is prepared for the natural focus of the sight, and the sounds which are delightful to us for the natural power of the nerves of the ear; and the art which is admirable in us, is the exercise of our own bodily powers, and not carving by sand-blast, nor oratorizing through a speaking trumpet, nor dancing with spring heels. But more recently, I have

to those accustomed to gauge the wind by the number of reefs wanted in a mainsail or foresail it was not so; and the number of consecutive days when two or more reefs have been kept tied down during the last few summers has been remarkable—alternating at times with equally persistent spells of calm and fog such as we are now passing through. Again, we have had an unusually early appearance of ice in the Atlantic, and most abnormal weather over Central Europe; while in a letter I have just received from an old hand on board a large Australian clipper, he speaks of heavy gales and big seas off that coast in almost the height of their summer.

"Now, upon all this, in our season of long twilights, we have bursting upon us some clear weather; with a display of cloud-forms or vapour at such an elevation that, looking at them one day through an opening in the nearer clouds, they seemed so distant as to resemble nothing but the delicate grain of ivory upon a billiard-ball. And yet with the fact that two-thirds of this earth is covered with water, and bearing in mind the effect which a very small increase of sun-power would have in producing cloud and lifting it above its normal level for a time, we are asked to believe that this sheen is all dust of some kind or other, in order to explain what are now known as the 'recent sunsets': though I venture to think that we shall see more of them yet when the sun comes our way again.

"At first sight, increased sun-power would seem to mean more sunshine; but a little reflection would show us that this would not be for long, while any considerable addition to the sun's power would be followed by such a vast increase of vapour that we should only see him, in our latitudes, at very short intervals. I am aware that all this is most unscientific; but I have read column after column of explanation written by those who are supposed to know all about such things, and find myself not a jot the wiser for it. Do you know anybody who is?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"An Unscientific Observer. (R. Leslie.)

"*January* 1."

[1] [See, on these points, in connexion with (1) eyes *v.* microscopes, Vol. XXXIII. p. 346 (and the other places there noted); (2) the natural nerves of the ear, Vol. XXII. p. 510; (3) art and bodily powers, *ib.* p. 347.]

become convinced that even in matters of science, although every added mechanical power has its proper use and sphere, yet the things which are vital to our happiness and prosperity can only be known by the rational use and subtle skill of our natural powers. We may trust the instrument with the prophecy of storm, or registry of rainfall; but the conditions of atmospheric change, on which depend the health of animals and fruitfulness of seeds, can only be discerned by the eye and the bodily sense.

73. Take, for simplest and nearest example, this question of the stress of wind. It is not the actual *power* that is immeasurable, if only it would stand to be measured! Instruments could easily now be invented which would register not only a blast that could lift a sailing boat, but one that would sink a ship of the line. But, lucklessly—the blast won't pose to the instrument! nor can the instrument be adjusted to the blast. In the gale of which my friend speaks in his next letter, 26th January, a gust came down the hill above Coniston village upon two old oaks, which were well rooted in the slate rock, and some fifty or sixty feet high—the one, some twenty yards below the other. The blast tore the highest out of the ground, peeling its roots from the rock as one peels an orange—swept the head of the lower tree away with it in one ruin, and snapped the two leader branches of the upper one over the other's stump, as one would break one's cane over some people's heads, if one got the chance. In wind action of this kind the amount of actual force used is the least part of the business;—it is the suddenness of its concentration, and the lifting and twisting strength, as of a wrestler, which make the blast fatal; none of which elements of storm-power can be recognized by mechanical tests.

74. In my friend's next letter, however, he gives us some evidence of the *consistent* strength of this same gale, and of the electric conditions which attended it:—the prefatory notice of his pet bird I had meant for *Love's*

Meinie, but it will help us through the grimness of our studies here.

"*March 3rd*, 1884.

"My small blackheaded gull Jack is still flourishing, and the time is coming when I look for that singularly sudden change in the plumage of his head which took place last March. I have asked all my ocean-going friends to note whether these little birds are not the gulls *par excellence* of the sea; and so far all I have heard from them confirms this. It seems almost incredible; but my son, a sailor, who met that hurricane of the 26th of January, writes to me to say that out in the Bay of Biscay on the morning after the galé, 'though it was blowing like blazes, I observed some little gulls of Jacky's species, and they followed us half way across the Bay, seeming to find shelter under the lee of our ship. Some alighted now and then, and rested upon the water as if tired.' When one considers that these birds must have been at sea all that night somewhere, it gives one a great idea of their strength and endurance. My son's ship, though a powerful ocean steamer, was for two whole hours battling head to sea off the Eddystone that night, and for that time the lead gave no increase of soundings, so that she could have made no headway during those two hours; while all the time her yards had the St. Elmo's fire at their ends, looking as though a blue light was burning at each yard-arm, and this was about all they could see.—Yours sincerely,

"Robt. C. Leslie."

75. The next letter, from a correspondent with whom I have the most complete sympathy in some expressions of his postscript which are yet, I consider, more for my own private ear than for the public eye, describes one of the more malignant phases of the plague-wind, which I forgot to notice in my lecture:—

"Burnham, Somerset, *February 7th*, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I read with great interest your first lecture at Oxford[1] on cloud and wind (very indifferently reported in the *Times*). You have given a name to a wind I've known for years. You call it the plague—I call it the devil-wind: *e.g.*, on April 29th, 1882, morning warmer, then rain storms from east; afternoon, rain squalls; wind, west by south, rough; barometer falling awfully; 4.30 P.M., tremendous wind.—April 30th, all the leaves of the trees, all plants black and dead, as if a fiery blast had swept over them. *All the hedges on windward side black as black tea.*

"Another devil-wind came towards the end of last summer. The next day, all the leaves were falling sere and yellow, as if it were late autumn.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"A. H. Birkett."

[1] [A mistake for London.]

76. I remember both these blights well; they were entirely terrific; but only sudden maxima of the constant morbific power of this wind;—which, if Mr. Birkett saw my *personal* notices of, intercalated among the scientific ones, he would find alluded to in terms quite as vigorously damning as he could desire: and the actual effect of it upon my thoughts and work has been precisely that which would have resulted from the visible phantom of an evil spirit, the absolute opponent of the Queen of the Air,—Typhon against Athena,—in a sense of which I had neither the experience nor the conception when I wrote the illustrations of the myth of Perseus in *Modern Painters*.[1] Not a word of all those explanations of Homer and Pindar could have been written in weather like that of the last twelve years; and I am most thankful to have got them written before the shadow came, and I could still see what Homer and Pindar saw. I quote one passage only—Vol. v. p. 145[2]—for the sake of a similitude which reminds me of one more thing I have to say here—and a bit of its note—which I think is a precious little piece, not of word-painting, but of simply told feeling—(*that*, if people knew it, is my real power):—

"On the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, when the rain-cloud is low and much broken, and the steady west wind fills all space with its strength,* the sun-gleams fly like golden vultures; they are flashes rather than shinings; the dark spaces and the dazzling race and skim along the acclivities, and dart and *dip from crag to dell, swallow-like.*"

* "I have been often at great heights on the Alps in rough weather, and have seen strong gusts of storm in the plains of the south. But, to get full expression of the very heart and meaning of wind, there is no place like a Yorkshire moor. I think Scottish breezes are thinner, very bleak and piercing, but not substantial. If you lean on them they will let you fall, but one may rest against a Yorkshire breeze as one would on a quickset hedge. I shall not soon forget,—having had the good fortune to meet a vigorous one on an April morning, between Hawes and Settle, just on the flat under Wharnside,—the vague sense of wonder *with which I watched Ingleborough stand without rocking.*"

[1] [See vol. v. part vii. ch. iv. (Vol. VII. pp. 181 *seq.*), where it will be seen that Ruskin's references are not to Homer and Pindar, but mainly to Hesiod.]

[2] [The reference is to the original edition; part vii. ch. iv. § 14 (Vol. VII. pp. 186–187).]

77. The dipping of the shadows here described of course is caused only by that of the dingles they cross; but I have not in any of my books yet dwelt enough on the difference of character between the dipping and the mounting winds. Our wildest phase of the west wind here at Coniston is "swallow-like" with a vengeance, coming down on the lake in swirls which spurn the spray under them as a fiery horse does the dust. On the other hand, the softly ascending winds express themselves in the grace of their cloud motion, as if set to the continuous music of a distant song.*

78. The reader will please note also that whenever, either in *Modern Painters* or elsewhere, I speak of rate of flight

* Compare Wordsworth's

> "Oh beauteous birds, methinks ye measure
> Your movements to some heavenly tune."[1]

And again—

> "While the mists,
> Flying and rainy vapours, call out shapes,
> And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,
> As fast as a musician scatters sounds
> Out of an instrument."[2]

And again—

> "The Knight had ridden down from Wensley moor,
> With the slow motion of a summer's cloud."[3]

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[1] [The lines are quoted also in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 57, § 6 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 406). They are, however, not Wordsworth's, but Coleridge's; see his "Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt":—

> "The river-swans have heard my tread,
> And startle from their reedy bed.
> O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
> Your movements to some heavenly tune!
> O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
> To see you move beneath the moon."

The piece was to have been included in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), and a copy of the book in the British Museum, which belonged to Southey, contains it. But it was cancelled before publication; for the poem, having already appeared in the *Morning Post* (April 13, 1798), and being known to be Coleridge's, would have given a clue to the authorship of *Lyrical Ballads*, which was published anonymously.]

[2] [Wordsworth: *Excursion*, Book iv.; quoted also in Vol. XXV. p. 243.]

[3] [The first two lines of *Hart-Leap Well*.]

in clouds, I am thinking of it as measured by the horizontal distance overpast in given time, and not as apparent only, owing to the nearness of the spectator. All low clouds appear to move faster than high ones, the pace being supposed equal in both: but when I speak of quick or slow cloud, it is always with respect to a given altitude. In a fine summer morning, a cloud will wait for you among the pines, folded to and fro among their stems, with a branch or two coming out here, and a spire or two there: you walk through it, and look back to it. At another time on the same spot, the fury of cloud-flood drifts past you like the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

79. The space even of the doubled lecture does not admit of my entering into any general statement of the action of the plague-cloud in Switzerland and Italy; but I must not omit the following notes of its aspect in the high Alps.

"Sallenches, 11*th September*, 1882.

"This morning, at half-past five, the Mont Blanc summit was clear, and the greater part of the Aiguilles du Plan and Midi clear dark—all, against pure cirri, lighted beneath by sunrise; the sun of course not visible yet from the valley.

"By seven o'clock, the plague-clouds had formed in *brown* flakes, down to the base of the Aiguille de Bionassay, entirely covering the snowy ranges; the sun, as it rose to us here, shone only for about ten minutes—gilding in its old glory the range of the Dorons;—before one had time to look from peak to peak of it, the plague-cloud formed from the west, hid Mont Joli, and steadily choked the valley with advancing streaks of dun-coloured mist. Now—twenty minutes to nine—there is not *one ray* of sunshine on the whole valley, or on its mountains, from the Forclaz down to Cluse.

"These phenomena are only the sequel of a series of still more strange and sad conditions of the air, which have

continued among the Savoy Alps for the last eight days, (themselves the sequel of others yet more general, prolonged, and harmful). But the weather was perfectly fine at Dijon, and I doubt not at Chamouni, on the 1st of this month. On the 2nd, in the evening, I saw, from the Jura, heavy thunderclouds in the west; on the 3rd, the weather broke at Morez, in hot thunder-showers, with intervals of scorching sun; on the 4th, 5th, and 6th there was nearly continuous rain at St. Cergues, the Alps being totally invisible all the time. The sky cleared on the night of the 6th, and on the 7th I saw from the top of the Dole all the western plateaux of Jura quite clearly; but *the entire range of the Alps*, from the Moleson to the Salève, and all beyond,—snow, crag, and hill-side,—were wrapped and buried in one unbroken grey-brown winding-sheet, of such cloud *as I had never seen till that day touch an Alpine summit.*

"The wind, from the east, (so that it blew *up* over the edge of the Dole cliff, and admitted of perfect shelter on the slope to the west,) was bitter cold, and extremely violent: the sun overhead, bright enough, and remained so during the afternoon; the plague-cloud reaching from the Alps only about as far as the southern shore of the lake of Geneva; but we could not see the Salève; nor even the north shore, farther than to Morges! I reached the Col de la Faucille at sunset, when, for a few minutes, the Mont Blanc and Aiguille Verte showed themselves in dull red light, but were buried again, before the sun was quite down, in the rising deluge of cloud-poison. I saw no farther than the Voirons and Brezon—and scarcely those, during the electric heat of the 9th at Geneva; and last Saturday and Sunday have been mere whirls and drifts of indecisive, but always sullen, storm. This morning I saw the snows clear for the first time, having been, during the whole past week, on steady watch for them.

"I have written that the clouds of the 7th were such as I never before saw on the Alps. Often, during the past

ten years, I have seen them on my own hills, and in Italy in 1874; but it has always chanced to be fine weather, or common rain and cold, when I have been among the snowy chains; and now from the Dole for the first time I saw the plague-cloud on *them*."

80. (*Note* 20; § 38, p. 40.) "Blasphemy."—If the reader can refer to my papers on Fiction in the *Nineteenth Century*,[1] he will find this word carefully defined in its Scriptural, and evermore necessary, meaning,—"Harmful speaking"—not against God only, but against man, and against all the good works and purposes of Nature. The word is accurately opposed to "Euphemy," the right or well-speaking of God and His world; and the two modes of speech are those which, going out of the mouth, sanctify or defile the man.[2]

Going out of the mouth, that is to say, deliberately and of purpose. A French postillion's "Sacr-r-ré"—loud, with the low "Nom de Dieu" following between his teeth, is not blasphemy, unless against his horse;—but Mr. Thackeray's close of his Waterloo chapter in *Vanity Fair*, "And all the night long Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart," is blasphemy of the most fatal and subtle kind.[3]

And the universal instinct of blasphemy in the modern vulgar scientific mind is above all manifested in its love of what is ugly, and natural enthralment by the abominable;—so that it is ten to one if, in the description of a new bird, you learn much more of it than the enumerated species of vermin that stick to its feathers; and in the natural history museum of Oxford, humanity has been

[1] [*Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 93 *seq.* (below, pp. 362–367). See also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 20, §§ 7, 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 338); and *Bible of Amiens*, iv. § 25 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 140).]

[2] [See Matthew xv. 11.]

[3] [Ch. xxxii. Ruskin quotes from memory, the actual words being, "The darkness came down over the field and city, and Amelia . . ." For another reference to this passage, see Vol. V. p. 213 *n.*]

hitherto taught, not by portraits of great men, but by the skulls of cretins.[1]

81. But the *deliberate* blasphemy of science, the assertion of its own virtue and dignity against the always implied, and often asserted, vileness of all men and—Gods,—heretofore, is the most wonderful phenomenon, so far as I can read or perceive, that hitherto has arisen in the always marvellous course of the world's mental history.

Take, for brief general type, the following 92nd paragraph of the *Forms of Water*:—

"But while we thus acknowledge our limits, there is also reason for wonder at the extent to which Science has mastered the system of nature. From age to age and from generation to generation, fact has been added to fact and law to law, the true method and order of the Universe being thereby more and more revealed. In doing this, Science has encountered and overthrown various forms of superstition and deceit, of credulity and imposture. But the world continually produces weak persons and wicked persons, and as long as they continue to exist side by side, as they do in this our day, very debasing beliefs will also continue to infest the world."

The debasing beliefs meant being simply those of Homer, David, and St. John *—as against a modern French gamin's. And what the results of the intended education of English gamins of every degree in that new higher theology will be, England is I suppose by this time beginning to discern.

82. In the last *Fors* † which I have written, on education of a safer kind, still possible, one practical point is insisted on chiefly,—that learning by heart, and repetition with perfect accent and cultivated voice, should be made quite principal branches of school discipline up to the time of going to the university.[2]

* With all who died in Faith, not having received the Promises,[3] nor —according to your modern teachers—ever to receive.

† Hence to the end the text is that read in termination of the lecture on its second delivery, only with an added word or two of comment on Proverbs xvii.

[1] [Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 79 (below, p. 349).]
[2] [Letter 94: see Vol. XXIX. p. 489.]
[3] [Hebrews xi. 13.]

And of writings to be learned by heart, among other passages of indisputable philosophy and perfect poetry, I include certain chapters of the—now for the most part forgotten—wisdom of Solomon; and of these, there is one selected portion which I should recommend not only schoolboys and girls, but persons of every age, if they don't know it, to learn forthwith, as the shortest summary of Solomon's wisdom;—namely, the seventeenth chapter of Proverbs, which being only twenty-eight verses long, may be fastened in the dullest memory at the rate of a verse a day in the shortest month of the year. Out of the twenty-eight verses, I will read you seven, for example of their tenor,—the last of the seven I will with your good leave dwell somewhat upon. You have heard the verses often before, but probably without remembering that they are all in this concentrated chapter.

1. Verse 1.—Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of good eating, with strife.

   (Remember, in reading this verse, that though England has chosen the strife, and set every man's hand against his neighbour, her house is not yet so full of good eating as she expected, even though she gets half of her victuals from America.)

2. Verse 3.—The fining pot is for silver, the furnace for gold, but the Lord tries the heart.[1]

   (Notice the increasing strength of trial for the more precious thing: only the melting-pot for the silver—the fierce furnace for the gold—but the Fire of the Lord for the heart.)

3. Verse 4.—A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips.

   (That means, for *you*, that, intending to live by usury and swindling, you read Mr. Adam Smith and Mr. Stuart Mill, and other such political economists.)

[1] [Quoted more exactly in Vol. XXXIII. p. 194.]

4. Verse 5.—Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

(Mocketh,—by saying that his poverty is his fault, no less than his misfortune,—England's favourite theory now-a-days.)

5. Verse 12.—Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.

(Carlyle is often now accused of false scorn in his calling the passengers over London Bridge, "mostly fools,"[1]—on the ground that men are only to be justly held foolish if their intellect is under, as only wise when it is above, the average. But the reader will please observe that the essential function of modern education is to develop what capacity of mistake a man has. Leave him at his forge and plough,—and those tutors teach him his true value, indulge him in no error, and provoke him to no vice. But take him up to London,—give him her papers to read, and her talk to hear,—and it is fifty to one you send him presently on a fool's errand over London Bridge.)

6. Now listen, for this verse is the question you have mainly to ask yourselves about your beautiful all-over-England system of competitive examination:—

Verse 16. Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?

(You know perfectly well it isn't the wisdom you want, but the "station in life,"[2]—and the money!)

7. Lastly, Verse 7.—Wisdom is before him that hath understanding, but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.

"And in the beginnings of it"! Solomon would have written, had he lived in our day; but we will

[1] [For the passage in question (from *Latter-day Pamphlets*), see Vol. XII. p. 342.]

[2] [For Ruskin's condemnation of desire for "station in life," see *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 2, 135; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 30 (Vol. XVII. pp. 54, 181; Vol. XXVII. p. 548).]

be content with the ends at present. No scientific people, as I told you at first, have taken any notice of the more or less temporary phenomena of which I have to-night given you register. But, from the constant arrangements of the universe, the same respecting which the thinkers of former time came to the conclusion that they were essentially good, and to end in good, the modern speculator arrives at the quite opposite and extremely uncomfortable conclusion that they are essentially evil, and to end —in nothing.

83. And I have here a volume,* before quoted,[1] by a very foolish and very lugubrious author, who in his concluding chapter gives us,—founded, you will observe, on a series of "ifs,"—the latest scientific views concerning the order of creation. "We have spoken already about a medium pervading space"—this is the Scientific God, you observe, differing from the unscientific one, in that the purest in heart cannot see[2]—nor the softest in heart feel—this spacious Deity—a *Medium*, pervading space—

"the office of which" (italics all mine) "appears to be to *degrade* and ultimately *extinguish*, all differential motion. It has been well pointed out by Thomson, that, looked at *in this light*, the universe is a system that had a beginning and must have an end, for a process of degradation cannot be eternal. If we could view the Universe as a candle not lit, then it is perhaps conceivable to regard it as having been always in existence; but if we regard it rather as a candle that has been lit, we become absolutely certain that it cannot have been burning from eternity, and that a time will come when it will cease to burn. We are led to look to a beginning in which the particles of matter were in a diffuse chaotic state, but endowed with the power of gravitation; and we are led to look to an end in which the whole Universe will be one equally heated inert mass, *and from which everything like life, or motion, or beauty, will have utterly gone away.*"

Do you wish me to congratulate you on this extremely cheerful result of telescopic and microscopic observation, and

* *The Conservation of Energy.* King and Co., 1873.

[1] [Above, p. 61. The passage here cited is in §§ 209, 210 (pp. 152, 153) of Balfour Stewart's book.]

[2] [Matthew v. 8.]

so at once close my lecture? or may I venture yet to trespass on your time by stating to you any of the more comfortable views held by persons who did not regard the universe in what my author humorously calls "this *light*"?

84. In the peculiarly characteristic notice with which the *Daily News* honoured my last week's lecture, that courteous journal charged me, in the metaphorical term now classical on Exchange, with "hedging," to conceal my own opinions.[1] The charge was not prudently chosen, since, of all men now obtaining any portion of popular regard, I am pretty well known to be precisely the one who cares least either for hedge or ditch, when he chooses to go across country. It is certainly true that I have not the least mind to pin my heart on my sleeve, for the daily daw, or nightly owl, to peck at;[2] but the essential reason for my not telling you my own opinions on this matter is—that I do not consider them of material consequence to you.

It *might* possibly be of some advantage for you to know what, were he now living, Orpheus would have thought, or Æschylus, or a Daniel come to judgment,[3] or John the Baptist, or John the Son of Thunder; but what either you, or I, or any other Jack or Tom of us all, think,—even if we knew what to think,—is of extremely small moment either to the Gods, the clouds, or ourselves.

85. Of myself, however, if you care to hear it, I will tell you thus much: that had the weather when I was

[1] [The article referred to (*Daily News*, February 6, 1884) said: "If Mr. Ruskin's theories are not invariably such as commend themselves to sober reason, at least he always announces them in very picturesque language. We may not all agree with him that storm-clouds are depraved characters, and have been infected by the various vices of the age. It seems, on the whole, a more plausible hypothesis that Mr. Ruskin, as he gets on in years, is more sensitive to disagreeable weather. . . . Mr. Ruskin seems to think that the most plausible theory of the wind regards it as composed of dead men's souls. By a skilful 'hedge,' Mr. Ruskin did not so much avow that the wind was a punishment of our iniquities, as say that people would have thought so of old. This is quite true; everything disagreeable was looked on as a divine visitation by the mediæval chroniclers. Probably Mr. Ruskin would like to be able to believe this about the plague-wind. But his reason appears to be too strong for his tastes."]

[2] [*Othello*, Act i. sc. 1.]

[3] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]

young been such as it is now, no book such as *Modern Painters* ever would or *could* have been written; for every argument, and every sentiment in that book, was founded on the personal experience of the beauty and blessing of nature, all spring and summer long; and on the then demonstrable fact that over a great portion of the world's surface the air and the earth were fitted to the education of the spirit of man as closely as a schoolboy's primer is to his labour, and as gloriously as a lover's mistress is to his eyes.

That harmony is now broken, and broken the world round: fragments, indeed, of what existed still exist, and hours of what is past still return; but month by month the darkness gains upon the day, and the ashes of the Antipodes glare through the night.*

* Written under the impression that the lurid and prolonged sunsets of last autumn had been proved to be connected with the flight of volcanic ashes.[1] This has been since, I hear, disproved again. Whatever their cause, those sunsets were, in the sense in which I myself use the word, altogether "unnatural" and terrific: but they have no connection with the far more fearful, because protracted and increasing, power of the Plague-wind. The letter from White's *History of Selborne*, quoted by the Rev. W. R. Andrews in his letter to the *Times*, (dated January 8th) seems to describe aspects of the sky like these of 1883, just a hundred years before, in 1783: and also some of the circumstances noted, especially the variation of the wind to all quarters without alteration in the air, correspond with the character of the plague-wind; but the fog of 1783 made the sun dark, with iron-coloured rays—not pale, with blanching rays. I subjoin Mr. Andrews' letter, extremely valuable in its collation of the records of simultaneous volcanic phenomena; praying the reader also to observe the instantaneous acknowledgment, by the true "Naturalist," of horror in the violation of beneficent natural law.

"The Recent Sunsets and Volcanic Eruptions

"Sir,—It may, perhaps, be interesting at the present time, when so much attention has been given to the late brilliant sunsets and sunrises, to be reminded that almost identically the same appearances were observed just a hundred years ago.

"Gilbert White writes in the year 1783, in his 109th letter, published in his *Natural History of Selborne*:—

"'The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous

[1] [The sunsets of the autumn of 1883 were the subject of a long paper by Professor Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., in the *Times* of December 8 (see also a leading article in the same issue), in which they were connected with volcanic eruptions in the Isle of Krakatoa. The theory was adversely criticised at a meeting of the Astronomical Society: see the *Times* of December 17.]

86. What consolation, or what courage, through plague, danger, or darkness, you can find in the conviction that you are nothing more than brute beasts driven by brute forces, your other tutors can tell you—not I: but *this* I can tell you—and with the authority of all the masters of thought since time was time,—that, while by no manner of vivisection you can learn what a *Beast* is, by only

one, and full of horrible phenomena; for besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23rd to July 20th inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as black as a clouded moon, and shed a ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway.'

"Other writers also mention volcanic disturbances in this same year, 1783. We are told by Lyell and Geikie, that there were great volcanic eruptions in and near Iceland. A submarine volcano burst forth in the sea, thirty miles south-west of Iceland, which ejected so much pumice that the ocean was covered with this substance, to the distance of 150 miles, and ships were considerably impeded in their course; and a new island was formed, from which fire and smoke and pumice were emitted.

"Besides this submarine eruption, the volcano Skaptar-Jökull, on the mainland, on June 11th, 1783, threw out a torrent of lava, so immense as to surpass in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc, and ejected so vast an amount of fine dust, that the atmosphere over Iceland continued loaded with it for months afterwards. It fell in such quantities over parts of Caithness—a distance of 600 miles—as to destroy the crops, and that year is still spoken of by the inhabitants as the year of 'the ashie.'

"These particulars are gathered from the text-books of Lyell and Geikie.

"I am not aware whether the coincidence in time of the Icelandic eruptions, and of the peculiar appearance of the sun described by Gilbert White, has yet been noticed; but this coincidence may very well be taken as some little evidence towards explaining the connexion between the recent beautiful sunsets and the tremendous volcanic explosion of the Isle of Krakatoa in August last.

"W. R. Andrews, F.G.S.

"Teffont Ewyas Rectory,
"Salisbury, *January 8th*."

looking into your own hearts you may know what a *Man* is,—and know that his only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and in Love of something to be cherished by him,[1] and cherished—for ever.

87. Having these instincts, his only rational conclusion is that the objects which can fulfil them may be by his effort gained, and by his faith discerned; and his only earthly wisdom is to accept the united testimony of the men who have sought these things in the way they were commanded. Of whom no single one has ever said that his obedience or his faith had been vain, or found himself cast out from the choir of the living souls, whether here, or departed, for whom the song was written:—

> "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us;
> That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.
> Oh let the nations rejoice and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth.
> *Then* shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.
> God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him."[2]

[1] [Compare Wordsworth's line, so often quoted by Ruskin—see, *e.g.*, *Art of England*, § 38 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 292)—"We live by admiration, hope, and love."]

[2] [Psalm lxvii.]

II

ON THE OLD ROAD

(1871–1888)

ON THE OLD ROAD

A COLLECTION

OF

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND ARTICLES

1871–1888

By JOHN RUSKIN

GEORGE ALLEN,
156, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON
1908.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The title of the following collection is that which was given by Ruskin to volumes first published in 1885, and re-issued in a somewhat different form in 1899. The following pages include such contents of those volumes as have not already been printed in the present edition of the Works. In this note, the usual particulars of *On the Old Road*, in its original forms, are first given; and then a synopsis is added, showing the original arrangement of the Miscellanies and the places in this edition where they are severally printed.

FORMER EDITIONS OF "ON THE OLD ROAD"

First Edition (1885).—In this edition, the book was divided into two volumes, dealing respectively with (1) Art and (2) other topics; but Volume I., though paged and sectioned consecutively throughout, was divided into two Parts of about equal size, the second Part being provided with a separate title-page, and usually being bound up separately.

VOLUME I. PART I

The title-page of this (being that applicable to the whole volume) is as follows:—

> On the Old Road. | A Collection | of | Miscellaneous Essays, Pamphlets, etc., etc., Published 1834–1885 | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford | Volume I.—Art | [*Rose*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, | 1885. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Octavo, pp. xii.+400. Half-title, pp. i.–ii.; Title-page (with imprint at foot of the reverse—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents (of both Parts), pp. v.–vii.; Editor's Note, p. ix.; Contents of Part I., p. xi.; Miscellanies, pp. 1–400 (for details of these, see the synopsis below, p. 88).

The whole book was issued in May 1886 (although dated 1885), in mottled-grey paper boards, with white paper label which reads: "Ruskin | On the Old Road. | Vol. I. | Part I. (Part II.)." 1000 copies. 30s. the two (or in reality three) volumes. The price was reduced to 18s. in July 1900. This edition is still current.

Fifty-five copies were printed on large paper (quarto), price 60s. Also one example (in Mr. Wedderburn's collection) on hand-made paper.

The collection was edited by Mr. Wedderburn. The following is the "Editor's Note":—

> "The present volumes need little preface. Upon the publication in 1880 of *Arrows of the Chace*, the Editor of that book received many letters requesting the edition, there suggested, of a volume or volumes bearing the same relation to Mr. Ruskin's uncollected articles and essays which that work did to his till then scattered letters to the public press. To that request, widely made, these

volumes are the reply, and the Editor has only to set before the reader the arrangement and contents of the work.

"The book has been edited without reference to Mr. Ruskin, who is responsible for nothing but his sanction to its issue and the title it bears. The articles have been reprinted without any change of text, and with the addition of but very few editorial notes. In the case of *Arrows of the Chace* numerous notes were necessary, but the present volumes are of a different character, and most of the allusions in them stand no more in need of explanation now than when the articles containing them were originally published.

"The first volume, which for the sake of lightness in the hand is published in two parts,[1] consists mainly of articles on Art; the second, of those on other subjects. In view of this each volume has been separately indexed; the first containing an index dealing almost exclusively with Art; the second, on the other hand, one in which that subject finds scarcely any mention. This plan may, it is hoped, be found convenient to those readers who desire to study either volume without reference to the other.

"As regards the contents of the book, it contains, with few exceptions, a complete collection of all Mr. Ruskin's minor writings. The papers on the 'Poetry of Architecture,' published (1837-38) in Loudon's *Architectural Magazine*, and some contributions (1867-70) to the *Geological Magazine*, are omitted; the former as fitted to form of themselves a separate volume;[2] the latter as possibly finding a place in the presently issuing *Deucalion*.[3] The three papers some time since reprinted at the end of *A Joy for Ever* are also not included; but with these exceptions, and those of one or two brief contributions to very recent works,[4] the collection is, it is believed, complete, and it only remains to acknowledge the ready grace with which the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* and others in whose publications the articles first appeared have consented to their reproduction here.—ED.

"*December*, 1885."

VOLUME I. PART II

The title-page of this is the same as shown above, except for the addition of "*Part II.*" below "Volume I.—Art."

Octavo, pp. vi.+412 (401–812). Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii.; Contents of Part II., pp. v.–vi. A briefer list of the Contents, p. 401. For the Miscellanies, see the synopsis below, p. 88. Index, pp. 743–812. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

VOLUME II

The title-page is the same as in Volume I., except for the words, "Volume II. | Literature, Economy, Theology, etc."

Octavo, pp. vi.+435. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page (with imprint on the reverse as before), pp. iii.-iv.; Contents, p. v. For the Miscellanies, see the synopsis below, p. 89. Index, pp. 393–435. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Second Edition (1899).—This edition was rearranged; Volume I. Part II. becoming Volume II. This Vol. II. was separately paged and sectioned, and it and Vol. I. had each a separate Index. The text was unchanged, except for the correction of a few misprints (see below, p. 90).

[1] In the second edition these words were altered to: "The first two volumes consist . . . the second . . ." ". . . an index."

[2] Issued separately as a volume, in 1893. See now Vol. I.

[3] They were not so included; but see now Vol. XXVI.

[4] Namely, the Preface to the illustrations of *The Shepherd's Tower* (Vol. XXIV.), the Preface to Chesneau's *English School of Painting* (below, p. 437), the Preface to Collingwood's *Limestone Alps of Savoy* (Vol. XXVI.), the Preface to *The Story of Ida* (Vol. XXXII.).

VOLUME I

The title-page of the first volume in this edition is:—

> On the Old Road | A Collection of | Miscellaneous Essays and Articles | On Art and Literature | Published 1834–1885 | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford | Volume I | Art | [Part I] | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1899 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. x.+448. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page (with imprint at foot of the reverse—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents, p. v.; Editor's Note, pp. vii.–viii. (for alterations in it, see above, p. 86); short list of Contents of Part I., p. ix. Miscellanies, pp. 1–407–448. The imprint is repeated on the last page.

Issued (vols. i. and ii., December 28, 1899; vol. iii., January 12, 1900) in green cloth boards, uniform with other volumes in the "Small Edition" of Ruskin's books, lettered on the back, "Ruskin | On the | Old Road | Vol. I." 2000 copies. 5s. each volume (reduced to 4s. in January 1904, and to 3s. 6d. in July 1907).

VOLUME II

The title-page is the same as in Vol. I., except for the substitution of "[Part II.]." The contents are the same as in the Vol. I. Part II. of the First Edition; but the sections are now §§ 1–305, instead of §§ 292–596; and there is a separate index.

Crown 8vo, pp. vi.+422. Half-title, p. i.; title-page (with imprint as before), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents, pp. v.–vi.; shorter list of them, p. vii. Miscellanies, pp. 1–374. Chronological List of Contents of Vols. I. and II., pp. 375–382; Index, pp. 383–422. The imprint is repeated at foot of the last page.

VOLUME III

The title-page is again the same, except for the substitution of "Volume III. | Literature, Economy, | Theology, etc."

Crown 8vo, pp. vi.+452. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page (with imprint as before), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents, p. v. Miscellanies, pp. 1–402. Chronological List of Contents of Vol. III., pp. 401–404. Index, pp. 405–452. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Pocket Edition (1905).—This is a reprint from electrotype plates of the *Second Edition*. The form and binding are the same as in other volumes of the Pocket Edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6).

Volume I. was issued in September 1905; Volume II. in October; Volume III. in November. Of each volume 3000 copies; price 2s. 6d.

The title-page is, "On the Old Road | Vol. I.—Art | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen." On the reverse, "*September 1905* | *All rights reserved.*" "Vol. II.—Art" (on the reverse, "*October*," etc.). "Vol. III.—Literature" ("November," etc.).

CONTENTS OF "ON THE OLD ROAD" (1885 AND 1899)

The following synopsis shows the Contents of the book, and the places in the present edition of the Works where they are severally printed:—

VOLUME I

	1885 PAGE	1899 PAGE	Present Edition
EDITOR'S NOTE	ix	vii	Above, p. 85
PART I			
INTRODUCTORY.			
My First Editor. 1878	3	3	Below, p. 93
ART.			
I. HISTORY AND CRITICISM.			
Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art.* 1847	21	21	Vol. XII. p. 169
Eastlake's *History of Oil Painting.* 1848	133	136	,, p. 251
Samuel Prout. 1849	206	210	,, p. 305
Sir Joshua and Holbein. 1860	221	225	Vol. XIX. p. 3
II. PRE-RAPHAELITISM.			
Its Principles, and Turner. 1851	239	243	Vol. XII. p. 339
Its Three Colours. 1878	310	314	Below, p. 147
III. ARCHITECTURE.			
The Opening of the Crystal Palace. 1854	349	355	Vol. XII. p. 417
The Study of Architecture in our Schools. 1865	371	376	Vol. XIX. p. 19
INDEX	—	409	General Index

VOLUME I. PART II. (1885). VOLUME II. (1899)

IV. INAUGURAL ADDRESS, CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART. 1858	405	5	Vol. XVI. p. 177
V. THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA. 1865–1866.			
Prefatory	439	41	Vol. XIX. p. 49
Chapter i.	452	54	,, p. 59
,, ii.	467 *n.*	70 *n.*	,, p. 72
,, iii.	468	71	,, p. 82
,, iv.	483	86	,, p. 95
,, v.	498	101	,, p. 107
,, vi.	513 *n.*	116 *n.*	,, p. 120
,, vii.	514	117	,, p. 135
,, viii.	523	126	,, p. 141
,, ix.	534	138	,, p. 150

APPENDICES

I. PICTURE GALLERIES.			
Parliamentary Evidence:—			
National Gallery Site Commission. 1857	549	153	Vol. XIII. p. 539
Select Committee on Public Institutions. 1860	574	183	Vol. XVI. p. 472
The Royal Academy Commission. 1863	602	215	Vol. XIV. p. 476
Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery. 1880	625	243	Below, p. 247

II. MINOR WRITINGS UPON ART

	1885 PAGE	1899 PAGE	Present Edition
The Cavalli Monuments, Verona. 1872.	643	265	Vol. XXIV. p. 127
Verona and its Rivers. 1870	654	279	Vol. XIX. p. 429
,, ,, ,, Catalogue. 1870	665	292	,, p. 449
Christian Art and Symbolism. 1872	674	303	Vol. XXII. p. 109
Art Schools of Mediæval Christendom. 1876	677	307	Below, p. 129
The Extension of Railways. 1876	682	312	,, p. 137
The Study of Beauty. 1883	689	321	,, p. 429

III. NOTES ON NATURAL SCIENCE

The Colour of the Rhine. 1834	699	333	Vol. I. p. 191
The Strata of Mont Blanc. 1834	701	335	,, p. 194
The Induration of Sandstone. 1836	703	337	,, p. 197
The Temperature of Spring and River Water. 1836	707	342	,, p. 201
Meteorology. 1839	712	348	,, p. 206
Tree Twigs. 1861	717	354	Vol. VII. p. 467
Stratified Alps of Savoy. 1863	721	359	Vol. XXVI. p. 3
Intellectual Conception and Animated Life. 1871	728	367	Below, p. 107
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF CONTENTS OF VOLS. I. AND II.	737	375[1]	
INDEX	745	383	General Index

VOLUME II (1885). VOLUME III (1899)

I. LITERATURE.			
Fiction—Fair and Foul. 1880–1881	3	3	Below, p. 265
Fairy Stories. 1868	167	170	Vol. XIX. p. 233
II. ECONOMY.			
Home, and its Economies. 1873	179	183	Vol. XVII. p. 556
Usury. A Reply and a Rejoinder. 1880	202	206	Below, p. 401
Usury. A Preface. 1885	239	245	Below, p. 443
III. THEOLOGY.			
Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds. 1851	249	255	Vol. XII. p. 517
The Lord's Prayer and the Church. 1879–1881. (Letters and Epilogue.)	302	310	Below, p. 191
The Nature and Authority of Miracle. 1873	353	363	Below, p. 115
IV. AN OXFORD LECTURE. 1878	369	379	Vol. XXII. p. 529
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF CONTENTS OF VOL. III.	—	403[1]	
INDEX	—	407	General Index

Of the Miscellanies thus enumerated, it will be seen that twelve are included in the present volume. For the two other pieces here included, and for further details respecting the twelve, see the particular Bibliographical Notes prefixed to each piece.]

[1] The Chronological Lists are not here repeated, as they will be embodied in the General Bibliographical List at the end of the edition.

Variæ Lectiones.—There are a few variations in the text between the two editions of *On the Old Road;* and in the present edition, a few misprints, which escaped notice in *On the Old Road,* have been corrected.

For misprints which have hitherto appeared in "My First Editor," see below, p. 92.

In "Lord Lindsay's Christian Art," at the end of § 8 (as now sectioned, Vol. XII. p. 178), "Progression by Antagonism" was in ed. 1 misprinted "Progression of Antagonism." The present § 63 began in ed. 1 at "A noble passage this," instead of (in ed. 2) "None of Orcagna's pupils" (Vol. XII. p. 233).

In "Eastlake's History of Oil-Painting," in § 37 (as now sectioned, Vol. XII. p. 300), "mena" in the quotation from Dante was misprinted "meno" in ed. 1.

In "Pre-Raphaelitism," ed. 1 gave a note at the end of § 50 (as now sectioned, Vol. XII. p. 383), "Vide *Modern Painters,* Part II. Sect. III. Chap. IV. § 14." The reference was corrected to § 13 in ed. 2. In this edition, it is incorporated in an earlier note (p. 382). For other variations, see the Bibliographical Note (*ibid.,* p. 338).

For a correction in "The Three Colours," see below, p. 146.

In "The Crystal Palace," § 1 (as now sectioned, Vol. XII. p. 417), line 3, "Vevay" was misprinted "Veway" in ed. 1. See also the Bibliographical Note (*ibid.,* p. 416).

In "The Study of Architecture," § 7 (as now sectioned, Vol. XIX. p. 26), line 7, "or" was misprinted "on" in ed. 1; and in § 11, line 16 (*ibid.,* p. 31), "granite" was misprinted "granlte" in ed. 1. See also the Bibliographical Note (*ibid.,* p. 18).

In *The Cestus of Aglaia,* at the beginning, the reference to the lines of Homer was not given in ed. 1; in § 11 (as now sectioned, Vol. XIX. p. 63), line 10, "Titian" was misprinted "Titan" in ed. 1; in the note to ch. iii. (*ibid.,* p. 82), ed. 1 had "This chapter was read," ed. 2 "A small portion of this . . ."; § 61 (*ibid.,* p. 109), ed. 1 gave the reference to Proverbs as "xix." instead of "xx."

For a misprint in ed. 1 at the beginning of "A Museum or Picture Gallery," see below, p. 246.

For misprints, etc., in "The Cavalli Monuments," see Vol. XXIV. p. 126.

In "The Science of Meteorology," § 57 (now Vol. I. § 2, line 6, p. 208), ed. 1 misprinted "science" for "silence."

For "variæ" in *Fiction, Fair and Foul,* see below, p. 264.

In "Fairy Stories," § 130 (now Vol. XIX. p. 238, § 7, line 3), ed. 1 misprinted "striking" for "sterling."

For "variæ" in "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," see below, p. 188.]

1

INTRODUCTORY

MY FIRST EDITOR

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCE

(1878)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This paper was written as a preface to a series of "Notes and Reminiscences" from the pen of the late Mr. W. H. Harrison, commenced in the *Dublin University Magazine* of May 1878.

William Henry Harrison's "Notes and Reminiscences" appeared in the numbers of the *Magazine* for May to December (N.S., vol. i. pp. 537–547, 698–712; vol. ii. pp. 56–67, 221–234, 309–323, 433–451, 613–618, 705–736). They contain occasional mention of Ruskin, and include (p. 223) one of his poems—namely, "Christ Church, Oxford"—without the second stanza in the text, which, however, is added in a footnote as having been written "at a later date": see Vol. II. p. 25 *n*.

Ruskin's Preface was separately printed in that magazine in the preceding month (N.S., vol. i. pp. 385–391), but owing to Ruskin's illness at the time, he was unable to see it through the press.

The paper was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, §§ 1–15; 1885, vol. i. pp. 3–18; and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. i. pp. 3–18.

In *On the Old Road*, in § 3, line 45, "those" was misprinted "their"; in § 4, line 4, "discovered" was not italicised (as it is in Ruskin's copy); in § 10, third line from the end, "passage" was misprinted "powers;" in § 13 (line 3 of p. 102) "Tobias" has hitherto been "Tobit." These corrections, and some of punctuation, are now made for the first time.]

MY FIRST EDITOR

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REMINISCENCE

1*st February*, 1878.

1. In seven days more I shall be fifty-nine;—which (practically) is all the same as sixty; but, being asked by the wife of my dear old friend, W. H. Harrison,[1] to say a few words of our old relations together, I find myself, in spite of all these years, a boy again,—partly in the mere thought of, and renewed sympathy with, the cheerful heart of my old literary master, and partly in instinctive terror lest, wherever he is in celestial circles, he should catch me writing bad grammar, or putting wrong stops, and should set the table turning, or the like. For he was inexorable in such matters, and many a sentence in *Modern Painters*, which I had thought quite beautifully turned out after a forenoon's work on it, had to be turned outside-in, after all, and cut into the smallest pieces and sewn up again, because he had found out there wasn't a nominative in it, or a genitive, or a conjunction, or something else indispensable to a sentence's decent existence and position in life. Not a book of mine, for good thirty years, but went, every word of it, under his careful eyes twice over—often also the last revises left to his tender mercy altogether on condition he wouldn't bother me any more.

2. "For good thirty years": that is to say, from my first verse-writing in *Friendship's Offering* at fifteen,[2] to

[1] [For references to W. H. Harrison, see the Introduction, pp. xxvii.–xxviii.]

[2] [*Friendship's Offering* of 1835 included two poems, signed "J. R.," and entitled "Saltzburg" and "Fragments from a Metrical Journal; Andernacht and St. Goar": see Vol. II. pp. 353, 359.]

my last orthodox and conservative compositions at forty-five.[1] But when I began to utter radical sentiments, and say things derogatory to the clergy, my old friend got quite restive—absolutely refused sometimes to pass even my most grammatical and punctuated paragraphs, if their contents savoured of heresy or revolution; and at last I was obliged to print all my philanthropy and political economy on the sly.

3. The heaven of the literary world through which Mr. Harrison moved in a widely cometary fashion, circling now round one luminary and now submitting to the attraction of another, not without a serenely erubescent lustre of his own, differed *toto cælo* from the celestial state of authorship by whose courses we have now the felicity of being dazzled and directed. Then, the publications of the months being very nearly concluded in the modest browns of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and the majesty of the quarterlies being above the range of the properly so-called "public" mind, the simple family circle looked forward with chief complacency to their New Year's gift of the Annual;—a delicately printed, lustrously bound, and elaborately illustrated small octavo volume, representing, after its manner, the poetical and artistic inspiration of the age. It is not a little wonderful to me, looking back to those pleasant years and their bestowings, to measure the difficultly imaginable distance between the periodical literature of that day and ours. In a few words, it may be summed by saying that the ancient Annual was written by meekly-minded persons, who felt that they knew nothing about anything, and did not want to know more. Faith in the usually accepted principles of propriety, and confidence in the Funds, the Queen, the English Church, the British Army, and the perennial continuance of England, of her Annuals, and of the creation in general, were necessary then for the eligibility, and important elements in the success, of the winter-blowing author.

[1] [And later, for Harrison revised the *Lectures on Art* (1870): see Vol. XX. p. xlviii.]

Whereas I suppose that the popularity of our present candidates for praise, at the successive changes of the moon, may be considered as almost proportionate to their confidence in the abstract principles of dissolution, the immediate necessity of change, and the inconvenience, no less than the iniquity, of attributing any authority to the Church, the Queen, the Almighty, or anything else but the British Press. Such constitutional differences in the tone of the literary contents imply still greater contrasts in the lives of the editors of these several periodicals. It was enough for the editor of the *Friendship's Offering* if he could gather for his Christmas bouquet a little pastoral story, suppose, by Miss Mitford,[1] a dramatic sketch by the Rev. George Croly,[2] a few sonnets or impromptu stanzas to music by the gentlest lovers and maidens of his acquaintance, and a legend of the Apennines or romance of the Pyrenees by some adventurous traveller who had penetrated into the recesses of those mountains, and would modify the traditions of the country to introduce a plate by Clarkson Stanfield or J. D. Harding. Whereas, now-a-days, the editor of a leading monthly is responsible to his readers for exhaustive views of the politics of Europe during the last fortnight; and would think himself distanced in the race with his lunarian rivals, if his numbers did not contain three distinct and entirely new theories of the system of the universe, and at least one hitherto unobserved piece of evidence of the nonentity of God.

4. In one respect, however, the humilities of that departed time were loftier than the prides of to-day—that even the most retiring of its authors expected to be admired, not for what he had *discovered*,[3] but for what he was. It did not matter in our dynasties of determined noblesse how

[1] [See below, § 15; and Ruskin's Letters in a later volume of this edition.]

[2] [Author of *Salathiel* and other works. For other mention of him, see Vol. I. pp. 409, 445, and Vol. III. pp. xxxvii., 598. Harrison's Recollections of him are in the *University Magazine*, N.S., vol. i. pp. 545, 704–710.]

[3] [For Ruskin's views on the pride of discovery, see Vol. XVI. p. 374, and General Index (*s.* "Discovery").]

many things an industrious blockhead knew, or how curious things a lucky booby had discovered. We claimed, and gave, no honour, but for real rank of human sense and wit; and although this manner of estimate led to many various collateral mischiefs—to much toleration of misconduct in persons who were amusing, and of uselessness in those of proved ability, there was yet the essential and constant good in it, that no one hoped to snap up for himself a reputation which his friend was on the point of achieving, and that even the meanest envy of merit was not embittered by a gambler's grudge at his neighbour's fortune.

5. Into this incorruptible court of literature I was early brought, whether by good or evil hap, I know not; certainly by no very deliberate wisdom in my friends or myself. A certain capacity for rhythmic cadence (visible enough in all my later writings) and the cheerfulness of a much protected, but not foolishly indulged childhood, made me early a rhymester; and a shelf of the little cabinet by which I am now writing is loaded with poetical effusions which were the delight of my father and mother and I have not yet the heart to burn.[1] A worthy Scottish friend of my father's, Thomas Pringle, preceded Mr. Harrison in the editorship of *Friendship's Offering*, and doubtfully, but with benignant sympathy, admitted the dazzling hope that one day rhymes of mine might be seen in real print, on those amiable and shining pages.

6. My introduction by Mr. Pringle to the poet Rogers, on the ground of my admiration of the recently published *Italy*, proved, as far as I remember, slightly disappointing to the poet, because it appeared on Mr. Pringle's unadvised cross-examination of me in the presence that I knew more of the vignettes than the verses; and also slightly discouraging to me because, this contretemps necessitating an immediate change of subject, I thenceforward understood none of the conversation, and when we came away was

[1] [See now Vol. II.]

rebuked by Mr. Pringle for not attending to it. Had his grave authority been maintained over me, my literary bloom would probably have been early nipped; but he passed away into the African deserts;[1] and the Favonian breezes[2] of Mr. Harrison's praise revived my drooping ambition.

7. I know not whether most in that ambition, or to please my father, I now began seriously to cultivate my skill in expression. I had always an instinct of possessing considerable word-power; and the series of essays written about this time for the *Architectural Magazine*,[3] under the signature of Kata Phusin, contain sentences nearly as well put together as any I have done since. But without Mr. Harrison's ready praise, and severe punctuation, I should have either tired of my labour, or lost it; as it was, though I shall always think those early years might have been better spent, they had their reward. As soon as I had anything really to say, I was able sufficiently to say it; and under Mr. Harrison's cheerful auspices, and balmy consolations of my father under adverse criticism, the first volume of *Modern Painters* established itself in public opinion, and determined the tenor of my future life.

8. Thus began a friendship, and in no unreal sense, even a family relationship, between Mr. Harrison, my father and mother, and me, in which there was no alloy whatsoever of distrust or displeasure on either side, but which remained faithful and loving, more and more conducive to every sort of happiness among us, to the day of my father's death.

But the joyfullest days of it for *us*, and chiefly for me,

[1] [Thomas Pringle (1789–1834), Scottish poet; obtained by Sir Walter Scott's influence a grant of land in South Africa (1820); returned to London (1826), and became secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society (1827). Pringle's actual sojourn in South Africa preceded his introduction of Ruskin to Rogers; by "passed away into the African deserts" Ruskin means (as in *Præterita*, ii. § 5) "gone to Africa, or let us hope, Arabia Felix, in the other world."]

[2] [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 7, 2.]

[3] [*The Poetry of Architecture:* see Vol. I.]

cheered with concurrent sympathy from other friends—of whom only one now is left[1]—were in the triumphal Olympiad of years which followed the publication of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, when Turner himself had given to me his thanks, to my father and mother his true friendship, and came always for *their* honour, to keep my birthday with them; the constant dinner party of the day remaining in its perfect chaplet from 1844 to 1850,—Turner, Mr. Thomas Richmond, Mr. George Richmond, Samuel Prout, and Mr. Harrison.

9. Mr. Harrison, as my literary godfather, who had held me at the Font of the Muses, and was answerable to the company for my moral principles and my syntax, always made "the speech"; my father used most often to answer for me in few words, but with wet eyes: (there was a general understanding that any good or sorrow that might come to me in literary life were infinitely more his) and the two Mr. Richmonds held themselves responsible to him for my at least moderately decent orthodoxy in art, taking in that matter a tenderly inquisitorial function, and warning my father solemnly of two dangerous heresies in the bud, and of things really passing the possibilities of the indulgence of the Church, said against Claude or Michael Angelo. The death of Turner and other things, far more sad than death, clouded those early days, but the memory of them returned again after I had well won my second victory with *The Stones of Venice;* and the two Mr. Richmonds, and Mr. Harrison, and my father, were again happy on my birthday, and so to the end.

10. In a far deeper sense than he himself knew, Mr. Harrison was all this time influencing my thoughts and opinions, by the entire consistency, contentment, and practical sense of his modest life. My father and he were both flawless types of the true London citizen of olden days:

[1] [George Richmond, who died in 1896. For Thomas Richmond, see Vol. XIV. p. xxvii., and *Præterita*, ii. §§ 37–39.]

incorruptible, proud with sacred and simple pride, happy in their function and position; putting daily their total energy into the detail of their business duties, and finding daily a refined and perfect pleasure in the hearth-side poetry of domestic life. Both of them, in their hearts, as romantic as girls; both of them inflexible as soldier recruits in any matter of probity and honour, in business or out of it; both of them utterly hating radical newspapers, and devoted to the House of Lords; my father only, it seemed to me, slightly failing in his loyalty to the Worshipful the Mayor and Corporation of London. This disrespect for civic dignity was connected in my father with some little gnawing of discomfort—deep down in his heart—in his own position as a merchant, and with timidly indulged hope that his son might one day move in higher spheres; whereas Mr. Harrison was entirely placid and resigned to the will of Providence which had appointed him his desk in the Crown Life Office, never in his most romantic visions projected a marriage for any of his daughters with a British baronet or a German count, and pinned his little vanities prettily and openly on his breast, like a nosegay, when he went out to dinner. Most especially he shone at the Literary Fund, where he was Registrar and had proper official relations, therefore, always with the Chairman, Lord Mahon,[1] or Lord Houghton, or the Bishop of Winchester, or some other magnificent person of that sort, with whom it was Mr. Harrison's supremest felicity to exchange a not unfrequent little joke—like a pinch of snuff—and to indicate for them the shoals to be avoided and the channels to be followed with flowing sail in the speech of the year; after which, if perchance there were any malignant in the company who took objection, suppose, to the claims of the author last relieved, to the charity of the Society, or to any claim founded on the production of a tale for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and of two sonnets for *Friendship's Offering;* or if perchance there were any festering sharp

[1] [Afterwards 5th Earl Stanhope; the historian (1805–1875).]

thorn in Mr. Harrison's side in the shape of some distinguished radical, Sir Charles Dilke,[1] or Mr. Dickens, or anybody who had ever said anything against taxation, or the Post Office, or the Court of Chancery, or the Bench of Bishops,—then would Mr. Harrison, if he had full faith in his Chairman, cunningly arrange with him some delicate little extinctive operation to be performed on that malignant or that radical in the course of the evening, and would relate to us exultingly the next day all the incidents of the passage of arms, and vindictively (for him) dwell on the barbed points and double edge of the beautiful episcopalian repartee with which it was terminated.

11. Very seriously, in all such public duties, Mr. Harrison was a person of rarest quality and worth; absolutely disinterested in his zeal, unwearied in exertion, always ready, never tiresome, never absurd; bringing practical sense, kindly discretion, and a most wholesome element of good-humoured, but incorruptible honesty, into everything his hand found to do. Everybody respected, and the best men sincerely regarded him; and I think those who knew most of the world were always the first to acknowledge his fine faculty of doing exactly the right thing to exactly the right point —and so pleasantly. In private life, he was to me an object of quite special admiration, in the quantity of pleasure he could take in little things; and he very materially modified many of my gravest conclusions, as to the advantages or mischiefs of modern suburban life. To myself scarcely any dwelling-place and duty in this world would have appeared (until, perhaps, I had tried them) less eligible for a man of sensitive and fanciful mind than the New Road, Camberwell Green, and the monotonous office work in Bridge Street. And to a certain extent, I am still of the same mind as to these matters, and do altogether, and without doubt or hesitation, repudiate the existence of New Road and Camberwell Green in general, no less than the condemnation of intelligent persons to a routine of

[1] [The first baronet (1810–1869).]

clerk's work broken only by a three weeks' holiday in the decline of the year. On less lively, fanciful, and amiable persons than my old friend, the New Road and the daily desk do verily exercise a degrading and much to be regretted influence. But Mr. Harrison brought the freshness of pastoral simplicity into the most faded corners of the Green, lightened with his cheerful heart the most leaden hours of the office, and gathered during his three weeks' holiday in the neighbourhood, suppose, of Guildford, Gravesend, Broadstairs, or Rustington, more vital recreation and speculative philosophy than another man would have got on the grand tour.

12. On the other hand, I, who had nothing to do all day but what I liked, and could wander at will among all the best beauties of the globe—nor that without sufficient power to see and to feel them—was habitually a discontented person, and frequently a weary one; and the reproachful thought which always rose in my mind when in that unconquerable listlessness of surfeit from excitement I found myself unable to win even a momentary pleasure from the fairest scene, was always: "If but Mr. Harrison were here instead of me!"

13. Many and many a time I planned very seriously the beguiling of him over the water. But there was always something to be done in a hurry—something to be worked out—something to be seen, as I thought, only in my own quiet way. I believe if I had but had the sense to take my old friend with me, he would have shown me ever so much more than I found out by myself. But it was not to be; and year after year I went to grumble and mope at Venice, or Lago Maggiore; and Mr. Harrison to enjoy himself from morning to night at Broadstairs or Box Hill. Let me not speak with disdain of either. No blue languor of tideless wave is worth the spray and sparkle of a South-Eastern English beach, and no one will ever rightly enjoy the pines of the Wengern Alp who despises the boxes of Box Hill.

Nay, I remember me of a little rapture of George Richmond himself on those fair slopes of sunny sward, ending in a vision of Tobias and his dog—no less—led up there by the helpful angel. (I have always wondered, by the way, whether that blessed dog minded what the angel said to him.[1])

14. But Mr. Harrison was independent of these mere æthereal visions, and surrounded himself only with a halo of sublunary beatitude. Welcome always he, as on his side frankly coming to be well, with the farmer, the squire, the rector, the—I had like to have said, dissenting minister, but I think Mr. Harrison usually evaded villages for summer domicile which were in any wise open to suspicion of Dissent in the air,—but with hunting rector, and the High Church curate, and the rector's daughters, and the curate's mother—and the landlord of the Red Lion, and the hostler of the Red Lion stables, and the tapster of the Pig and Whistle, and all the pigs in the backyard, and all the whistlers in the street—whether for want of thought[2] or for gaiety of it, and all the geese on the common, ducks in the horse-pond, and daws in the steeple, Mr. Harrison was known and beloved by every bird and body of them before half his holiday was over, and the rest of it was mere exuberance of festivity about him, and applauding coronation of his head and heart. Above all, he delighted in the ways of animals and children. He wrote a birthday ode—or at least a tumble-out-of-the-nest-day ode—to our pet rook, Grip, which encouraged that bird in taking such liberties with the cook, and in addressing so many impertinences to the other servants, that he became the mere plague, or as the French would express it, the "Black-beast," of the kitchen at Denmark Hill for the rest of his life. There was almost always a diary kept, usually, I

[1] [That is, to Tobias; whose name, above, has hitherto been misprinted "Tobit." See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 35), where, in referring to the same *Book of Tobit* in the Apocrypha, Ruskin is careful to remind us that the dog belonged to Tobias.]

[2] [See Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, 84: quoted also in Vol. XXVII. p. 89.]

think, in rhyme, of those summer hours of indolence; and when at last it was recognized, in due and reverent way, at the Crown Life Office, that indeed the time had drawn near when its constant and faithful servant should be allowed to rest, it was perhaps not the least of my friend's praiseworthy and gentle gifts to be truly capable of rest; withdrawing himself into the memories of his useful and benevolent life, and making it truly a holiday in its honoured evening. The idea then occurred to him (and it was now my turn to press with hearty sympathy the sometimes intermitted task) of writing these Reminiscences: valuable—valuable to whom, and for what, I begin to wonder.

15. For indeed these memories are of people who are passed away like the snow in harvest; and now, with the sharp-sickle reapers of full shocks of the fattening wheat of metaphysics, and fair novelists Ruth-like in the fields of barley, or more mischievously coming through the rye,[1]—what will the public, so vigorously sustained by these, care to hear of the lovely writers of old days, quaint creatures that they were?—Merry Miss Mitford, actually living in the country, actually walking in it, loving it,[2] and finding history enough in the life of the butcher's boy, and romance enough in the story of the miller's daughter, to occupy all her mind with, innocent of troubles concerning the Turkish question; steady-going old Barham, confessing nobody but the Jackdaw of Rheims,[3] and fearless alike of Ritualism, Darwinism, or disestablishment; iridescent clearness of Thomas Hood—the wildest, deepest infinity of marvellously jestful men; manly and rational Sydney, inevitable, infallible, inoffensively wise of wit;[4]—they are gone their way, and

[1] [Allusions to Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* (1853) and Miss Helen Mathers's *Comin' thro' the Rye* (1875).]

[2] [Compare *Art of England*, § 109 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 339).]

[3] [For another reference to "The Jackdaw of Rheims" in Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*, see below, p. 545. For Hood, see Vol. XVIII. p. 487, and many other places (General Index). For Sydney Smith, see *Præterita*, ii. § 165.]

[4] [Here in *On the Old Road* was appended, in a note, the letter on Sydney Smith, now given below, p. 564.]

ours is far diverse; and they and all the less-known, yet pleasantly and brightly endowed spirits of that time, are suddenly as unintelligible to us as the Etruscans—not a feeling they had that we can share in; and these pictures of them will be to us valuable only as the sculpture under the niches far in the shade there of the old parish church, dimly vital images of inconceivable creatures whom we shall never see the like of more.

2

THE RANGE OF INTELLECTUAL CONCEPTION

(1871)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This paper was read before the Metaphysical Society on April 25, 1871.

It was privately printed for the members, as an octavo pamphlet, pp. 5; stitched and without wrappers. On p. 1 is the following drop-title:—

> Metaphysical Society's Papers, No. xvi. | Theorem. | The Range of Intellectual Conception is proportioned | to the Rank in Animated Life. | Anon.

At the top of the page is the following intimation: "For Tuesday, April 25, 1871. | At the Grosvenor Hotel, 8.30 P.M. | Private." The headline is "Theorem" on each page.

The paper was published in the *Contemporary Review*, June 1871, vol. xvii. pp. 424–427.

It was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 728–733 (§§ 589–596), and again in the second edition of that work, vol. ii. pp. 367–373 (§§ 298–305).

The sections are here renumbered.]

THE RANGE OF INTELLECTUAL CONCEPTION PROPORTIONED TO THE RANK IN ANIMATED LIFE

A THEOREM

1. I SUPPOSE this theorem to be a truism; but I venture to state it, because it is surely desirable that it should be recognized as an axiom by metaphysicians, and practically does not seem to me yet to have been so. I say "animated life" because the word "life" by itself might have been taken to include that of vegetables; and I say "animated" instead of "spiritual" life because the Latin "anima," and pretty Italian corruption of it, "alma," involving the new idea of nourishment of the body as by the Aliment or Alms of God, seems to me to convey a better idea of the existence of conscious creatures than any derivative of "spiritus," "pneuma," or "psyche."

I attach, however, a somewhat lower sense to the word "conception" than is, I believe, usual with metaphysicians, for, as a painter, I belong to a lower rank of animated being than theirs, and can only mean by conception what I know of it. A painter never conceives anything absolutely, and is indeed incapable of conceiving anything at all, except as a phenomenon or sensation, or as the mode or locus of a phenomenon or sensation. That which is not an appearance, or a feeling, or a mode of one or the other, is to him nothing.

2. For instance, he would deny the definition of the phenomenon which he is himself first concerned in producing—a line—as "length without breadth." He would say,

"That which has no breadth is nothing, and nothing cannot be long." He would define a line as a narrow and long phenomenon, and a mathematician's idea of it as an idea of the direction of such a phenomenon.

The act of conception or imagination with him, therefore, is merely the memory, simple or combined, of things that he has seen or felt. He has no ray, no incipience of faculty beyond this. No quantity of the sternest training in the school of Hegel, would ever enable him to think the Absolute. He would persist in an obstinate refusal to use the word "think" at all in a transitive sense. He would never, for instance, say, "I think the table," but "I think the table is turning," or is not, as the case might be. And if he were to be taught in any school whatever to conceive a table, his first demand would be that he should be shown one, or referred to other things that had the qualities of one in illustrative degree.

3. And even respecting the constant methods or laws of phenomena, he cannot raise the statement of them into an act of conception. The statement that two right lines can never enclose a space merely appears to him another form of verbal definition, or, at the grandest, a definition in prophetic extent, saying in other words that a line which encloses, or ever may enclose, a space, is not, and never will be, a right one. He would admit that what he now conceives as two things, doubled, would always be what he now conceives as four things. But assuming the existence of a world in which, whenever two things were actually set in juxtaposition with other two things, they became actually three times, or actually five, he supposes that the practice of arithmetic, and laws of it, would change in relation to this new condition in matter; and he accepts, therefore, the statement that twice two are four only as an accident of the existing phenomena of matter.

4. A painter therefore may, I think, be looked upon as only representing a high order of sensational creatures, incapable of any but physical ideas and impressions; and

I continue my paper, therefore, only in the name of the docile, and therefore improvable, part of the Brute Creation.

And in their name I would suggest that we should be much more docile than we are if we were never occupied in efforts to conceive things above our natures. To take an instance, in a creature somewhat lower than myself. I came by surprise the other day on a cuttle-fish in a pool at low tide. On being touched with the point of my umbrella, he first filled the pool with ink, and then finding himself still touched in the darkness, lost his temper, and attacked the umbrella with much psyche or anima, hugging it tightly with all his eight arms, and making efforts, like an impetuous baby with a coral, to get it into his mouth. On my offering him a finger instead, he sucked that with two or three of his arms with an apparently malignant satisfaction, and on being shaken off, retired with an air of frantic misanthropy into the cloud of his ink.

5. Now, it seems to me not a little instructive to reflect how entirely useless such a manifestation of a superior being was to his cuttle-fish mind, and how fortunate it was for his fellow-octopods that he had no command of pens as well as ink, nor any disposition to write on the nature of umbrellas or of men.

It may be observed, further, that whatever ideas he was able to form respecting either were positively false—so contrary to truth as to be worse than none, and simply dangerous to himself, so far as he might be induced to act upon them—that, namely, an umbrella was an eatable thing, or a man a conquerable one, that the individual man who looked at him was hostile to him or that his purposes could be interfered with by ejection of ink. Every effort made by the fish under these convictions was harmful to himself; his only wisdom would have been to lie quietly and unreflectively in his pool.

And with us painters also, the only result of any efforts we make to acquaint ourselves with the subjects of metaphysical inquiry has been an increased sense of the prudence

of lying placidly and unreflectively in our pools, or at least limiting ourselves to such gentle efforts of imagination as may be consistent with the as yet imperfectly developed powers, I do not say even of cephalopodic, but of Ascidian nervous centres.[1]

6. But it may be easily imagined how pleasantly, to persons thus subdued in self-estimation, the hope presents itself which is involved in the Darwinian theory, that their pools themselves may be capable of indefinite extension, and their natures of indefinite development—the hope that our descendants may one day be ashamed of us, and debate the question of their parentage with astonishment and disgust.

And it seems to me that the aim of elementary metaphysical study might henceforth become more practical than that of any other science. For in hitherto taking little cognizance of the limitation of thought by the structure of the body, we have surely also lost sight of the power of certain modes of thought over the processes of that structure. Taking, for instance, the emotion of anger, of which the cephalopoda are indeed as capable as we are, but inferior to us in being unable to decide whether they do well to be angry or not, I do not think the chemical effect of that emotion on the particles of the blood, in decomposing and otherwise paralyzing or debilitating them, has been sufficiently examined, nor the actual quantity of nervous energy which a fit of anger of given violence withdraws from the body and restores to space, neither the correlative power of volition in restraining the passion, or in directing the choice of salutary thought, as of salutary herbs on streams. And even we painters, who dare not call ourselves capable of thought, are capable of choice in more or less salutary vision. In the degree in which we lose such power of choice in vision, so that the spectral phenomena which are the materials of our industry present

[1] [Compare *Love's Meinie*, § 172 (Vol. XXV. p. 164).]

themselves under forms beyond our control, we become insane; and although for all our best work a certain degree of this insanity is necessary, and the first occurring conceptions are uncommanded, as in dreams, we have, when in health, always instantaneous power of accepting some, refusing others, perfecting the outlines and colours of those we wish to keep, and arranging them in such relations as we choose.

7. And unquestionably the forms of the body which painters instinctively recognize as best, and call "beautiful," are so far under the command of the plastic force of voluntary thought, that the original and future authority of such a plastic force over the whole of creation cannot but seem to painters a direct, though not a certain influence; and they would at once give their adherence to the statement made many years since in his opening lectures in Oxford by the present Regius Professor of Medicine[1] (as far as I can recollect approximately, in these terms)—that "it is quite as logical, and far more easy, to conceive of original anima as adapting itself to forms of substance, than of original substance as adapting to itself modes of mind."

8. It is surely, therefore, not too much to expect of future schools of metaphysicians that they will direct mankind into methods of thought which will be at once happy, unerring, and medicinal, and therefore entirely wise; that they will mark the limits beyond which uniformity must be dangerous, and speculation vain; and that they will at no distant period terminate the acrimony of theologians, and the insolences, as well as the sorrows, of groundless faith, by showing that it is appointed for us, in common with the rest of the animal creation, to live in the midst of an universe the nature of which is as much better than we can believe, as it is greater than we can understand.

[1] [Sir Henry Acland. His inaugural lecture at Oxford (as Lee's Reader in Anatomy) was given on October 22, 1845: see J. B. Atlay's *Memoir*, p. 123.]

3

THE NATURE AND AUTHORITY OF MIRACLE

(1873)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This paper was read before the Metaphysical Society on February 12, 1873.

It was privately printed for the members, as an octavo pamphlet, pp. 5; stitched and without wrappers. On p. 1 is the following drop-title:—

> Metaphysical Society's Papers, No. xxxii. | The Nature and Authority of Miracle. | Anon.

At the top of the page is the following intimation: "To be read on Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1873. | At the Grosvenor Hotel, at 8.30 P.M. | Private."

The paper was published in the *Contemporary Review* for March 1873; vol. xxi. pp. 627-634.

It was next printed as a pamphlet for private distribution, with the following title-page:—

> The Nature and Authority | of | Miracle. | By | John Ruskin | 1873. | (For private distribution.)

Crown 8vo, pp. 16. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2. On p. 3 (with blank reverse) is the following Prefatory Note:—

> "On behalf of a small knot of earnest Christians, I have sought and obtained permission to print a few copies of the following essay, which appeared a short time ago in the *Contemporary Review*. Our desire was to have so weighty an argument in support of the Christian Verity in a handy and convenient form.
>
> "J. B. H.
>
> "*Christmas*, 1873."

Text, pp. 5–16. No imprint. The headline is "The Nature and Authority of Miracle" throughout. Stitched, without wrappers.

Reprinted in *On the Old Road*, §§ 267–277; vol. ii. pp. 353–666, in ed 1 (1885); vol. iii. pp. 363–376, in ed. 2 (1899).

The sections are here renumbered.]

THE NATURE AND AUTHORITY OF MIRACLE

(1873)

1. EVERY age of the world has its own special sins, and special simplicities; and among our own most particular humours in both kinds must be reckoned the tendency to parade our discoveries of the laws of Nature, as if nobody had ever heard of a law of Nature before.

The most curious result of this extremely absurd condition of mind is perhaps the alarm of religious persons on subjects of which one would have fancied most of the palpable difficulties had been settled before the nineteenth century. The theory of prayer, for instance, and of Miracles. I noticed a lengthy discussion in the newspapers a month or two ago, on the propriety of praying for, or against rain.[1] It had suddenly, it seems, occurred to the public mind, and to that of the gentlemen who write the theology of the breakfast-table, that rain was owing to natural causes; and that it must be unreasonable to expect God to supply on our immediate demand what could not be provided but by previous evaporation. I noticed farther that this alarming difficulty was at least softened to some of our Metropolitan congregations by the assurances of their ministers, that, although, since the last lecture by Professor

[1] [Owing to the long continuance of rainy and stormy weather, the Archbishop of Canterbury exhorted the clergy to use the Prayer "For Fair Weather" (*Times*, December 26), and Archbishop Manning issued a pastoral to like effect (*ibid.*, December 28). In the early part of January there was an almost daily discussion of the subject in the correspondence columns of the *Times*.]

Tyndall at the Royal Institution, it had become impossible to think of asking God for any temporal blessing, they might still hope their applications for spiritual advantages would occasionally be successful;—thus implying that though material processes were necessarily slow, and the laws of Heaven respecting matter, inviolable, mental processes might be instantaneous, and mental laws at any moment disregarded by their Institutor: so that the spirit of a man might be brought to maturity in a moment, though the resources of Omnipotence would be overtaxed, or its consistency abandoned, in the endeavour to produce the same result on a greengage.

More logically, though not more wisely, other divines have asserted that prayer is medicinally beneficial to ourselves, whether we obtain what we ask for or not; and that our moral state is gradually elevated by the habit of praying daily that the Kingdom of God may come,—though nothing would more astonish us than its coming.

2. With these doubts respecting the possibility or propriety of miracle, a more immediate difficulty occurs as to its actual nature or definition. What is the quality of any event which may be properly called "miraculous"? What are the degrees of wonderfulness?—what the surpassing degree of it, which changes the wonder into the sign, or may be positively recognized by human intelligence as an interruption, instead of a new operation, of those laws of Nature with which, of late, we have become so exhaustively acquainted? For my own part, I can only say that I am so haunted by doubt of the security of our best knowledge, and by discontent in the range of it, that it seems to me contrary to modesty, whether in a religious or scientific point of view, to regard *any*thing as miraculous. I know so little, and this little I know is so inexplicable, that I dare not say anything is wonderful because it is strange to me, or not wonderful because it is familiar. I have not the slightest idea how I compel my hand to write these words, or my lips to read them: and the question which

was the thesis of Mr. Ward's very interesting paper, "Can Experience prove the Uniformity of Nature?"* is, in my mind, so assuredly answerable with the negative which the writer appeared to desire, that, precisely on that ground, the performance of any so-called miracle whatever would be morally unimpressive to me. If a second Joshua to-morrow commanded the sun to stand still,[1] and it obeyed him; and he therefore claimed deference as a miracle-worker, I am afraid I should answer, "What! a miracle that the sun stands still?—not at all. I was always expecting it would. The only wonder, to me, was its going on."[2]

3. But even assuming the demonstrable uniformity of the laws or customs of Nature which are known to us, it remains a difficult question what manner of interference with such law or custom we might logically hold miraculous, and what, on the contrary, we should treat only as proof of the existence of some other law, hitherto undiscovered.

For instance, there is a case authenticated by the signatures of several leading physicists in Paris, in which a peasant girl, under certain conditions of morbid excitement, was able to move objects at some distance from her without touching them. Taking the evidence for what it may be worth, the discovery of such a faculty would only, I suppose, justify us in concluding that some new vital energy was developing itself under the conditions of modern bodily health; and not that any interference with the laws of Nature had taken place. Yet the generally obstinate refusal of men of science to receive any verbal witness of such facts is a proof that they believe them contrary to a code of law which is more or less complete in their experience, and altogether complete in their conception; and I think it is therefore their province to lay down for us the true

* Read at the November meeting of the Metaphysical Society.

[1] [Joshua x.: see below, p. 327.]

[2] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 202 (Vol. XXII. p. 438), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 613).]

principle by which we may distinguish the miraculous violation of a known law from the sudden manifestation of an unknown one.

4. In the meantime, supposing ourselves ever so incapable of defining law, or discerning its interruption, we need not therefore lose our conception of the one, nor our faith in the other. Some of us may no more be able to know a genuine miracle, when we see it, than others to know a genuine picture; but the ordinary impulse to regard, therefore, all claim to miraculous power as imposture, or self-deception, reminds me always of the speech of a French lady to me, whose husband's collection of old pictures had brought unexpectedly low prices in the auction-room,—"How can you be so senseless," she said, "as to attach yourself to the study of an art in which you see that all excellence is a mere matter of opinion?" Some of us have thus come to imagine that the laws of Nature, as well as those of Art, may be matters of opinion; and I recollect an ingenious paper by Mr. Frederic Harrison, some two years ago, on the "Subjective Synthesis,"[1]—which, after proving, what does not seem to stand in need of so elaborate proof, that we can only know, of the universe, what we can see and understand, went on to state that the laws of Nature "were not objective realities, any more than they were absolute truths."* Which decision, it seems to me, is as if some modest and rational gnat, who had submitted to the humiliating conviction that it could know no more of the world than might be traversed by flight, or tasted by puncture, yet, in the course of an experiment on a philosopher with its proboscis, hearing him speak of the Institutes of Justinian, should observe, on its return to the society of gnats, that the Institutes of Justinian were not

* I quote from memory but am sure of the purport of the sentence, though not of its expression.

[1] [Printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, August 1870, vol. 14, pp. 184-197. Ruskin's memory was textually accurate: see p. 185 of the *Review*.]

objective realities, any more than they were absolute truths. And, indeed, the careless use of the word "Truth" itself, often misleads even the most accurate thinkers. A law cannot be spoken of as a truth, either absolute or concrete. It is a law of nature, that is to say, of my own particular nature, that I fall asleep after dinner, and my confession of this fact is a truth; but the bad habit is no more a truth than the statement of it is a bad habit.

5. Nevertheless, in spite of the treachery of our conceptions and language, and in just conclusion even from our narrow experience, the conviction is fastened in our hearts that the habits or laws of Nature are more constant than our own and sustained by a firmer Intelligence: so that, without in the least claiming the faculty of recognition of miracle, we may securely define its essence. The phenomena of the universe with which we are acquainted are assumed to be, under general conditions, constant, but to be maintained in that constancy by a supreme personal Mind; and it is farther supposed that, under particular conditions, this ruling Person interrupts the constancy of these phenomena, in order to establish a particular relation with inferior creatures.

6. It is, indeed, singular how ready the inferior creatures are to imagine such a relation, without any very decisive evidence of its establishment. The entire question of miracle is involved with that of the special providences which are supposed, in some theories of religion, sometimes to confound the enemies, and always to protect the darlings of God: and in the minds of amiable persons, the natural and very justifiable sense of their own importance to the well-being of the world may often encourage the pleasant supposition that the Deity, however improvident for others, will be provident for *them*. I recollect a paper on this subject by Dr. Guthrie, published not long ago in some religious periodical, in which the writer mentioned, as a strikingly Providential circumstance, the catching of his foot on a ledge of rock which averted what might otherwise

have been a fatal fall.[1] Under the sense of the loss to the cause of religion and the society of Edinburgh, which might have been the consequence of the accident, it is natural that Dr. Guthrie should refer to it with strongly excited devotional feelings: yet, perhaps, with better reason, a junior member of the Alpine Club, less secure of the value of his life, would have been likely on the same occasion rather to be provoked by his own awkwardness, than impressed by the providential structure of the rock. At the root of every error on these subjects we may trace either an imperfect conception of the universality of Deity, or an exaggerated sense of individual importance: and yet it is no less certain that every train of thought likely to lead us in a right direction must be founded on the acknowledgment that the personality of a Deity who has commanded the doing of Justice and the showing of Mercy[2] can be no otherwise manifested than in the signal support of causes which are just, and favour of persons who are kind. The beautiful tradition of the deaths of Cleobis and Bito,[3] indeed, expresses the sense proper to the wisest men, that we are unable either to discern or decide for ourselves in what the favour of God consists: but the promises of the Christian religion imply that its true disciples will be enabled to ask with prudence what is to be infallibly granted.

7. And, indeed, the relations between God and His creatures which it is the function of miracle to establish, depend far more on the correspondence of events with human volition than on the marvellous character of the events themselves. These relations are, in the main, twofold. Miracles are either to convince, or to assist. We are apt to think of them as meant only to establish faith, but many are for mere convenience of life. Elisha's making

[1] [For other references to Dr. Guthrie, see Vol. VI. p. 483; Vol. XII. p. xxx.; Vol. XVII. p. xxviii.; Vol. XXII. p. 445; and Vol. XXVI. p. xxvi.]
[2] [Zechariah vii. 9; compare Vol. XVI. p. 96.]
[3] [See Vol. VII. p. 277, and Vol. XVIII. p. 354.]

the axe-head swim, and the poisoned soup wholesome,[1] were not to convince anybody, but merely to give help in the quickest way. Conviction is, indeed, in many of the most interesting miracles, quite a secondary end, and often an unattained one. The hungry multitude are fed, the ship in danger relieved by sudden calm.[2] The disciples disregard the multiplying of the loaves, yet are strongly affected by the change in the weather.

But whether for conviction, aid (or aid in the terrific form of punishment), the essence of miracle is as the manifestation of a Power which can direct or modify the otherwise constant phenomena of Nature; and it is, I think, by attaching too great importance to what may be termed the missionary work of miracle, instead of what may in distinction be called its pastoral work, that many pious persons, no less than infidels, are apt to despise, and therefore to deny, miraculous power altogether.

8. "We do not need to be convinced," they say, "of the existence of God by the capricious exertion of His power. We are satisfied in the normal exertion of it; and it is contrary to the idea of His Excellent Majesty that there should be any other."

But all arguments and feelings must be distrusted which are founded on our own ideas of what it is proper for Deity to do. Nor can I, even according to our human modes of judgment, find any impropriety in the thought that an energy may be natural without being normal, and Divine without being constant. The wise missionary may indeed require no miracle to confirm his authority; but the despised pastor may need miracle to enforce it, or the compassionate governor to make it beneficial. And it is quite possible to conceive of Pastoral Miracle as resulting from a power as natural as any other, though not as perpetual. The wind bloweth where it listeth,[3] and

[1] [2 Kings vi. 6; iv. 40, 41.]
[2] [Matthew xiv. 17; Mark iv. 39.]
[3] [John iii. 8.]

some of the energies granted to men born of the Spirit may be manifested only on certain conditions and on rare occasions; and therefore be always wonderful or miraculous, though neither disorderly nor unnatural.

Thus St. Paul's argument to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought with you a thing impossible that God should raise the dead?"[1] would be suicidal, if he meant to appeal to the miracle as a proof of the authority of his mission. But, claiming no authority, he announces as a probable and acceptable fact the opening of a dispensation in which it was as natural for the dead to be raised as for the Gospel to be preached to the poor, though both the one and the other were miraculous signs that the Master of Nature had come down to be Emmanuel among men, and that no prophet was in future to look for another.[2]

We have indeed fallen into a careless habit of using the words supernatural and superhuman, as if equivalent. A human act may be super-doggish, and a Divine act superhuman, yet all three acts absolutely Natural. It is, perhaps, as much the virtue of a Spirit to be inconstant as of a poison to be sure, and therefore always impossible to weigh the elements of moral force in the balance of an apothecary.

9. It is true that, in any abstract reflection on these things, one is instantly brought to pause by questions of the reasonableness, the necessity, or the expedient degree of miracle. Christ walks on the water,[3] overcoming gravity to that extent. Why not have flown, and overcome it altogether? He feeds the multitude by breaking existent loaves; why not have commanded the stones into bread?[4] Or, instead of miraculously feeding either an assembly or a nation, why not enable them, like Himself, miraculously to fast,[5] for the needful time? And in generally admitting

[1] [Acts xxvi. 8. Ruskin, quoting from memory, gives "impossible" for "incredible."]
[2] [Matthew i. 23; xi. 3-5.]
[3] [Matthew xiv. 25.]
[4] [Matthew iv. 3.]
[5] [Matthew iv. 2.]

the theories of pastoral miracle the instant question submits itself,—Supposing a nation wisely obedient to divinely appointed ministers of a sensible Theocracy, how much would its government be miraculously assisted, and how many of its affairs brought to miraculous prosperity of issue? Would its enemies be destroyed by angels, and its food poured down upon it from the skies, or would the supernatural aid be limited to diminishing the numbers of its slain in battle,* or to conducting its merchant ships safely, or instantaneously, to the land whither they would go?[1]

But no progress can be made, and much may be prevented, in the examination of any really difficult human problem, by thus approaching it on the hypothetical side. Such approach is easy to the foolish, pleasant to the proud, and convenient to the malicious, but absolutely fruitless of practical result. Our modesty and wisdom consist alike in the simple registry of the facts cognizable by us, and our duty, in making active use of them for the present, without concerning ourselves as to the possibilities of the future. And the two main facts we have to deal with are that the historical record of miracle is always of inconstant power, and that our own actual energies are inconstant almost in exact proportion to their worthiness.

10. First, I say, the history of miracle is of inconstant power. St. Paul raises Eutychus from death, and his garments effect miraculous cure; yet he leaves Trophimus sick at Miletum, recognizes only the mercy of God in the recovery of Epaphroditus, and, like any uninspired physician, recommends Timothy wine for his infirmities.[2] And in the second place, our own energies are inconstant almost

* "And be it death proclaimëd through our host to boast of this."—*Henry V.* [Act iv. sc. 8.]

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[1] [Psalms cvii. 30 (Prayer-book).]

[2] [Acts xx. 9, 10; xix. 12; 2 Timothy iv. 20; Philippians ii. 27; 1 Timothy v. 23.]

in proportion to their nobleness. We breathe with regularity, and can calculate upon the strength necessary for common tasks. But the record of our best work, and of our happiest moments, is always one of success which we did not expect, and of enthusiasm which we could not prolong.

11. And therefore we can only look for an imperfect and interrupted, but may surely insist on an occasional, manifestation of miraculous credentials by every minister of religion. There is no practical difficulty in the discernment of marvel properly to be held superhuman. It is indeed frequently alleged by the admirers of scientific discovery that many things, which were wonderful fifty years ago, have ceased to be so now;[1] and I am perfectly ready to concede to them that what they now themselves imagine to be admirable, will not in the future be admired. But the petty sign, said to have been wrought by the augur Attus before Tarquin,[2] would be as impressive at this instant as it was then; while the utmost achievements of recent scientific miracle have scarcely yet achieved the feeding of Lazarus their beggar, still less the resurrection of Lazarus their friend.[3] Our Christian faith, at all events, stands or falls by this test. "These signs shall follow them that believe,"[4] are words which admit neither of qualification nor misunderstanding; and it is far less arrogant in any man to look for such Divine attestation of his authority as a teacher, than to claim, without it, any authority to teach. And assuredly it is no proof of any unfitness or unwisdom in such expectations, that, for the last thousand years, miraculous powers seem to have been withdrawn from, or at least indemonstrably possessed, by a Church which, having been again and again warned by its Master that Riches were deadly to Religion, and Love essential to it, has nevertheless made wealth the reward of Theological

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. pp. 154–155 *n.*]
[2] [The cutting of a whetstone by a razor: see Livy, i. 36.]
[3] [See Luke xvi. 20; John xi. 14.]
[4] [Mark xvi. 17.]

learning, and controversy its occupation. There are states of moral death no less amazing than physical resurrection; and a Church which permits its clergy to preach what they have ceased to believe, and its people to trust what they refuse to obey, is perhaps more truly miraculous in impotence, than it would be miraculous in power, if it could move the fatal rocks of California[1] to the Pole, and plant the sycamore and the vine between the ridges of the sea.

[1] [For another reference to the discovery of gold in California, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 113.]

4

ART SCHOOLS OF MEDIÆVAL CHRISTENDOM

(1875)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The papers on Mediæval Schools of Art, for which Ruskin subsequently wrote this Preface, had first appeared in *The Monthly Packet*, 1873, vols. 16 and 17, and Ruskin refers to them in *Pleasures of England*, § 99 *n.* (Vol. XXXIII. p. 491 *n.*).

They were collected in 1876 in a book with the following title-page:—

> The Art Schools | of | Mediæval Christendom. | By A. C. Owen. | Edited by J. Ruskin, Ch. Ch., Oxford, | Slade Professor. | London: Mozley & Smith, 6 Paternoster Row. | 1876.

Crown 8vo, pp. x.+502. Ruskin's Preface occupies pp. v.–viii. The Notes which Ruskin added to the text are given below (pp. 130–132).

The Preface with these Notes was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 667–681 (§§ 549–551); and again in the second edition of that book, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 307–311 (§§ 258–260).

In the case of Note 6, the quotation has here been extended; it having been erroneously stated in *On the Old Road* that Ruskin's note occurred at the word "people."]

ART SCHOOLS OF MEDIÆVAL CHRISTENDOM

A PREFACE

THE number of British and American travellers who take unaffected interest in the early art of Europe is already large, and is daily increasing; daily, also, as I thankfully perceive, feeling themselves more and more in need of a guide-book containing as much trustworthy indication as they can use of what they may most rationally spend their time in examining. The books of reference published by Mr. Murray, though of extreme value to travellers, who make it their object to see (in his, and their, sense of the word) whatever is to be seen, are of none whatever, or may perhaps be considered, justly, as even of quite the reverse of value, to travellers who wish to see only what they may in simplicity understand, and with pleasure remember; while the histories of art, and biographies of artists, to which the more earnest student in his novitiate must have recourse, are at once so voluminous, so vague, and so contradictory, that I cannot myself conceive his deriving any other benefit from their study than a deep conviction of the difficulty of the subject, and of the incertitude of human opinions.

It seemed to me, on reading the essays collected in this volume, as they appeared in the periodical for which they were written, that the author not only possessed herself a very true discernment of the qualities in mediæval art which were justly deserving of praise, but had unusually clear understanding of the degree in which she might expect to cultivate such discernment in the general mind of polite travellers; nor have I less admired her aptitude in collation of essentially illustrative facts, so as to bring the history of

a very widely contemplative range of art into tenable compass and very graceful and serviceable form. Her reading, indeed, has been, with respect to many very interesting periods of religious workmanship, much more extensive than my own; and when I consented to edit the volume of collected papers, it was not without the assurance of considerable advantage to myself during the labour of revising them.

The revision, however, I am sorry to say, has been interrupted and imperfect; very necessarily the last from the ignorance I have just confessed of more than one segment of the great illuminated field of early religious art, to which the writer most wisely has directed equal and symmetrical attention,—and interrupted partly under extreme pressure of other occupation, and partly in very fear of being tempted to oppress the serenity of the general prospect, which I think these essays are eminently calculated to open before an ingenious reader, with the stormy chiaroscuro of my own preference and reprobation. I leave the work, therefore, absolutely Miss Owen's, with occasional note of remonstrance, but without retouch, though it must be distinctly understood that when I allow my name to stand as the editor of a book, it is in no mere compliment (if my editorship could indeed be held as such) to the genius or merit of the author; but it means that I hold myself entirely responsible, in main points, for the accuracy of the views advanced, and that I wish the work to be received, by those who have confidence in my former teaching, as an extension and application of the parts of it which I have felt to be incomplete.

OXFORD, *November* 27, 1875.

[The "notes of remonstrance" or approbation scattered through the volume are given below, preceded in each case by the (italicised) statement or expression giving rise to them:—]

(1) P. 73. "*The peculiar characteristic of the Byzantine churches is the dome.*" "Form derived first from the Catacombs. See Lord Lindsay."[1]

[1] [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. i. p. 7.]

(2) P. 89. "*The octagon baptistery at Florence, ascribed to Lombard kings . . .*" "No; it is Etruscan work of pure descent."[1]

(3) *Id.* "*S. Michele, of Pavia, pure Lombard of seventh century, rebuilt in tenth.*" "Churches were often rebuilt with their original sculptures. I believe many in this church to be Lombard. See next page."[2]

(4) P. 95. "*The revolution begun by Rafaelle has ended in the vulgar painting, the sentimental prints, and the coloured statuettes, which have made the religious art of the nineteenth century a by-word for its feebleness on the one side, its superstition on the other.*" "Excellent; but my good scholar has not distinguished vulgar from non-vulgar naturalism. Perhaps she will as I read on."[3]

(5) P. 108. "*It may be . . . it is scarcely credible.*" What does it matter what may be or what is scarcely credible? I hope the reader will consider what a waste of time the thinking of things is when we can never rightly know them."

(6) P. 109. On the statements that "*no vital school of art has ever existed save as the expression of the vital and unquestioned faith of a people,*" and that Catholicism (which embodied such a faith) was succeeded by a theology "which proclaimed every man his own teacher and his own priest with an inalienable right to believe the wrong," followed by some remarks on external helps to devotion, there is a note at the word "wrong." "Down to this line this page is unquestionably and entirely true. I do not answer for the rest of the clause, but do not dispute it."

(7) P. 113. *S. Michele at Lucca.* "The church is now only a modern architect's copy."[4]

(8) P. 129. "*There is a good model of this pulpit*" (Niccola's in the Pisan Baptistery) "*in the Kensington Museum, through which we may learn much of the rise of Gothic sculpture.*" "You cannot do anything of the kind. Pisan sculpture can only be studied in the original marble; half its virtue is in the chiselling."[5]

(9) P. 136. "*S. Donato's shrine*" (by Giovanni Pisano) "*in Arezzo Cathedral is one of the finest monuments of the Pisan school.*" "No. He tried to be too fine, and overdid it. The work is merely accumulated commonplace."

(10) P. 170. On Giotto drawing without compasses a circle with a crayon, "*not a brush, with which, as Professor Ruskin explained, the feat would have been impossible. See 'Giotto and his Works in Padua.'*" "Don't; but practise with a camel's-hair brush till you can do it. I knew nothing of brush-work proper when I wrote that essay on Padua."[6]

[1] [See Vol. XXIII. p. 241.]

[2] [That is, of Miss Owen's book, where she mentions the rebuilding of S. Ambrogio at Milan in that way. For references to S. Michele, Pavia, see Vol. IX. pp. 40, 263, 293, 336; Vol. X. p. 61.]

[3] [Compare the last note in the book, pp. 487–488, where Miss Owen's statement that "*the cause of Rafaelle's popularity . . . has been that predominance of exaggerated dramatic representation, which in his pictures is visible above all moral and spiritual qualities,*" is noted to be "Intensely and accurately true."]

[4] [The façade was rebuilt in 1862. Compare Vol. XXI. p. 123 and *n.*]

[5] [For the pulpit, see Plate VI. in *Val d'Arno*, Vol. XXIII. p. 23.]

[6] [Miss Owen's reference is to § 6 (Vol. XXIV. p. 20); but Ruskin, in making his deprecatory comment, did not look back to his essay, and Miss Owen's version of his words is precisely the reverse of what he really said. Giotto's feat, he said, was in drawing the circle with the brush, not with a crayon.]

(11) P. 179. In the first of the bas-reliefs of Giotto's tower at Florence, "*Noah lies asleep, or, as Professor Ruskin maintains, drunk.*" "I don't 'maintain' anything of the sort; I *know* it. He is as drunk as a man can be, and the expression of drunkenness given with deliberate and intense skill, as on the angle of the Ducal Palace at Venice."[1]

(12) P. 179. On Giotto's "*astronomy, figured by an old man*" on the same tower. "Above which are seen, by the astronomy of his heart, the heavenly host represented above the stars."[2]

(13) P. 190. "*The Loggia dei Lanzi*" (at Florence) . . . "*the round arches, new to those times. . . . See Vasari.*" "Vasari is an ass with precious things in his panniers;[3] but you must not ask his opinion on any matter. The round arches new to those times had been the universal structure form in all Italy, Roman or Lombard, feebly and reluctantly pointed in the thirteenth century, and occasionally, as in the Campo Santo of Pisa, and Orcagna's own Or San Michele, standing within three hundred yards of the Loggia arches 'new to those times,' filled with tracery, itself composed of intersecting round arches. Now, it does not matter two soldi to the history of art who *built*, but who designed and carved the Loggia. It is out and out the grandest in Italy, and its archaic virtues themselves are impracticable and inconceivable. I don't vouch for it being Orcagna's, nor do I vouch for the Campo Santo frescoes being his. I have never specially studied him; nor do I know what men of might there were to work with or after him. But I know the Loggia to be mighty architecture of Orcagna's style and time, and the Last Judgment and Triumph of Death in the Campo Santo to be the sternest lessons written on the walls of Tuscany,[4] and worth more study alone than English travellers usually give to Pisa, Lucca, Pistoja, and Florence altogether."

(14) P. 468. "*The Gothic style for churches never took root in Venice.*" "Not quite correct. The Ducal Palace traceries are shown in the *Stones of Venice* (ii. p. 234[5]) to have been founded on those of the Frari."

(15) P. 471. Mantegna. "*No feeling had he for vital beauty of human face, or the lower creatures of the earth.*" To this Miss Owen adds in a note, "Professor Ruskin reminds me to notice here, in qualification, Mantegna's power of painting inanimate forms, as, *e.g.*, in the trees and leaves of his Madonna of the National Gallery. 'He is,' says Professor Ruskin,[6] 'the most wonderful leaf-painter of Lombardy.'"

[1] [See, for the Noah on the Campanile, Vol. XXIII. Plate 44, and *Mornings in Florence*, § 125 (*ibid.*, p. 418): see also *Schools of Art in Florence*, § 88 (*ibid.*, p. 247). In referring to the sculpture of "The Drunkenness of Noah" on the Ducal Palace, Ruskin's recollection here failed, as, in what he wrote of it when at Venice in 1851 and 1876–1877, he was careful to note that the expression of drunkenness was not clearly indicated: see Vol. X. pp. 359 *seq.*, and Vol. XXIV. pp. 442–443.]

[2] [See Vol. XXIII. Plate 45 and p. 419.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XII. p. 258; *Ariadne Florentina*, § 194 (Vol. XXII. p. 433); and Vol. XXIII. p. 395 *n.*]

[4] [For Ruskin's descriptions of these frescoes, see Vol. XII. pp. 146, 147; and see the numerous references in the General Index.]

[5] [The reference is to the first edition: see now Vol. X. p. 272.]

[6] [That is, in a letter to Miss Owen: compare *Notes on Educational Series*, No. 221 (Vol. XXI. p. 140); *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 118); and *Art of England*, § 206 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 403).]

5

RAILWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

(1876)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This piece was written in connexion with the Protest organised by Mr. Robert Somervell (a Companion of St. George's Guild) in 1875–1876 against the threatened extension of the railway from Windermere to Ambleside and Rydal.

Mr. Somervell's Protest was first issued in 1875 or early in 1876, as a quarto paper (pp. 8) containing a form of petition at the end. With this paper, a printed slip was issued containing the following announcement, written by Ruskin :—

> "The author of *Modern Painters* earnestly requests all persons who may have taken interest in his writings, or who have any personal regard for him, to assist him now in the circulation of the enclosed paper, drawn up by his friend Mr. Somervell, for the defence of the Lake District of England, and to press the appeal, so justly and temperately made in it, on the attention of their personal friends."

This appeal by Ruskin was the subject of a leading article in the *Daily News*, January 17, 1876; of a notice in the *Academy*, January 22; and of some verses, with a picture by Linley Sambourne, in *Punch*, February 5 (vol. 70, p. 34). These latter were headed "Lady of the Lake loquitur." The first and last stanzas were as follow :—

> "List! Let my silver voice at last be heard,
> Echoing that eloquence which oft hath stirred
> Even Philistine feeling!
> Let not the Trade-Gnome further still intrude
> Within the sweet sequestered solitude,
> Where Nature's coyest charms may yet be wooed
> To full revealing.
>
> Though Commerce claim free course, and subtle Greed,
> In mask of Progress, her convenience plead,
> Should Wisdom not be chary
> In casting Nature's dearest dowers away?
> Leave Lakeland still to elf, and fawn, and fay,
> For Art and Thought and Toil self's place of play,
> And sanctuary!"

In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 66 (June 1876), Ruskin requested his friends to forward signed petitions to him at Brantwood (Vol. XXVIII. p. 612 *n.*).

In acknowledgment of such petitions, he issued an octavo fly-leaf (printed on one side only and undated), as follows :—

> "I am most grateful for the signed petitions against the Rydal railway which have been hitherto forwarded to me (one from India, full of names of extreme weight). I asked my friends to send me in these petitions at once, that I might judge of our present strength; but we have still time before us; and I again most earnestly commend the cause to the strenuous efforts of all who care for the integrity of English peasant life, or for the peace and power of her mountains. The following names attached to the last petition sent to me from

London are surely those of men who have no less claim on public gratitude than title to public respect:

T. Armstrong	J. Jenkins
F. Barwell	C. S. Keene
G. P. Boyce	R. Lehmann
W. Brodie, R.S.A.	John Lewis
Vicat Cole	W. M'Taggart, R.S.A.
T. Danby	H. M. Marshall
E. Duncan	H. Moore
B. Foster	W. Morris
A. Fripp	P. Naftel
G. Fripp	W. Q. Orchardson, A.R.A.
J. Gilbert, R.A.	Noel Paton, R.S.A.
E. A. Goodall	W. A. Paton, R.S.A.
Walter Goodall	J. Pettie, R.A.
Robert Herdman, R.S.A.	W. Collingwood Smith
P. Hewett, F.R.S.	G. E. Street, R.A.
A. W. Hunt	W. Topham
Colin Hunter	H. C. Whaite"

This fly-leaf (which is among the rarer Ruskiniana) was circulated in some copies of *Fors*, and also in some copies of the pamphlet next described in this Note.

In 1876 Mr. Somervell re-issued his protest, in a revised and extended form, as a pamphlet. The title-page was as follows:—

> A Protest against the | Extension of Railways | in the | Lake District, | By Robert Somervell, | With articles thereon reprinted from the "Saturday Review," &c. | And a Preface by | John Ruskin, LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, &c. | Windermere: J. Garnett. | London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. | Wholesale Price, Ninepence, 25/24; Retail, One Shilling, nett.

Octavo, pp. vi.+78. Issued in grey paper wrappers, with the following title (in a single ruled frame) on the front: "A Protest | against the | Extension of Railways | in the | Lake District." The pamphlet reprinted, *inter alia*, the article in the *Daily News* and the verses in *Punch*, mentioned above.

A review of the pamphlet appeared in the *Spectator*, October 28, 1876.

Ruskin's Preface (here pp. 137–143) occupied pp. 1–9.

It was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 682–688 (§§ 552–556); and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 312–320 (§§ 261–265).

The sections are now renumbered.]

THE EXTENSION OF RAILWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

A PROTEST

(1876)

1. THE evidence collected in the following pages,[1] in support of their pleading, is so complete, and the summary of his cause given with so temperate mastery by Mr. Somervell, that I find nothing to add in circumstance, and little to reinforce in argument. And I have less heart to the writing even of what brief preface so good work might by its author's courtesy be permitted to receive from me, occupied as I so long have been in efforts tending in the same direction, because, on that very account, I am far less interested than my friend in this local and limited resistance to the elsewhere fatally victorious current of modern folly, cruelty, and ruin. When the frenzy of avarice is daily drowning our sailors, suffocating our miners, poisoning our children, and blasting the cultivable surface of England into a treeless waste of ashes,* what does it really matter whether a flock of sheep, more or less, be driven from the slopes of Helvellyn, or the little pool of Thirlmere filled with shale, or a few wild blossoms of St. John's vale[2] lost to the

* See—the illustration being coincidently given as I correct this page for press—the description of the horrible service, and history of the fatal explosion, of dynamite, on the once lovely estates of the Duke of Hamilton, in the *Hamilton Advertiser* of 10th and 17th June.[3]

[1] [Of Mr. Somervell's pamphlet: see Bibliographical Note.]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (Vol. XXIX. p. 162).]

[3] [The correct reference is June 24, on which date the paper gave a long account of an explosion of dynamite, killing seven men and injuring three, at Burnbank. The dynamite was stored for service of the railway contractors in blasting rocks, etc., in connexion with the Bothwell and Hamilton line.]

coronal of English spring? Little to any one; and—let me say this, at least, in the outset of all saying—*nothing* to *me*. No one need charge me with selfishness in any word or action for defence of these mossy hills. I do not move, with such small activity as I have yet shown in the business, because I live at Coniston (where no sound of the iron wheels by Dunmail Raise can reach me), nor because I can find no other place to remember Wordsworth by than the daffodil margin of his little Rydal marsh.[1] What thoughts and work are yet before me, such as he taught, must be independent of any narrow associations. All my own dear mountain grounds and treasure-cities, Chamouni, Interlachen, Lucerne, Geneva, Venice, are long ago destroyed by the European populace; and now, for my own part, I don't care what more they do; they may drain Loch Katrine, drink Loch Lomond, and blow all Wales and Cumberland into a heap of slate shingle; the world is wide enough yet to find me some refuge during the days appointed for me to stay in it. But it is no less my duty, in the cause of those to whom the sweet landscapes of England are yet precious, and to whom they may yet teach what they taught me, in early boyhood, and would still if I had it now to learn,—it is my duty to plead with what earnestness I may, that these sacred sibylline books may be redeemed from perishing.

2. But again, I am checked, because I don't know how to speak to the persons who *need* to be spoken to in this matter.

Suppose I were sitting, where still, in much-changed Oxford, I am happy to find myself, in one of the little latticed cells of the Bodleian Library, and my kind and much-loved friend, Mr. Coxe,[2] were to come to me with news that it was proposed to send nine hundred excursionists through the library every day, in three parties of

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. p. 84 and *n.*).]

[2] [At that time Bodley's Librarian: see Vol. XX. p. xxx.; Vol. XXI. p. xxiii.; Vol. XXII. p. 230.]

three hundred each; that it was intended they should elevate their minds by reading all the books they could lay hold of while they stayed;—and that practically scientific persons accompanying them were to look out for and burn all the manuscripts that had any gold in their illuminations, that the said gold might be made of practical service; but that he, Mr. Coxe, could not, for his part, sympathize with the movement, and hoped I would write something in deprecation of it! As I should then feel, I feel now, at Mr. Somervell's request that I would write him a preface in defence of Helvellyn. What could I say for Mr. Coxe? Of course, that nine hundred people should see the library daily, instead of one, is only fair to the nine hundred, and if there is gold in the books, is it not public property? If there is copper or slate in Helvellyn, shall not the public burn or hammer it out—and they say they will, of course—in spite of us? What does it signify to *them* how we poor old quiet readers in this mountain library feel? True, we know well enough,—what the nine hundred excursionist scholars don't—that the library can't be read quite through in a quarter of an hour; also, that there is a pleasure in real reading, quite different from that of turning pages; and that gold in a missal, or slate in a crag, may be more precious than in a bank or a chimney-pot. But how are these practical people to credit us,—these, who cannot read, nor ever will; and who have been taught that nothing is virtuous but care for their bellies, and nothing useful but what goes into them?

3. Whether to be credited or not, the real facts of the matter, made clear as they are in the following pages, can be briefly stated for the consideration of any candid person.

The arguments in favour of the new railway are in the main four, and may be thus answered.

(i.) "There are mineral treasures in the district capable of development."

Answer. It is a wicked fiction, got up by whosoever

has got it up, simply to cheat shareholders. Every lead and copper vein in Cumberland has been known for centuries; the copper of Coniston[1] does not pay; and there is none so rich in Helvellyn. And the main central volcanic rocks, through which the track lies, produce neither slate nor hæmatite, while there is enough of them at Llanberis and Dalton to roof and iron-grate all England into one vast Bedlam, if it honestly perceives itself in need of that accommodation.

(ii.) "The scenery must be made accessible to the public."[2]

Answer. It is more than accessible already; the public are pitched into it head-foremost, and necessarily miss two-thirds of it. The Lake scenery really begins, on the south, at Lancaster, where the Cumberland hills are seen over Morecambe Bay; on the north, at Carlisle, where the moors of Skiddaw are seen over the rich plains between them and the Solway. No one who loves mountains would lose a step of the approach, from these distances, on either side. But the stupid herds of modern tourists let themselves be emptied, like coals from a sack, at Windermere and Keswick. Having got there, what the new railway has to do is to shovel those who have come to Keswick to Windermere, and to shovel those who have come to Windermere to Keswick. And what then?

(iii.) "But cheap and swift transit is necessary for the working population, who otherwise could not see the scenery at all."

Answer. After all your shrieking about what the operatives spend in drink, can't you teach them to save enough out of their year's wages to pay for a chaise and pony for a day, to drive Missis and the Baby that pleasant twenty miles, stopping when they like, to unpack the basket on a mossy bank? If they can't enjoy the scenery that way,

[1] [For a mention of the copper mining there, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 177).]

[2] [Compare *The Art of England*, § 208 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 404).]

they can't any way; and all that your railroad company can do for them is only to open taverns and skittle grounds round Grasmere, which will soon, then, be nothing but a pool of drainage, with a beach of broken gingerbeer bottles; and their minds will be no more improved by contemplating the scenery of such a lake than of Blackpool.

(iv.) What else is to be said? I protest I can find nothing, unless that engineers and contractors must live. Let them live, but in a more useful and honourable way than by keeping Old Bartholomew Fair under Helvellyn, and making a steam merry-go-round of the lake country.

There are roads to be mended, where the parish will not mend them, harbours of refuge needed, where our deck-loaded ships are in helpless danger; get your commissions and dividends where you know that work is needed, not where the best you can do is to persuade pleasure-seekers into giddier idleness.

4. The arguments brought forward by the promoters of the railway may thus be summarily answered. Of those urged in the following pamphlet in defence of the country as it is, I care only myself to direct the reader's attention to one (see pp. 27, 28[1]), the certainty, namely, of the deterioration of moral character in the inhabitants of every district penetrated by a railway. Where there is little moral character to be lost, this argument has small weight. But the Border peasantry of Scotland and England, painted with absolute fidelity by Scott and Wordsworth (for leading types out of this exhaustless portraiture, I may name Dandie Dinmont and Michael[2]), are hitherto a scarcely injured race, whose strength and virtue yet survive to represent the body and soul of England before her days of mechanical decrepitude and commercial dishonour. There are men working in my own fields who might have fought with Henry the Fifth at Agincourt without being discerned

[1] [Of Mr. Somervell's pamphlet.]

[2] [For another reference to Dandie Dinmont in this sense, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XVIII. p. 115); and for Wordsworth's *Michael*, Vol. IV. p. 393, and below, p. 341.]

from among his knights; I can take my tradesmen's word for a thousand pounds; my garden gate opens on the latch to the public road, by day and night, without fear of any foot entering but my own, and my girl-guests may wander by road, or moorland, or through every bosky dell of this wild wood, free as the heather bees or squirrels.

What effect, on the character of such a population, will be produced by the influx of that of the suburbs of our manufacturing towns, there is evidence enough, if the reader cares to ascertain the facts, in every newspaper on his morning table.

5. And now one final word concerning the proposed beneficial effect on the minds of those whom you send to corrupt us.

I have said I take no selfish interest in this resistance to the railroad. But I do take an unselfish one. It is precisely because I passionately wish to improve the minds of the populace, and because I am spending my own mind, strength, and fortune, wholly on that object, that I don't want to let them see Helvellyn while they are drunk. I suppose few men now living have so earnestly felt—none certainly have so earnestly declared—that the beauty of nature is the blessedest and most necessary of lessons for men; and that all other efforts in education are futile till you have taught your people to love fields, birds, and flowers. Come then, my benevolent friends, join with me in that teaching. I have been at it all my life, and without pride do solemnly assure you that I know how it is to be managed. I cannot indeed tell you, in this short preface, how, completely, to fulfil so glorious a task. But I can tell you clearly, instantly, and emphatically, in what temper you must set about it. *Here* are you, a Christian, a gentleman, and a trained scholar; *there* is your subject of education—a Godless clown, in helpless ignorance. You can present no more blessed offering to God than that human creature, raised into faith, gentleness, and the knowledge of the works of his Lord. But observe this—you

must not hope to make so noble an offering to God of that which doth cost you nothing![1] You must be resolved to labour, and to lose, yourself, before you can rescue this overlaboured lost sheep, and offer it alive to its Master. If then, my benevolent friend, you are prepared to take OUT your two pence, and to give them to the hosts here in Cumberland, saying—"Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee when I come to Cumberland myself," on *these* terms—oh my benevolent friends, I am with you, hand and glove, in every effort you wish to make for the enlightenment of poor men's eyes. But if your motive is, on the contrary, to put two pence into your own purse, stolen between the Jerusalem and Jericho of Keswick and Ambleside, out of the poor drunken traveller's pocket;—if your real object, in your charitable offering, is, not even to lend unto the Lord by *giving* to the poor, but to lend unto the Lord by making a dividend out of the poor;—then, my pious friends, enthusiastic Ananias, pitiful Judas, and sanctified Korah, I will do my best, in God's name, to stay your hands, and stop your tongues.

BRANTWOOD, *22nd June*, 1876.

[1] [2 Samuel xxiv. 24. For the following Bible references, see Matthew xviii. 12, 13; Luke x. 35; and Proverbs xix. 17.]

6

THE THREE COLOURS OF PRE-RAPHAELITISM

(1878)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—These two papers appeared as follows:—

(1) *Nineteenth Century,* November 1878, vol. iv. pp. 925–931.

(2) *Nineteenth Century,* December 1878, *ibid.,* pp. 1072–1082.

They were reprinted in *On the Old Road,* §§ 226–252; vol. i. pp. 310–346, in ed. 1 (1885); vol. i. pp. 314–351, in ed. 2 (1899).

The sections are now renumbered. In § 15, line 4, "evil" was misprinted "real" in the *Nineteenth Century* and both editions of *On the Old Road;* line 5, the inverted commas have been transferred from "sarcophagus kind" to "this kind," the words in brackets being Ruskin's added explanation of those quoted from *Modern Painters.* In a reference note at the end, "*Lectures on Art*" was misprinted "*Lecture on Art*" in *On the Old Road.*]

THE THREE COLOURS OF PRE-RAPHAELITISM

(1878)

I

1. I WAS lately staying in a country house,[1] in which, opposite each other at the sides of the drawing-room window, were two pictures, belonging to what in the nineteenth century must be called old times, namely Rossetti's "Annunciation," and Millais' "Blind Girl";[2] while, at the corner of the chimney-piece in the same room, there was a little drawing of a Marriage-dance, by Edward Burne-Jones. And in my bedroom, at one side of my bed, there was a photograph of the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto at Lucca, and on the other, an engraving, in long since superannuated manner, from Raphael's "Transfiguration." Also over the looking-glass in my bedroom, there was this large illuminated text, fairly well written, but with more vermilion in it than was needful: "Lord, teach us to pray."

And for many reasons I would fain endeavour to tell my Oxford pupils some facts which seem to me worth memory about these six works of art; which, if they will reflect upon, being, in the present state of my health, the best I can do for them in the way of autumn lecturing, it will be kind to me. And as I cannot speak what I would

[1] [That of the late Mr. William Graham, then at Dunira, Perthshire. Ruskin was there in September 1878: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxi. Mr. Graham's pictures were dispersed in 1886, and Rossetti's "Annunciation" ("Ecce Ancilla Domini") —painted 1849–1850, retouched in 1853 and 1873—was bought for the National Gallery (No. 1210).]

[2] [For other references to this picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, see Vol. XIV. pp. 114 *n.*, 329. A reproduction of the picture (now in the Birmingham Gallery) is given at vol. i. p. 306 of the *Life of Millais* by his son.]

say, and believe my pupils are more likely to read it if printed in the *Nineteenth Century* than in a separate pamphlet, I have asked, and obtained of the editor, space in columns which ought, nevertheless, I think, usually to be occupied with sterner subjects, as the Fates are now driving the nineteenth century on its missionary path.

2. The first picture I named, Rossetti's "Annunciation," was, I believe, among the earliest that drew some public attention to the so-called "Pre-Raphaelite" school. The one opposite to it,—Millais' "Blind Girl," is among those chiefly characteristic of that school in its determined manner. And the third, though small and unimportant, is no less characteristic, in its essential qualities, of the mind of the greatest master whom that school has yet produced.[1]

I believe most readers will start at the application of the term "master" to any English painter. For the hope of the nineteenth century is more and more distinctly every day, to teach all men how to live without mastership[2] either in art or morals (primarily, of course, substituting for the words of Christ, "Ye say well, for so I am,"[3]—the probable emendation, "Ye say ill, for so I am not"); and to limit the idea of magistracy altogether, no less than the functions of the magistrate, to the suppression of disturbance in the manufacturing districts.

Nor would I myself use the word "Master" in any but the most qualified sense, of any "modern painter"; scarcely even of Turner, and not at all, except for convenience and as a matter of courtesy, of any workman of the Pre-Raphaelite school, as yet. In such courtesy, only, let the masterless reader permit it me.

3. I must endeavour first to give, as well as I can by description, some general notion of the subjects and treatment of the three pictures.

[1] [For a similar estimate of Burne-Jones, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (Vol. XXIX. p. 159), and *Art of England* (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 296 *seq.*).]

[2] [Compare the letter to the Derby School of Art, below, p. 511; and Vol. XIX. p. 129.]

[3] [John xiii. 13.]

Rossetti's "Annunciation" differs from every previous conception of the scene known to me, in representing the angel as waking the Virgin from sleep to give her his message. The Messenger himself also differs from angels as they are commonly represented, in not depending, for recognition of his supernatural character, on the insertion of bird's wings at his shoulders. If we are to know him for an angel at all, it must be by his face, which is that simply of youthful, but grave, manhood. He is neither transparent in body, luminous in presence, nor auriferous in apparel;—wears a plain, long, white robe,—casts a natural and undiminished shadow,—and, although there are flames beneath his feet, which upbear him, so that he does not touch the earth, these are unseen by the Virgin.

She herself is an English, not a Jewish girl, of about sixteen or seventeen, of such pale and thoughtful beauty as Rossetti could best imagine for her; concerning which effort, and its degree of success, we will inquire farther presently.[1]

She has risen half up, not *started* up, in being awakened; and is not looking at the angel, but only thinking, it seems, with eyes cast down, as if supposing herself in a strange dream. The morning light fills the room, and shows at the foot of her little pallet-bed, her embroidery work, left off the evening before,—an upright lily.

Upright, and very accurately upright, as also the edges of the piece of cloth in its frame,—as also the gliding form of the angel,—as also, in severe fore-shortening, that of the Virgin herself. It has been studied, so far as it has been studied at all, from a very thin model; and the disturbed coverlid is thrown into confused angular folds, which admit no suggestion whatever of ordinary girlish grace. So that, to any spectator little inclined towards the praise of barren "uprightnesse," and accustomed on the contrary to expect radiance in archangels, and grace in Madonnas, the first

[1] [See below, §§ 6, 9.]

effect of the design must be extremely displeasing, and the first is perhaps, with most art-amateurs of modern days, likely to be the last.

4. The background of the second picture (Millais' "Blind Girl"), is an open English common, skirted by the tidy houses of a well-to-do village in the cockney rural districts. I have no doubt the scene is a real one within some twenty miles from London, and painted mostly on the spot. The houses are entirely uninteresting, but decent, trim, as human dwellings should be, and on the whole inoffensive—not "cottages," mind you, in any sense, but respectable brick-walled and slated constructions, old-fashioned in the sense of "old" at, suppose, Bromley or Sevenoaks,[1] and with a pretty little church belonging to them, its window traceries freshly whitewashed by order of the careful warden.

The common is a fairly spacious bit of ragged pasture, with a couple of donkeys feeding on it, and a cow or two, and at the side of the public road passing over it, the blind girl has sat down to rest awhile. She is a simple beggar, not a poetical or vicious one;—being peripatetic with musical instrument, she will, I suppose, come under the general term of tramp; a girl of eighteen or twenty, extremely plain-featured, but healthy, and just now resting, as any one of us would rest, not because she is much tired, but because the sun has but this moment come out after a shower, and the smell of the grass is pleasant.

The shower has been heavy, and is so still in the distance, where an intensely bright double rainbow is relieved against the departing thunder-cloud. The freshly wet grass is all radiant through and through with the new sunshine; full noon at its purest, the very donkeys bathed in the raindew, and prismatic with it under their rough breasts as they graze; the weeds at the girl's side as bright as a Byzantine enamel, and inlaid with blue veronica; her

[1] [The picture was actually painted at Winchelsea (see catalogue of the Graham sale, p. 14, and *Life of Millais*, vol. i. p. 238). The church is the old Priory church of Icklesham.]

upturned face all aglow with the light that seeks its way through her wet eyelashes (wet only with the rain). Very quiet she is,—so quiet that a radiant butterfly has settled on her shoulder, and basks there in the warm sun. Against her knee, on which her poor instrument of musical beggary rests (harmonium), leans another child, half her age—her guide;—indifferent, this one, either to sun or rain, only a little tired of waiting. No more than a half profile of her face is seen; and that is quite expressionless, and not the least pretty.

5. Both of these pictures are oil-paintings. The third, Mr. Burne-Jones' "Bridal," is a small water-colour drawing, scarcely more than a sketch; but full and deep in such colour as it admits. Any careful readers of my recent lectures at Oxford know that I entirely ignore the difference of material between oil and water as diluents of colour,[1] when I am examining any grave art question: nor shall I hereafter, throughout this paper, take notice of it. Nor do I think it needful to ask the pardon of any of the three artists for confining the reader's attention at present to comparatively minor and elementary examples of their works. If I can succeed in explaining the principles involved in them, their application by the reader will be easily extended to the enjoyment of better examples.

This drawing of Mr. Jones's,[2] however, is far less representative of his scale of power than either of the two pieces already described, which have both cost their artists much care and time; while this little water-colour has been perhaps done in the course of a summer afternoon. It is only about seven inches by nine: the figures of the average size of Angelico's on any altar predella; and the heads, of

[1] [See on this point the Oxford *Lectures on Art*, § 128 (Vol. XX. p. 119).]

[2] [The drawing, which Ruskin describes from memory and not quite accurately, is "The King's Wedding" (No. 14 in the Burne-Jones Exhibition at the New Gallery, 1898). It is in water-colour on vellum ($12\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ in.), and is thus described in the Catalogue: "On the right King René and his bride, seated under a canopy; before them dance six maidens dressed in blue; on the left, a statue of Cupid under a canopy; in the background behind a wall are girls playing instruments of music. Painted in 1870."]

those on an average Corinthian or Syracusan coin. The bride and bridegroom sit on a slightly raised throne at the side of the picture, the bride nearest us; her head seen in profile, a little bowed. Before them, the three bridesmaids and their groomsmen dance in circle, holding each other's hands, barefooted,[1] and dressed in long dark blue robes. Their figures are scarcely detached from the dark background, which is a wilful mingling of shadow and light, as the artist chose to put them, representing, as far as I remember, nothing in particular. The deep tone of the picture leaves several of the faces in obscurity, and none are drawn with much care, not even the bride's; but with enough to show that her features are at least as beautiful as those of an ordinary Greek goddess, while the depth of the distant background throws out her pale head in an almost lunar, yet unexaggerated, light; and the white and blue flowers of her narrow coronal, though *merely* white and blue, shine, one knows not how, like gems. Her bridegroom stoops forward a little to look at her, so that we see his front face, and can see also that he loves her.

6. Such being the respective effort and design of the three pictures, although I put by, for the moment, any question of their mechanical skill or manner, it must yet, I believe, be felt by the reader that, as works of young men, they contained, and even nailed to the Academy gates, a kind of Lutheran challenge to the then accepted teachers in all European schools of Art: perhaps a little too shrill and petulant in the tone of it, but yet curiously resolute and

[1] [This was inaccurate, as Ruskin found when Mrs. J. F. Horner (Miss Frances Graham, the "Francie" of Ruskin's and Burne-Jones's familiar letters) sent him the drawing for further inspection:—

> "Please don't be vexed," wrote Ruskin (Brantwood, November 2, 1878), "that I remembered that picture inaccurately, and said the bridesmaids were barefoot. I spent a whole afternoon in Edinburgh Canongate watching barefoot little dances *there*, after their manner, and so confused myself, I suppose. I'm not sure that the picture mightn't be as sweet if it were so. But I see, for Francie has lent it me, that it's a stately thing after all. I'll put it right in the next Paper."

The correction was not, however, made in the next Paper.]

steady in its triple Fraternity, as of William of Bürglen with his Melchthal and Stauffacher, in the Grütli meadow,[1] not wholly to be scorned by even the knightliest powers of the Past.

We have indeed, since these pictures were first exhibited, become accustomed to many forms both of pleasing and revolting innovation: but consider, in those early times, how the pious persons who had always been accustomed to see their Madonnas dressed in scrupulously folded and exquisitely falling robes of blue, with edges embroidered in gold,—to find them also, sitting under arcades of exquisitest architecture by Bernini,[2]—and reverently to observe them receive the angel's message with their hands folded on their breasts in the most graceful positions, and the missals they had been previously studying laid open on their knees, (see my own outline from Angelico of the "Ancilla Domini," the first plate of the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*[3]);—consider, I repeat, the shock to the feelings of all these delicately minded persons, on being asked to conceive a Virgin waking from her sleep on a pallet bed, in a plain room, startled by sudden words and ghostly presence which she does not comprehend, and casting in her mind what manner of Salutation this should be.[4]

7. Again, consider, with respect to the second picture, how the learned possessors of works of established reputation by the ancient masters, classically catalogued as "landscapes with figures"; and who held it for eternal, artistic law that such pictures should either consist of a rock, with a Spanish chestnut growing out of the side of it, and three banditti in helmets and big feathers on the top, or else of a Corinthian temple, built beside an arm of the sea,

[1] [See Vol. I. p. 161; Vol. VII. p. 113; Vol. XIII. p. 511. Ruskin, however, here wrongly includes William Tell, of Bürglen, among the three Confederates who swore the famous oath on the Rütli (or Grütli): they were Walter Fürst, of Attinghausen (Uri); Arnold, of Melchthal (Underwalden); and Werner Stauffacher, of Steinen (Schwyz).]

[2] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 184 (Vol. XXII. p. 424).]

[3] [In this edition, the frontispiece to Vol. VII.]

[4] [Luke i. 29.]

with the Queen of Sheba beneath, preparing for embarkation to visit Solomon,[1]—the whole properly toned down with amber varnish;—imagine the first consternation, and final wrath, of these *cognoscenti*, at being asked to contemplate, deliberately, and to the last rent of her ragged gown, and for principal object in a finished picture, a vagrant who ought at once to have been sent to the workhouse; and some really green grass and blue flowers, as they actually may any day be seen on an English common-side.

And finally, let us imagine, if imagination fail us not, the far more wide and weighty indignation of the public, accustomed always to see its paintings of marriages elaborated in Christian propriety and splendour; with a bishop officiating, assisted by a dean and an archdeacon; the modesty of the bride expressed by a veil of the most expensive Valenciennes, and the robes of the bridesmaids designed by the perfectest of Parisian artists, and looped up with stuffed robins or other such tender rarities;—think with what sense of hitherto unheard-of impropriety, the British public must have received a picture of a marriage, in which the bride was only crowned with flowers,—at which the bridesmaids danced barefoot,—and in which nothing was known, or even conjecturable, respecting the bridegroom, but his love!

8. Such being the manifestly opponent and agonistic temper of these three pictures (and admitting, which I will crave the reader to do for the nonce, their real worth and power to be considerable), it surely becomes a matter of no little interest to see what spirit it is that they have in common, which, recognized as revolutionary in the minds of the young artists themselves, caused them, with more or less of firmness, to constitute themselves into a society, partly monastic, partly predicatory, called "Pre-Raphaelite":

[1] [Compare Ruskin's descriptions of Claude and Salvator Rosa, Vol. III. pp. 41, 113, 185; and for the "amber varnish," *ibid.*, p. 45 *n.*]

and also recognized as such, with indignation, by the public, caused the youthfully didactic society to be regarded with various degrees of contempt, passing into anger (as of offended personal dignity), and embittered farther, among certain classes of persons, even into a kind of instinctive abhorrence.

9. I believe the reader will discover, on reflection, that there is really only one quite common and sympathetic impulse shown in these three works, otherwise so distinct in aim and execution. And this fraternal link he will, if careful in reflection, discover to be an effort to represent, so far as in these youths lay either the choice or the power, things as they are or were, or may be, instead of, according to the practice of their instructors and the wishes of their public, things as they are *not*, never were, and never can be: this effort being founded deeply on a conviction that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are, than as they are not.[1]

Thus, Mr. Rossetti, in this and subsequent works of the kind, thought it better for himself and his public to make some effort towards a real notion of what actually did happen in the carpenter's cottage at Nazareth, giving rise to the subsequent traditions delivered in the Gospels, than merely to produce a variety in the pattern of Virgin, pattern of Virgin's gown, and pattern of Virgin's house, which had been set by the jewellers of the fifteenth century.

Similarly, Mr. Millais, in this and other works of the kind, thought it desirable rather to paint such grass and foliage as he saw in Kent, Surrey, and other solidly accessible English counties, than to imitate even the most Elysian fields enamelled by Claude, or the gloomiest branches of Hades forest rent by Salvator: and yet more, to manifest

[1] [Compare the similar definitions of Pre-Raphaelitism noted at p. 290 of Vol. XXXIII.]

his own strong personal feeling that the humanity, no less than the herbage, near us and around, was that which it was the painter's duty first to portray; and that, if Wordsworth were indeed right in feeling that the meanest flower that blows can give,—much more, for any kindly heart it should be true that the meanest tramp that walks can give—"thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."[1]

10. And if at first—or even always to careless sight—the third of these pictures seem opposite to the two others in the very point of choice, between what is and what is not; insomuch that while *they* with all their strength avouch realities, *this* with simplest confession dwells upon a dream,—yet in this very separation from them it sums their power and seals their brotherhood; reaching beyond them to the more perfect truth of things, not only that once were,—not only that now are,—but which are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;[2]—the love by whose ordaining the world itself, and all that dwell therein, live, and move, and have their being; by which the Morning stars rejoice in their courses—in which the virgins of deathless Israel rejoice in the dance—and in whose constancy the Giver of light to stars, and love to men, Himself is glad in the creatures of His hand,—day by new day proclaiming to His Church of all the ages, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy Lord rejoice over thee."

Such, the reader will find, if he cares to learn it, is indeed the purport and effort of these three designs—so far as, by youthful hands and in a time of trouble and rebuke, such effort could be brought to good end. Of their visible weaknesses, with the best justice I may,—of their veritable merits with the best insight I may, and of the farther history of the school which these masters founded, I hope to be permitted to speak more under the branches

[1] [*Ode on Intimations of Immortality,* stanza 11.]

[2] [For the Bible references in § 10, see Hebrews xiii. 8; Psalms xxiv. 1; Acts xvii. 28; Job xxxviii. 7; Jeremiah xxxi. 13; Isaiah lxii. 5.]

that do not "remember their green felicity";[1] adding a corollary or two respecting the other pieces of art above named * as having taken part in the tenor of my country hours of idleness.

II

11. The feeling which, in the foregoing notes on the pictures that entertained my vacation, I endeavoured to illustrate as dominant over early Pre-Raphaelite work, is very far from being new in the world. Demonstrations in support of fact against fancy have been periodical motives of earthquake and heartquake, under the two rigidly incumbent burdens of drifted tradition, which, throughout the history of humanity, during phases of languid thought, cover the vaults of searching fire that must at last try every man's work, what it is.[2]

But the movement under present question derived unusual force, and in some directions a morbid and mischievous force, from the vulgarly called † "scientific" modes of investigation which had destroyed in the minds of the public it appealed to, all possibility, or even conception, of reverence for anything, past, present, or future, invisible to the eyes of a mob, and inexpressible by popular vociferation. It was indeed, and had long been, too true, as the wisest

* May I in the meantime recommend any reader interested in these matters to obtain for himself such photographic representation as may be easily acquirable of the tomb of Ilaria?[3] It is in the north transept of the Cathedral of Lucca; and is certainly the most beautiful work existing by the master who wrought it,—Jacopo della Quercia.

† "Vulgarly"; the use of the word "scientia," as if it differed from "knowledge," being a modern barbarism; enhanced usually by the assumption that the knowledge of the difference between acids and alkalies is a more respectable one than that of the difference between vice and virtue.

[1] [For another quotation from this song by Keats ("In a drear-nighted December"), see *Elements of English Prosody*, § 29 (Vol. XXXI. p. 353).]

[2] [See 1 Corinthians iii. 13: "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."]

[3] [See Plate 3 in Vol. IV. (p. 122).]

of us felt, that the mystery of the domain between things that are universally visible, and are only occasionally so to some persons,—no less than the myths or words in which those who had entered that kingdom related what they had seen, had become, the one uninviting, and the other useless, to men dealing with the immediate business of our day; so that the historian of the last of European kings might most reasonably mourn that

"the Berlin Galleries, which are made up, like other galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-wolf, and the Coreggiosity of Coreggio, contain, for instance, no portrait of Friedrich the Great; no likeness at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of human realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung not from the idle brains of dreaming dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there."[1]

12. But we must surely, in fairness to modernism, remember that although no portraits of great Frederick, of a trustworthy character, may be found at Berlin, portraits of the English squire, be he great or small, may usually be seen at his country house. And Edinburgh, as I lately saw,—if she boasts of no Venetian perfectness of art in the portraiture of her Bruce or James, her Douglas or Knox, at Holyrood,[2] has at least a charming portrait of a Scottish beauty in the Attic Institution,[3] whose majesty, together with that of the more extensive glass roofs of the railway station, and the tall chimney of the gasworks, inflates the Caledonian mind, contemplative around the spot where the last of its minstrels appears to be awaiting eternal extinction under his special extinguisher;[4]—and pronouncing of all its works and ways that they are very good.[5]

[1] [Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book iv. ch. vi.: quoted also in *Lectures on Art*, § 115 (Vol. XX. p. 106), and referred to in *Art of England*, § 195 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 396).]

[2] [The historical portraits in the Palace of Holyrood are in the case of the kings of Scotland by a Fleming, named James de Witt, who was commissioned to paint the pictures in 1684. For the spurious portrait of Knox there, see Carlyle's *Portraits of John Knox* (Index volume, p. 120 in the cheap uniform edition of his works).]

[3] [The "charming portrait of a Scottish beauty" is, no doubt, Gainsborough's "Mrs. Graham" in the Scottish National Gallery: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 311.]

[4] [On the Scott monument, compare Vol. I. pp. xxxvii., 247, 264.]

[5] [Genesis i. 31.]

And are there not also sufficiently resembling portraits of all the mouthpieces of constituents in British Parliament —as their vocal powers advance them into that worshipful society—presented to the people, with due felicitation on the new pipe it has got to its organ, in the *Illustrated* or other graphic *News?* Surely, therefore, it cannot be portraiture of merely human greatness of mind that we are any way short of; but another manner of greatness altogether? And may we not regret that as great Frederick is dead, so also great Pan is dead,[1] and only the goat-footed Pan, or rather the goat's feet of him without the Pan, left for portraiture?

13. I chanced to walk, to-day, 9th of November, through the gallery of the Liverpool Museum, in which the good zeal and sense of Mr. Gatty have already, in beautiful order, arranged the Egyptian antiquities, but have not yet prevailed far enough to group, in like manner, the scattered Byzantine and Italian ivories above. Out of which collection, every way valuable, two primarily important pieces, it seems to me, may be recommended for accurate juxtaposition, bringing then for us into briefest compass an extensive story of the Arts of Mankind.[2]

The first is an image of St. John the Baptist, carved in the eleventh century; being then conceived by the image-maker as decently covered by his raiment of camel's hair; bearing a gentle aspect, because the herald of a gentle Lord; and pointing to his quite legibly written message concerning the Lamb which is that gentle Lord's heraldic symbol.

The other carving is also of St. John the Baptist, Italian work of the sixteenth century. He is represented

[1] [The words (which are the refrain in Mrs. Browning's poem *The Dead Pan*) are given by Plutarch (*De Oraculorum Defectu*) as announced by a flying voice to a sailor "about the isles Echinades."]

[2] [See now the following illustrated Catalogue: *Liverpool Free Public Museum. Catalogue of Mediæval and Later Antiquities contained in the Mayer Museum*, by Charles T. Gatty, F.S.A., Curator: Liverpool, 1883. The first ivory is No. 28 and Plate VI. in the Catalogue, p. 14 (where Mr. Gatty quotes Ruskin's description); the second is No. 79 (p. 25). For the Egyptian antiquities in the same collection, see *Catalogue of the Mayer Collection, Part I.*, by the same author, 1879.]

thereby as bearing no aspect, for he is without his head;—wearing no camel's hair, for he is without his raiment;—and indicative of no message, for he has none to bring.

14. Now if these two carvings are ever put in due relative position, they will constitute a precise and permanent art-lecture to the museum-visitants of Liverpool-burg; exhibiting to them instantly, and in sum, the conditions of the change in the aims of art which, beginning in the thirteenth century under Niccolo Pisano, consummated itself three hundred years afterwards in Raphael and his scholars. Niccolo, first among Italians, thought mainly in carving the Crucifixion, not how heavy Christ's head was when He bowed it;—but how heavy His body was when people came to take it down.[1] And the apotheosis of flesh, or, in modern scientific terms, the molecular development of flesh, went steadily on, until at last, as we see in the instance before us, it became really of small consequence to the artists of the Renaissance incarnadine, whether a man had his head on or not, so only that his legs were handsome: and the decapitation, whether of St. John or St. Cecilia; the massacre of any quantity of Innocents; the flaying, whether of Marsyas or St. Bartholomew, and the deaths, it might be of Laocoon by his vipers, it might be of Adonis by his pig, or it might be of Christ by His people, became, one and all, simply subjects for analysis of muscular mortification; and the vast body of artists accurately, therefore, little more than a chirurgically useless sect of medical students.

Of course there were many reactionary tendencies among the men who had been trained in the pure Tuscan schools, which partly concealed, or adorned, the materialism of their advance; and Raphael himself, after profoundly studying the arabesques of Pompeii and of the palace of the Cæsars, beguiled the tedium, and illustrated the spirituality of the converse of Moses and Elias with Christ concerning His

[1] [See *The Schools of Art in Florence*, §§ 50 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. pp. 225 *seq.* and Plate XVIII.).]

decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem,[1] by placing them, above the Mount of Transfiguration, in the attitudes of two humming-birds on the top of a honeysuckle.[2]

15. But the best of these ornamental arrangements were insufficient to sustain the vivacity, while they conclusively undermined the sincerity, of the Christian faith, and "the evil consequences of the acceptance of this kind" (Roman Bath and Sarcophagus kind) of religious idealism were instant and manifold:*—

"So far as it was received and trusted in by thoughtful persons, it only served to chill all the conceptions of sacred history which they might otherwise have obtained. Whatever they could have fancied for themselves about the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ, was blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael: the rough Galilean pilot, the orderly custom receiver, and all the questioning wonder and fire of uneducated apostleship, were obscured under an antique mask of philosophical faces and long robes. The feeble, subtle, suffering, ceaseless energy and humiliation of St. Paul were confused with an idea of a meditative Hercules leaning on a sweeping sword; and the mighty presences of Moses and Elias were softened by introductions of delicate grace, adopted from dancing nymphs and rising Auroras.

"Now no vigorously minded religious person could possibly receive pleasure or help from such art as this; and the necessary result was the instant rejection of it by the healthy religion of the world. Raphael ministered, with applause, to the impious luxury of the Vatican, but was trampled under foot at once by every believing and advancing Christian of his own and subsequent times; and thenceforward pure Christianity and 'high art' took separate roads, and fared on, as best they might, independently of each other.

"But although Calvin, and Knox, and Luther, and their flocks, with all the hardest-headed and truest-hearted faithful left in Christendom, thus spurned away the spurious art, and all art with it (not without harm to themselves, such as a man must needs sustain in cutting off a decayed limb), certain conditions of weaker Christianity suffered the false system

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 55.[3] I proceed in my old words, of which I cannot better the substance, though—with all deference to the taste of those who call that book my best—I could, the expression.

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[1] [Luke ix. 31.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of the "kicking gracefulnesses" of the picture in Vol. V. pp. 82–83 *n.*; see for a more appreciative account of it, Vol. XXIII. p. 254.]

[3] [The reference is to the first edition (pt. iv. ch. iv. § 17): see now Vol. V. pp. 82 *seq.*]

to retain influence over them; and to this day the clear and tasteless poison of the art of Raphael infects with sleep of infidelity the hearts of millions of Christians. It is the first cause of all that pre-eminent *dulness* which characterises what Protestants call sacred art; a dulness not merely baneful in making religion distasteful to the young, but in sickening, as we have seen, all vital belief of religion in the old. A dim sense of impossibility attaches itself always to the graceful emptiness of the representation; we feel instinctively that the painted Christ and painted apostle are not beings that ever did or could exist; and this fatal sense of fair fabulousness, and well-composed impossibility, steals gradually from the picture into the history, until we find ourselves reading St. Mark or St. Luke with the same admiring, but uninterested, incredulity, with which we contemplate Raphael."

16. Without claiming,—nay, so far as my knowledge can reach, utterly disclaiming—any personal influence over, or any originality of suggestion to, the men who founded our presently realistic schools,[1] I may yet be permitted to point out the sympathy which I had as an outstanding spectator with their effort; and the more or less active fellowship with it, which, unrecognized, I had held from the beginning. The passage I have just quoted (with many others enforcing similar truths) is in the third volume of *Modern Painters;*[2] but if the reader can refer to the close of the preface to the second edition * of the first, he will find this very principle of realism asserted for the groundwork of all I had to teach in that volume.[3] The lesson so far pleased the public of that day, that ever since, they have refused to listen to any corollaries or conclusions from it, assuring me, year by year, continually, that the older I grew, the less I knew, and the worse I wrote. Nevertheless, that first volume of *Modern Painters* did by no means contain all that even then I knew; and in the third, nominally treating of "Many Things," will be found

* The *third* edition was published in 1846, while the Pre-Raphaelite School was still in swaddling clothes.

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[1] [Compare Ruskin's Preface to a Millais Catalogue in 1886: Vol. XIV. p. 495. See also Vol. XII. pp. xliii. *seq.*]

[2] [Which was published in 1856.]

[3] [See now Vol. III. p. 52; the second edition is dated 1843. Compare Vol. XXXII. p. 127.]

the full expression of what I knew best; namely, that all "things," many or few, which we ought to paint, must be first distinguished boldly from the nothings which we ought not; and that a faithful realist, before he could question whether his art was representing anything truly, had first to ask whether it meant seriously to represent anything at all![1]

17. And such definition has in these days become more needful than ever before, in this solid, or spectral—whichever the reader pleases to consider it—world of ours. For some of us, who have no perception but of solidity, are agreed to consider all that is not solid, or weighably liquid, nothing. And others of us, who have also perception of the spectral, are sometimes too much inclined to call what is no more than solid, or weighably liquid, nothing. But the general reader may be at least assured that it is not at all possible for the student to enter into useful discussion concerning the qualities of art which takes on itself to represent things as they are, unless he include in its subjects the spectral, no less than the substantial, reality; and understand what difference must be between the powers of veritable representation, for the men whose models are of ponderable flesh, as for instance, the "Sculptor's Model," lately under debate in Liverpool,[2]—and the men whose models pause perhaps only for an instant—painted on the immeasurable air,—forms which they themselves can but discern darkly, and remember uncertainly, saying: "A vision passed before me, but I could not discern the form thereof."[3]

18. And the most curious, yet the most common, deficiency in the modern contemplative mind, is its inability to comprehend that these phenomena of true imagination are

[1] [See, *e.g.*, Vol. V. pp. 60, 61.]

[2] [A life-size study of a nude model by Alma-Tadema; an essay by the artist at a reconstruction of the Esquiline Venus discovered in 1874. The picture was at the Academy in 1878 (No. 255), and went afterwards to Liverpool, where it was the subject of discussion in the press, on the score of its nudity.]

[3] [Job iv. 15, 16.]

yet no less real, and often more vivid than phenomena of matter. We continually hear artists blamed or praised for having painted this or that (either of material or spectral kind), without the slightest implied inquiry whether they *saw* this, or that. Whereas the quite primal difference between the first and second order of artists, is that the first is indeed painting what he has seen; and the second only what he would like to see! But as the one that can paint what he would like, has therefore the power, if he chooses, of painting more or less what also his public likes, he has a chance of being received with sympathetic applause, on all hands, while the first, it may be, meets only reproach for not having painted something more agreeable. Thus Mr. Millais, going out at Tunbridge or Sevenoaks, sees a blind vagrant led by an ugly child; and paints that highly objectionable group, as they appeared to him. But your pliably minded painter gives you a beautiful young lady guiding a sightless Belisarius[1] (see the gift by one of our most tasteful modistes to our National Gallery), and the gratified public never troubles itself to ask whether these ethereal mendicants were ever indeed apparent in this world, or any other. Much more, if, in deeper vistas of his imagination, some presently graphic Zechariah paint—(let us say) four carpenters,[2] the public will most likely declare that he ought to have painted persons in a higher class of life, without ever inquiring whether the Lord had shown him four carpenters or not. And the worst of the business is that the public impatience, in such sort, is not wholly unreasonable. For truly, a painter who has eyes can, for the most part, see what he "likes" with them; and is, by divine law, answerable for his liking. And, even at this late hour of the day, it is still conceivable that such of them as would *verily* prefer to see, suppose, instead of a

[1] [The reference is to No. 600, bequeathed in 1859 by Miss Jane Clarke, court milliner and dressmaker, of 170 Regent Street. The picture is by John Laurens Dyckmans (1811–1888), and is called merely "The Blind Beggar." Ruskin connects with it the legend of the beggary of Belisarius at the end of his life.]

[2] [Zechariah i. 20: "And the Lord showed me four carpenters."]

tramp with a harmonium, Orpheus with his lute,[1] or Arion on his dolphin, pleased Proteus rising beside him from the sea,—might, standing on the "pleasant lea"[2] of Margate or Brighton, have sight of those personages.

Orpheus with his lute,—Jubal with his harp and horn,—Harmonia, bride of the warrior seed-sower,—Musica herself, lady of all timely thought and sweetly ordered things,—Cantatrice and Incantatrice to all but the museless adder;[3] these the Amphion of Fésole saw, as he shaped the marble of his tower;[4] these, Memmi of Siena, fair-figured on the shadows of his vault;—but for us, here is the only manifestation granted to our best practical painter—a vagrant with harmonium—and yonder blackbirds and iridescent jackasses, to be harmonised thereby.

19. Our best *painter* (among the living) I say;—no question has ever been of that. Since Van Eyck and Dürer there has nothing been seen so well done in laying of clear oil-colour within definite line. And what he might have painted for us, if *we* had only known what we would have of him! Heaven only knows. But we none of us knew,—nor he neither; and on the whole the perfectest of his works, and the representative picture of that generation —was no Annunciate Maria bowing herself; but only a Newsless Mariana stretching herself:[5] which is indeed the

[1] [*Henry VIII.*, Act iii. sc. 1.]

[2] [Wordsworth ("The World is too much with us"):—

> "Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."]

[3] [Psalms lviii. 4.]

[4] [See Plates XLIV. (Jubal), XLIX. (Harmony, and Orpheus as the symbol of Music), in Vol. XXIII. for the bas-reliefs on Giotto's Tower; and for the descriptions of them, *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 133, 145 (*ibid.*, pp. 424, 434–435). For the myths of Orpheus, see *The Tortoise of Ægina*, Vol. XX. p. 389; of Harmonia and Amphion, *The Story of Arachne*, *ibid.*, p. 379. For "Music" in the Spanish Chapel (Memmi) at Florence, see Vol. XXIII. pp. 392–393. For Arion and his dolphin, sculptured on the Ducal Palace, see Vol. X. p. 393.]

[5] [For other references to Millais's "Mariana in the Moated Grange," see Vol. XIV. pp. 107, 496.]

best symbol of the mud-moated Nineteenth century; in *its* Grange, Stable—Stye, or whatever name of dwelling may best befit the things it calls Houses and Cities: imprisoned therein by the unassailablest of walls, and blackest of ditches —by the pride of Babel, and the filthiness of Aholah and Aholibamah;[1] and their worse younger sister;—craving for any manner of News from any world—and getting none trustworthy even of its own.

20. I said that in this second paper I would try to give some brief history of the rise, and the issue, of that Pre-Raphaelite school: but, as I look over two of the essays[2] that were printed with mine in that last number of the *Nineteenth Century*—the first—in laud of the Science which accepts for practical spirits, inside of men, only Avarice and Indolence; and the other,—in laud of the Science which "rejects the Worker" outside of Men, I am less and less confident in offering to the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* any History relating to such despised things as unavaricious industry,—or incorporeal vision. I will be as brief as I can.

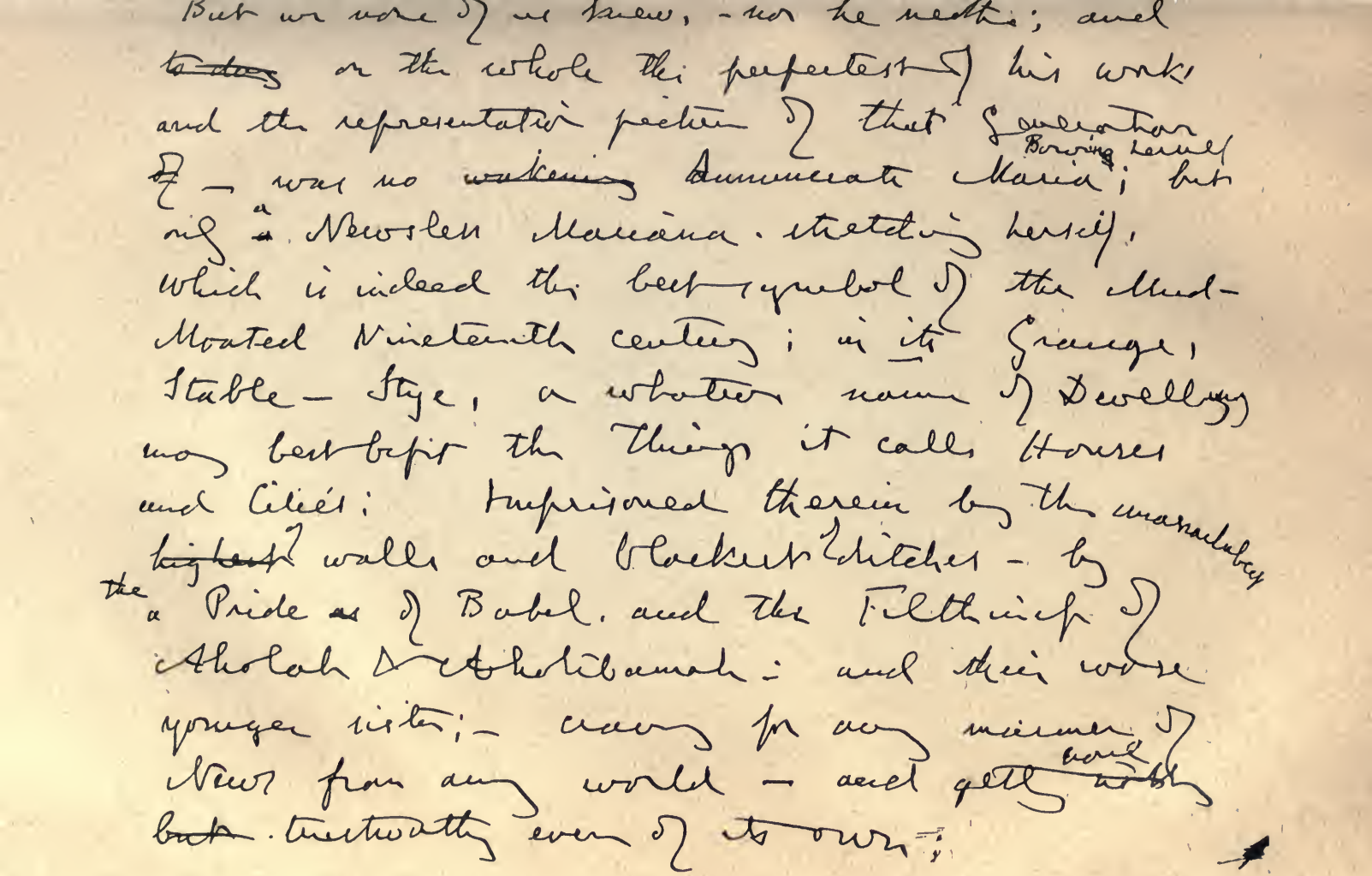
21. The central branch of the school, represented by the central picture above described:—"The Blind Girl"—was essentially and vitally an uneducated one. It was headed, in literary power, by Wordsworth; but the first pure example of its mind and manner of Art, as opposed

[1] [Ruskin, quoting from memory, here makes one of his very few Bible slips—writing "Aholibamah" (the wife of Esau, Genesis xxxvi. 2) for "Aholibah," the sister of Aholah (Ezekiel xxiii.). See especially verse 4, "Thus were their names, Samaria is Aholah, and Jerusalem Aholibah," to which Ruskin adds London as "their worse younger sister." In one of his Bibles, Ruskin noted against Isaiah xxiv.: "The burden of London" (see W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 210).]

[2] [These essays were "Recent Attacks on Political Economy," by Robert Lowe, and "Virchow and Evolution," by Prof. Tyndall. Lowe's article was a reply to Dr. Ingram's attack (at the British Association in 1878) upon the old abstract political economy. In the course of it Lowe says: "There is nothing surprising in the evidence which political economy affords of the absolute supremacy of the desire of wealth and aversion from labour on which the whole science is based. Experience shows that, in order to solve the question on which the science turns, all that was wanted was the knowledge that the ruling passions of mankind were wealth and ease" (p. 864). For Ruskin's particular antipathy to Lowe's views, see Vol. XXII. p. 367, and Vol. XXIX. p. 207. Tyndall, in the course of his article, says: "Science rejects the outside builder" (p. 817).]

warrior-seed sower, — Musica herself, Lady of all timely thought and sweetly ordered things, — Cantatrice, and Incantatrice to all but the Museless Adder; — these the Amphion of Fésole saw, as he shaped the marble of his tower; these, Memmi of Siena, fair-figured on the shadows of his vault, — but for us, here is the only manifestation granted to our best practical painter ...; — a vagrant with Harmonium and, yonder black birds and ~~bright~~ indescent jackasses, — to be harmonized thereby.

Our ~~greatest~~ best painter, (among the living) I say; — no question has ever been of that; ~~matter~~ — since Van Eyck & Durer there has nothing been seen so well done in laying of clear oil colour within ~~in~~ definite line. and what he



A Page of the MS. of "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" (§§ 18, 19)

Between pp. 166, 167

to the erudite and *artificial* schools, will be found, so far as I know, in Molière's song: *j'aime mieux ma mie.*[1]

Its mental power consisted in discerning what was lovely in present nature, and in pure moral emotion concerning it.

Its physical power, in an intense veracity of direct realization to the eye.

So far as Mr. Millais saw what was beautiful in vagrants, or commons, or crows, or donkeys,[2] or the straw under children's feet in the Ark (Noah's or anybody else's does not matter),—in the Huguenot and his mistress, or the ivy behind them,—in the face of Ophelia, or in the flowers floating over it as it sank;—much more, so far as he saw what instantly comprehensible nobleness of passion might be in the binding of a handkerchief,—in the utterance of two words, "Trust me" or the like: he prevailed, and rightly prevailed, over all prejudice and opposition; to that extent he will in what he has done, or may yet do, take, as a standard-bearer, an honourable place among the reformers of our day.

So far as he could not see what was beautiful, but what was essentially and for ever common (in that God had not cleansed it[3]), and so far as he did not see truly what he thought he saw; (as for instance, in this picture, under immediate consideration, when he paints the spark of light in a crow's eye a hundred yards off, as if he were only painting a miniature of a crow close by,)—he failed of his purpose and hope; but how far, I have neither the power nor the disposition to consider.[4]

22. The school represented by Mr. Rossetti's picture and adopted for his own by Mr. Holman Hunt, professed, necessarily, to be a learned one; and to represent things which had happened long ago, in a manner credible to any

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., where also Ruskin instances this song from *Le Misanthrope* (Vol. V. p. 375).]

[2] [The references here are, first, to "The Blind Girl," already described; then to "The Dove returning to the Ark" (compare Vol. XIV. p. 165); the "Huguenot" (1852), Vol. XIV. p. 281; "Ophelia" (1852), *ibid.*, pp. 107, 214; and "Trust me" (1862).]

[3] [See Acts x. 15.]

[4] [This passage was quoted in a catalogue of Millais's pictures in 1886, and Ruskin then appended a note in praise of the artist's animal-painting: see Vol. XIV. p. 496.]

moderns who were interested in them. The value to us of such a school necessarily depends on the things it chooses to represent, out of the infinite history of mankind. For instance, David, of the first Republican Academe, was a true master of this school; and, painting the Horatii receiving their swords,[1] foretold the triumph of that Republican Power. Gérome, of the latest Republican Academe, paints the dying Polichinelle, and the *morituri* gladiators: foretelling, in like manner, the shame and virtual ruin of modern Republicanism. What our own painters have done for us in this kind has been too unworthy of their real powers, for Mr. Rossetti threw more than half his strength into literature, and, in that precise measure, left himself unequal to his appointed task in painting; while Mr. Hunt, not knowing the necessity of masters any more than the rest of our painters, and attaching too great importance to the externals of the life of Christ, separated himself for long years from all discipline by the recognized laws of his art; and fell into errors which wofully shortened his hand and discredited his cause—into which again I hold it no part of my duty to enter.[2] But such works as either of these painters have done, without antagonism or ostentation, and in their own true instincts; as all Rossetti's drawing from the life of Christ, more especially that of the Madonna gathering the bitter herbs for the Passover when He was twelve years old;[3] and that of the Magdalen leaving her companions to come to Him;[4] these, together with all the mythic scenes which he painted from the *Vita Nuova* and *Paradiso* of Dante, are of quite imperishable power and value: as also many of the poems to which he

[1] [For another reference to this picture in the Louvre by J. L. David (1748–1825), see Vol. I. p. 278 (with which passage compare, however, Vol. IV. p. 382, and Vol. XII. p. 202). For similar criticisms of pictures by Gérome (1824–1904), see Vol. XV. p. 497 *n.*, and Vol. XXVII. p. 658.]

[2] [Ruskin preferred to point out the painter's strength and genius: see the lecture of 1883 in Vol. XXXIII. pp. 270–272, 277–278.]

[3] [Compare *Art of England*, §§ 5, 31, where the drawing is reproduced: Vol. XXXIII. p. 288, Plate XXXIV.]

[4] [This is the design (often referred to in Ruskin's letters to Rossetti) of "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee." The artist's own description of it may be read at pp. 96–97 of H. C. Marillier's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1899).]

gave up part of his painter's strength.[1] Of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and "Awakening Conscience,"[2] I have publicly spoken and written, now for many years, as standard in their kind: the study of sunset on the Egean, lately placed by me in the schools of Oxford,[3] is not less authoritative in landscape, so far as its aim extends.

23. But the School represented by the third painting, "The Bridal," is that into which the greatest masters of *all* ages are gathered, and in which they are walled round as in Elysian fields, unapproachable but by the reverent and loving souls, in some sort already among the Dead.

They interpret to those of us who can read them, so far as they already see and know, the things that are for ever. "Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail—tongues, they shall cease—knowledge, it shall vanish."[4]

And the one message they bear to us is the commandment of the Eternal Charity. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." As thyself—no more, even the dearest of neighbours.

"Therefore let every man see that he love his wife even as himself."

No more—else she has become an idol, not a fellow-servant; a creature between us and our Master.

And they teach us that what higher creatures exist between Him and us, we are also bound to know, and to love in their place and state, as they ascend and descend on the stairs of their watch and ward.[5]

[1] [For Ruskin's estimate of Rossetti's poems, see (in a later volume of this edition) his Letters to the poet-painter.]

[2] [See Vol. XII. pp. 328, 333.]

[3] [This drawing ("Sunset at Chimalditi") was lent by Ruskin to the Exhibition of Holman Hunt's works at the Fine Art Society's Rooms in 1886 (No. 21 in the Catalogue). To the artist, who had not seen the study for many years, and had forgotten everything (as he said to Ruskin) but "the crimson glow eating into the sun and the plain," the study gave pleasure as being different from anything else ever done by him. The drawing was only on temporary loan to Oxford, and is now at Brantwood.]

[4] [1 Corinthians xiii. 8; for the next references, see Matthew xxii. 37-39; Ephesians v. 33.]

[5] [See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 8, 2; quoted in Vol. XIV. p. 163, and Vol. XXII. p. 503.]

Art of Man with his fate, and his passions. Evermore *lovely* and *right*.[1] These two virtues of visible things go always hand in hand: but the workman is bound to assure himself of his Rightness first; then the loveliness will come.

And primarily, from this sculpture, you are to learn what a "Master" is. Here was one man at least who knew his business, once upon a time! Unaccusably;—none of your fool's heads or clown's hearts can find a fault here! "Dog-fancier,* cobbler, tailor, or churl, look here"—says Master Jacopo—"look! I know what a brute is, better than you; I know what a silken tassel is—what a leathern belt is—Also, what a woman is; and also—what a Law of God is, if you care to know." This it is, to be a Master.

Then secondly—you are to note that with all the certain rightness of its material fact, this sculpture still is the Sculpture of a Dream. Ilaria is dressed as she was in life. But she never lay so on her pillow! nor so, in her grave. Those straight folds, straightly laid as a snowdrift, are impossible; known by the Master to be so—chiselled with a hand as steady as an iron beam, and as true as a ray of light—in defiance of your law of Gravity to the Earth. *That* law prevailed on her shroud, and prevails on her dust: but not on herself, nor on the Vision of her.

Then thirdly, and lastly. You are to learn that the doing of a piece of Art such as this is *possible* to the hand of Man just in the measure of his obedience to the laws which are indeed over his heart, and not over his dust: primarily, as I have said, to that great one, "Thou shalt *Love* the Lord thy God."[2] Which command is straight and clear; and all men may obey it if they will,—so only that they be early taught to know Him.

And that is precisely the piece of exact Science which

* I foolishly, in *Modern Painters*, used the generic word "hound" to make my sentence prettier.[3] He is a flat-nosed bulldog.

[1] [An axiom early enforced by Ruskin: see Vol. III. p. 133; and compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 146 (Vol. XXII. p. 220).]

[2] [Matthew xxii. 37.]

[3] [See Vol. IV. p. 123.]

is not taught at present in our Board Schools—so that although my friend, with whom I was staying, was not himself, in the modern sense, ill-educated; neither did he conceive me to be so,—he yet thought it good for himself and me to have that Inscription, "Lord, teach us to Pray," illuminated on the house wall[1]—if perchance either he or I could yet learn what John (when he still had his head) taught *his* Disciples.[2]

26. But alas, for us only at last, among the people of all ages and in all climes, the lesson has become too difficult; and the Father of all, in every age, in every clime adored, is Rejected[3] of science, as an Outside Worker,[4] in Cockneydom of the nineteenth century.

Rejected of Science: well; but not yet—not yet—by the men who can do, as well as know. And though I have neither strength nor time, nor at present the mind, to go into any review of the work done by the third and chief School of our younger painters, headed by Burne-Jones;* and though I know its faults, palpable enough,

* It would be utterly vain to attempt any general account of the works of this painter,[5] unless I were able also to give abstract of the subtlest mythologies of Greek worship and Christian Romance. Besides, many of his best designs are pale pencil drawings like Florentine engravings, of which the delicacy is literally invisible, and the manner irksome, to a public trained among the black scrabblings of modern wood-cutter's and etcher's prints. I will only say that the single series of these pencil-drawings, from the story of Psyche, which I have been able to place in the schools of Oxford, together with the two coloured beginnings from the stories of Jason and Alcestis,[6] are, in my estimate, quite the most precious gift, not excepting even the Loire series of Turners,[7] in the ratified acceptance of which my University has honoured with some fixed memorial the aims of her first Art-Teacher.

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[1] [See above, p. 147.]
[2] [Luke xi. 1; and see Matthew xiv. 10.]
[3] [See Isaiah liii. 3.]
[4] [See above, p. 166.]
[5] [See, however, *Art of England* (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 296–305).]
[6] [The Psyche drawings are Nos. 64–72 and 223 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 81, 95, 140); one of them is shown on Plate XII. in Vol. XXII. (p. 64). The drawing of "Love and Alcestis" is also at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 300); it is shown on Plate VI. in Vol. XIX. (p. 207). The drawing of "The Wives of Jason," at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 300), is on Plate VII. in Vol. XIX. (p. 208).]
[7] [See Vol. XIII. p. 559.]

like those of Turner, to the poorest sight; and though I am discouraged in all its discouragements, I still hold in fulness to the hope of it in which I wrote the close of the third lecture I ever gave in Oxford—of which I will ask the reader here in conclusion to weigh the words, set down in the days of my best strength, so far as I know; and with the uttermost care given to that inaugural Oxford work, to "speak only that which I did know."[1]

27. "Think of it, and you will find that so far from art being immoral, little else *except* art is moral;—that life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality: and for the words 'good,' and 'wicked,' used of men, you may almost substitute the words 'Makers' or 'Destroyers.'

"Far the greater part of the seeming prosperity of the world is, so far as our present knowledge extends, vain: wholly useless for any kind of good, but having assigned to it a certain inevitable sequence of destruction and of sorrow.

"Its stress is only the stress of wandering storm; its beauty the hectic of plague: and what is called the history of mankind is too often the record of the whirlwind, and the map of the spreading of the leprosy. But underneath all that, or in narrow spaces of dominion in the midst of it, the work of every man, 'qui non accepit in vanitatem animam suam,' endures and prospers; a small remnant or green bud of it prevailing at last over evil. And though faint with sickness, and encumbered in ruin, the true workers redeem inch by inch the wilderness into garden ground, by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained and vitally expanded; and although with strange vacillation, in the eyes of the watcher, the morning cometh, and also the night, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on towards the perfect day.

"And perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labour as well as in rest. Nay! more, if it may be, in labour; in our strength, rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labour as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow them, all the days of their life, and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord—For Ever."[2]

[1] [See John iii. 11.]

[2] [*Lectures on Art*, §§ 95-96 (Vol. XX. pp. 93, 94). The word "except" (in line 2 of the extract here) was not italicised in *Lectures on Art*.

7

LETTERS TO THE CLERGY

ON THE

LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH

(1879–1880)

LETTERS

ADDRESSED BY

PROFESSOR RUSKIN, D.C.L.,

TO THE CLERGY

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH.

EDITED BY

REV. F. A. MALLESON, M.A.,

VICAR OF BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

[1879]

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The Letters to the Rev. F. A. Malleson form one of the most complicated and tiresome chapters in the Bibliography of Ruskin. In all, 64 of such Letters have been printed in one or other (or in several, and—in the case of a few Letters—in all) of seven different publications: namely, (1) a privately-printed pamphlet; (2) the *Contemporary Review;* (3) and (4) a collected volume, of which there were two editions; (5) *On the Old Road;* (6) a revised and (so far as Ruskin's letters are concerned) enlarged edition of the collected volume; and (7) a privately-printed volume.

The Letters may be divided into three categories: (i.) the Principal Letters, eleven in number, on The Lord's Prayer and the Church; (ii.) minor Letters referring to the publication of the same; and (iii.) Letters on other subjects.

Of the seven publications described below, Nos. 1 and 2 contain Letters (i.) only; Nos. 3, 4, and 5 contain Letters (i.) and several of Letters (ii.); Nos. 6 and 7 contain Letters (i.), several more of Letters (ii.), and Letters (iii.); but No. 6 contains, in categories (ii.) and (iii.), several Letters which are not in No. 7, while No. 7 contains some which are not in No. 6.

In this Note, it is proposed to give, *first,* the usual particulars of the seven publications; *secondly,* a synopsis of the sixty-four Letters, showing (*a*) in which of the several publications they are included, and (*b*) where they will severally be found in the present edition; and, *thirdly,* a collation of the text.

The circumstances in which the Principal Letters came to be written and printed are explained in the Introduction (above, p. xxxii.).

"LETTERS TO THE CLERGY"

1. *First Edition* (October 1879).—This was printed for private circulation only, and the pamphlet is rare.[1] The title-page is as shown here on p. 177.

Crown 8vo, pp. 39. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2. "Explanatory Notice" by Mr. Malleson, dated "October 1879" (with blank reverse), pp. 3–4, as follows:—

> "The following Letters, read before certain clerical societies, are now printed for convenience of consultation. At the first reading of them in MS. before the Furness Clerical Society, it was felt that the matter presented for their consideration was so full and so varied that it was impossible to discuss these subjects fairly and profitably. It was therefore proposed by a member who very kindly undertook to defray the expense, to have the Letters printed, and a copy sent to each member. The clergy receiving them are requested, if they feel disposed, kindly to send to the Editor the expression of their thoughts, in writing, upon any part or parts of them. These remarks will be embodied, without the names of the writers (unless desired to the contrary), in a treatise or essay by the Editor, who will use his best discretion so that the ideas thus entrusted to him shall be treated in the most impartial spirit and most representative manner in his power."

Introduction, pp. 5–7, as follows:—

> "The first reading of the Letters was prefaced with the following remarks:—
> "A few words by way of introduction will be absolutely necessary before I proceed to read Mr. Ruskin's letters. They originated simply in a proposal of mine,

[1] "Canon Rawnsley kindly offered to print them at his own expense; only as many were printed as would be sufficient for three or four clerical societies" (F. A. M., at p. 250 *n.* of ed. 6).

which met with so ready and willing a response, that it almost seemed like a simultaneous thought. They are addressed nominally to myself, as representing the body of clergy whose secretary I have the honour to be; they are, in fact, therefore addressed to this Society primarily. But in the course of the next month or two they will also be read to two other Clerical Societies,—the Ormskirk and the Brighton (junior),—who have acceded to my proposals with much kindness, and in the first case have invited me of their own accord. I have undertaken, to the best of my ability, to arrange and set down the various expressions of opinion, which will be freely uttered. In so limited a time, many who may have much to say that would be really valuable will find no time to-day to deliver it. Of these brethren, I beg that they will do me the favour to express their views at their leisure, in writing. The original letters, the discussions, the letters which may be suggested, and a few comments of the Editor's, will be published in a volume which will appear, I trust, in the beginning of the next year.

"I will now, if you please, undertake the somewhat dangerous responsibility of avowing my own impressions of the letters I am about to read to you. I own that I believe I see in these papers the development of a principle of the deepest interest and importance,—namely, the application of the highest standard in the interpretation of the Gospel message *to* ourselves as clergymen, and *from* ourselves to our congregations. We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics, as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in Art. A man is wanted to show to both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of Gospel teaching. Many there are, and I am of this number, whose cry is '*Exoriare aliquis.*'

"I ask you, if possible, to do in an hour what I have been for the last two months trying to do, to divest myself of old forms of thought, to cast off self-indulgent views of our duty as ministers of religion, to lift ourselves out of those grooves in which we are apt to run so smoothly and so complacently, persuading ourselves that all is well just as it is, and to endeavour to strike into a sterner, harder path, beset with difficulties, but still the path of duty. These papers will demand a close, a patient, and in some places, a few will think, an indulgent consideration; but as a whole, the standard taken is, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian to the extent of an almost ideal perfection. If we do go forward straight in the direction which Mr. Ruskin points out, I know we shall come, sooner or later, to a chasm right across our path. Some of us, I hope, will undauntedly cross it. Let each judge for himself, *τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρων.*"

An extract (on the value of Ruskin's writings) from Preliminary Statement of the Ruskin Society of Manchester, p. 8. Text of the eleven Letters, pp. 9–39. There is no headline, the pages being numbered centrally.

Issued in stiff, lavender-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front. 150 copies.

2. The eleven Letters were next printed, with a view to eliciting wider discussion, in the *Contemporary Review*, December 1879, vol. xxxvi. pp. 539–552. The article was headed "The Lord's Prayer and the Church. | Letters addressed by John Ruskin, D.C.L., | to the Clergy." Some explanatory remarks then followed:—

"The following letters, which are still receiving the careful consideration of many of my brother clergy, are, at the suggestion of the Editor, now printed in the *Contemporary Review*, with the object of eliciting a further and wider expression of opinion. In addition to the subjoined brief Introductory Address, I desire here to say that every reader of these remarkable Letters should remember that they have proceeded from the pen of a very eminent layman, who has not had the advantage, or disadvantage, of any special theological training; but yet whose extensive studies in Art have not prevented him from fully recognizing, and boldly avowing, his belief that religion is everybody's business, and *his* not less than another's. The draught may be a bitter one for some of us; but it is a salutary medicine, and we ought not to shrink from swallowing it.

> "I shall be glad to receive such expressions of opinion as I may be favoured with from the thoughtful readers of the *Contemporary Review*. Those comments or replies, along with the original letters, and an essay or commentary from myself as editor, will be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., and appear early in the spring; the volume being closed by a reply, or Epilogue, from Mr. Ruskin himself.
>
> "F. A. MALLESON, M.A.
>
> "THE VICARAGE,
> "BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS."

The "Introduction," reprinted from No. 1, came next; followed by the eleven Letters.

3. *Collected Volume, with additional matter* (1880).—The publication of the Letters in the *Contemporary* brought Mr. Malleson various communications, and Ruskin agreed to the republication of his Letters in a book, for which he wrote an Epilogue. The title-page is as follows:—

> The Lord's Prayer | and the Church | Letters to the Clergy | By John Ruskin, D.C.L. | With Replies from Clergy and Laity, and an | Epilogue by Mr. Ruskin. | Edited, with Essays and Comments, by | the Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. | Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness | [*Publishers' device—an Anchor, etc.*] | Strahan and Company Limited | 34 Paternoster Row, London | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. xvi.+371. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse: "Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii., iv. The Introduction, by Mr. Malleson, to ed. 1 was again reprinted, pp. v.–ix. Contents, pp. xi.–xiii. Ruskin's Letters, pp. 1–45. Essays and Comments, by Mr. Malleson, pp. 49–121. (Three "Minor Letters" from Ruskin were included on pp. 103–105.) Prefatory remarks to "Letters from Clergy and Laity," by Mr. Malleson, pp. 125–128, in the course of which he says:—

> "Before the sheets are sent to press they will be perused by Mr. Ruskin, who will then use his privilege of replying, thus bringing the volume to a conclusion."

Letters from Clergy and Laity, pp. 129–328. Epilogue by Ruskin, pp. 331–363. Appendix (containing extracts from two more Minor Letters from Ruskin), pp. 364–371. Each division of the book has its own title as headline on each page.

Issued (in the latter half of 1880) in brown-coloured cloth, lettered across the back: "The Lord's Prayer | and the Church. | Letters to | the Clergy | By | John Ruskin, D.C.L. | With replies from Clergy | and Laity. | Edited by the | Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A." Price 7s. 6d. The edition was rapidly sold out.

4. *Collected Volume: Second Edition;* (*a*) *First Issue* (1880).—Called "Second Edition" on the title-page, which otherwise resembles that of the preceding edition. The only difference in the contents of the book is the insertion of an additional letter (from Miss Whately), occupying pp. 328–341. The Epilogue thus becomes pp. 343–377, and the Appendix pp. 378–385.

Issued in brown-coloured cloth, in all respects resembling its predecessor. Price 7s. 6d.

(*b*) *Re-issue* (1883).—This was turned out in violet-coloured cloth, lettered differently across the back, thus: "The | Lord's | Prayer | and the | Church | Letters by | John Ruskin | Malleson | Strahan & Co." Price 7s. 6d.

5. The Letters by Ruskin (only) and his Epilogue were next reprinted in *On the Old Road* (for Bibliographical Note on which, see above, pp. 85–89). The Letters occupied §§ 223–266; in ed. 1 (1885), pp. 302–352; in ed. 2 (1899), vol. iii. pp. 310–362.

6. *Collected Volume, revised edition* (1896).—Called "Third Edition" on the title-page, which is as follows:—

> Letters | to the Clergy | on | The Lord's Prayer and the Church | By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | With Replies from Clergy and Laity, and | an Epilogue by Mr. Ruskin | Edited, with Essays and Comments, by the | Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. | Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness | Third Edition | With Additional Letters by Mr. Ruskin | London | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road | 1896 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. xviii.+332. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse: "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii., iv. "Introduction" (as in previous editions), pp. v.–ix. "Preface to the Third Edition," pp. xi.–xvi., as follows:—

> "Having been urged to bring out a new edition of the volume first edited by me in 1880, and having willingly accepted the invitation to do so, it will naturally be expected that I should give some account of the circumstances which have led me to take the somewhat unusual step of reviving a book which has for twelve years been lying in a state of suspended animation.
>
> "On the first conception of this volume I applied to Messrs. Strahan, to produce it before the reading and thinking world. I should have done more wisely, no doubt, had I offered the publication to Mr. George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's well-known publisher. It avails not to explain why I chose a different course, of which subsequent events only too soon showed me the error; for after the first edition had been sold off in a week, and while the second was partly sold and partly in preparation, Messrs. Strahan's failure was announced, greatly to my surprise; my somewhat isolated position in the north country so far from London keeping me very imperfectly informed as to what was passing in the literary world.
>
> "Reasonable, business-like people would ask, why did I not make an effort to rescue my little barque out of the general wreckage, and why did I not, remembering that Mr. Ruskin had with much kindness freely bestowed the copyright on me, save the second edition and arrange with another publisher to carry the work on? But I was failing at the time with the illness which was effectually cured only by a long sojourn amidst or very near to the ice and snow of the Alps. I was incapable of much exertion, and, in fact, did not much care. Besides which I am not a professed literary man, being chiefly interested in the work of my rural parish on the borders of the Lake District, and should not think it fair, or even possible, if I may use an equestrian metaphor, to attempt to ride two horses at once.
>
> "So Mr. Ruskin's letters, etc., as edited by the present writer, came to be entirely laid by, though not forgotten by the hosts of Mr. Ruskin's friends, followers, and admirers, who regretted the suspension of so valuable a work and so rich in great thoughts, teachings, and suggestions.
>
> "So things remained until August 1895, when a new friend, Mr. Smart, gave me the pleasure of a visit, and we talked over the circumstances just narrated. Passing over several very pleasant meetings in London, let it be sufficient to mention that under the impulse of Mr. George Allen's encouragement, and cheered by the valuable assistance and co-operation of another friend, Mr. T. J. Wise, I agreed to carry forward this Third Edition with the full approbation and consent of Mr. Ruskin himself, though it should be said that on account of the state of his health, I have been unable to consult him on any of the details of the publication.
>
> "But it will not be exactly the same volume. Mr. Allen and Mr. Wise, having gone over much of my correspondence with Mr. Ruskin, were good enough to express a desire that some of those letters addressed to myself as a friend should be embodied in the present volume, as being strongly illustrative of his views on the subjects dealt with in his more formal Letters to the Clergy. I may

claim pardon for a feeling of great satisfaction with the circumstance that in the course of so long and so delicate a correspondence as is contained in this volume, never has a cloud overshadowed our paths in this matter, never has a cold blast from the east sent a shiver through my system, nor, I presume, his. For had Mr. Ruskin felt any resentment at anything I wrote, with his usual downright frankness he would not have been backward for an hour in expressing in vehement language what he felt. But from first to last my intercourse with that kind and eminently distinguished friend has been kept bright and happy by his unvarying serenity.

"The Letters from Clergy and Laity in this Third Edition occupy much less space than in the original one. It was Mr. Ruskin's wish that they should be subjected to some process of abridgment; besides which the allowing of space for the new feature of additional Ruskin Letters made a curtailment in another direction necessary. The plan which seemed to me the least discourteous to my numerous correspondents of that time has been to make a selection of passages from a certain number of the Letters.

"F. A. MALLESON.

"THE VICARAGE,
"BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS,
"*January* 1896."

Contents, p. xvii. Ruskin's Eleven Letters, pp. 1–47. Essays and Comments, by Mr. Malleson, pp. 51–129 (the "Minor Letters" included in the preceding edition are transferred to a later place). "Letters from Clergy and Laity," with Mr. Malleson's prefatory note, pp. 133–218. Half-title "Letters from Brantwood-on-the-Lake to the Vicarage of Broughton-in-Furness"), p. 219. "Preface" to them, by Mr. Malleson, pp. 221–223. Fifty-one Letters (47 from Ruskin[1]), pp. 223–286. Ruskin's Epilogue, pp. 289–322. Appendix (with an additional note by Ruskin), pp. 325–332.

Issued on May 11, 1896, in green cloth, uniform with the Small Edition of Ruskin's books, lettered across the back, "Ruskin | Letters to | The Clergy." Price 5s. net.; reduced in January 1904 to 3s. 6d. This edition is still current.

7. The Eleven Letters (but not the Epilogue), with various others, were next issued in 1896 in a privately-printed volume, with the following title-page:—

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. | *Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness* | Edited by Thomas J. Wise | *London: Privately Printed* | 1896.

Octavo, pp. xii. + 102. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii., iv. On p. v. is the intimation, "The Impression of this book is limited to a few copies for Private Circulation only." On p. 6 is the following "Note":—

"Of the thirty-eight Letters contained in this volume ten have already been printed, though in a sadly garbled and mutilated form.[2] These ten originally appeared in *Letters to the Clergy*, a privately-printed pamphlet issued in 1879, and were afterwards included in *The Lord's Prayer and the Church*, 1880 (second ed. 1883), from which work Mr. Wedderburn reprinted them in *On the Old Road*. The whole thirty-eight are now given precisely from the original holographs."

Contents, pp. vii.–xii. Letters, pp. 3–102. On a page facing p. 102 is the device of "The Ashley Library."

[1] Nos. 12 and 16 are from Malleson to Ruskin; No. 22 is from Canon Farrar to Malleson; and No. 24, from Miss Susanna Beever to him.

[2] On this subject, see below, p. 187.

SYNOPSIS OF RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO MALLESON

The following list enumerates all Ruskin's printed Letters to the Rev. F. A. Malleson; states in which of the seven publications described above (and here referred to as "ed. 1," "ed. 2," etc.) they have appeared; and gives references to the places in the present edition where they will be found :—

1. 1872, November 1.—No. 1 in ed. 7.—*Letters.*[1]
2. Undated.—No. 2 in ed. 6, p. 224.—*Letters.*
3. 1875, July 23.—No. 2 in ed. 7. Partly given in No. 3 of ed. 6, pp. 225–228 (where it is wrongly dated "1879").—*Letters.*
4. 1876, September 8.—No. 3 in ed. 7 (pp. 10–11, where it is wrongly dated "Brantwood"). The *P.S.* only is No. 4 in ed. 6, pp. 228–229 (where it is wrongly dated "1879").—*Letters.*
5. 1879, June 20.—Letter I.[2] in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 9–10 in ed. 1; p. 541 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 1, 2 in eds. 3 and 4). § 223 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 302–303 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 310–311 in ed. 2); pp. 3, 4 in ed. 6. No. 4 in ed. 7 (pp. 12, 13).—*Below,* p. 191.
6. 1879, June 23.—Letter II. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 10–12 in ed. 1; pp. 541-542 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 3–5 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 224, 225 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 303–305 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 311–313 in ed. 2); pp. 5–7 in ed. 6. No. 5 in ed. 7 (pp. 14–16).—*Below,* pp. 192–193.
7. 1879, July 6.—Ed. 1 of *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 12–14) gave a portion of this letter ("What I send you" to the end[3]) and the postscript (not there called such). The portion of the letter was not included in the next publications, as Ruskin struck it out in revising ed. 1, the postscript only becoming Letter III. of the *Letters to the Clergy;* p. 542 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 6, 7 in eds. 3 and 4 of *Letters to the Clergy.* § 226 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 305–306 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 313–314 in ed. 2); pp. 8–9 in ed. 6. The rest of the Letter was separately printed in ed. 6 as No. 1 in the supplementary Letters, where it was wrongly dated "July *8*" (pp. 223–224).—*For the whole Letter, see below,* pp. 193–194.
8. 1879, July 8.—Letter IV. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 14–16 in ed. 1; pp. 542–3 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 7–10 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 227, 228 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 306–308 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 314–316 in ed. 2); pp. 9–12 in ed. 6. No. 7 in ed. 7 (pp. 20–22).—*Below,* pp. 194–196.
9. 1879, July 10.—Letter V. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 16–18 in ed. 1; pp. 543–544 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 10–12 in eds. 3 and 4). § 229 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 308–309 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 316–317 in ed. 2); pp. 12–14 in ed. 6. No. 8 in ed. 7 (pp. 23–25).—*Below,* pp. 196–197.

[1] That is, the collection of Private Letters in Vols. XXXVI., XXXVII.

[2] Called Letter II. in ed. 1 (where it is added that "the first Letter is not printed here," and where the numbers of all the Letters differ from those in the later editions), but called Letter I. in subsequent editions.

[3] Omitting, however, the words "do" and "if anything."

10. 1879, July 12.—Letter VI. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 18–21 in ed. 1; pp. 544–545 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 13–17 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 230, 231 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 309–312 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 318–320 in ed. 2); pp. 15–19 in ed. 6. No. 9 in ed. 7 (pp. 26–30).—*Below,* pp. 197–199.
11. 1879, July 14.—Letter VII. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 21–24 in ed. 1; pp. 545–546 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 17–22 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 232, 233 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 312–315 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 321–324 in ed. 2); pp. 19–25 in ed. 6. No. 10 in ed. 7 (pp. 31–35).—*Below,* pp. 199–202.
12. 1879, July 30.—No. 11 in ed. 7 (pp. 36–37). No. 5 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (pp. 229–230).—*Below,* p. 234.
13. 1879, July 31.—No. 12 in ed. 7 (pp. 38–39). No. 6 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (pp. 230–231).—*Below,* p. 234.
14. 1879, August 2.—No. 13 in ed. 7 (p. 40). No. 7 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (p. 232).—*Below,* p. 235.
15. 1879, August 4.—No. 14 in ed. 7 (pp. 41–42). No. 8 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (pp. 233–234).—*Below,* p. 235.
16. 1879, August 7.—No. 15 in ed. 7 (pp. 43–44). No. 9 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (pp. 234–235).—*Below,* p. 235.
17. 1879, August 9, with postscript of August 13, and a further letter dated by Mr. Malleson (wrongly) August 12.—Letter VIII. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 24–29 in ed. 1; pp. 546–548 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 23–30 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 234–237 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 316–320 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 324–329 in ed. 2); pp. 25–32 in ed. 6. No. 16 in ed. 7 (pp. 45–51): the "further letter" is, however, not there given. It was not dated by Ruskin.—*Below,* pp. 202–205.
18. 1879, August 9.—No. 10 in the supplementary Letters of ed. 6 (p. 235). —*Below,* p. 236.
19. 1879, August 19.—Letter IX. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 29–32 in ed. 1; pp. 548–549 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 30–33 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 238, 239 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 320–322 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 329–331 in ed. 2); pp. 32–36 in ed. 6. No. 17 in ed. 7 (pp. 52–55).—*Below,* pp. 206–207.
20. 1879, August 30.—No. 18 in ed. 7 (pp. 56–57).—*Letters.*
21. 1879, September 2.—No. 19 in ed. 7 (pp. 58–59). No. 11 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 236–237).—*Letters.*
22. 1879, September 3.—Letter X. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 32–36 in ed. 1; pp. 549–551 in the *Contemporary;* pp. 34–39 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 240–243 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 323–326 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 331–335 in ed. 2); pp. 36–42 in ed. 6. No. 20 in ed. 7 (pp. 60–65).—*Below,* pp. 208–210.
23. 1879, September 5.—No. 13 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 240–241).—*Below,* p. 236.
24. 1879, September 7.—No. 14 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (p. 241).—*Letters.*
25. 1879, September 9.—No. 15 in those Letters (pp. 241–243). No. 21 in ed. 7 (pp. 66–67).—*Letters.*

26. 1879, September 13.—Printed among the "Letters and Comments" in *Letters to the Clergy*, eds. 3 and 4 (p. 103). § 247 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 329–330 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 338–339 in ed. 2). No. 17 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 246–247). No. 22 in ed. 7 (p. 68).—*Below*, p. 236.
27. 1879, September 14.—Printed among the "Letters and Comments" in *Letters to the Clergy*, eds. 3 and 4 (p. 104). § 247 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. p. 330 in ed. 1; vol. iii. p. 339 in ed. 2). No. 18 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 247–248). No. 23 in ed. 7 (pp. 69–70).—*Below*, p. 236.
28. 1879, September 14.—Letter XI. in *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 36–39 in ed. 1; pp. 551–552 in the *Contemporary*; pp. 40–45 in eds. 3 and 4). §§ 244–246 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 326–329 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 335–338 in ed. 2); pp. 42–47 in ed. 6. No. 24 in ed. 7 (pp. 71–76).—*Below*, pp. 210–213.
29. 1879, September 16.—No. 19 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (p. 248).—*Letters*.
30. 1879 (undated).—No. 20 in the same (p. 249).—*Below*, p. 237.
31. 1879, October 13.—No. 21 in the same (pp. 249–250). No. 25 in ed. 7 (pp. 77–78).—*Below*, p. 237.
32. 1879, October 17.—Partly printed in the "Letters and Comments" in *Letters to the Clergy*, eds. 3 and 4 (pp. 104–105). § 248 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 330–331 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 339–340 in ed. 2). Printed more fully as No. 23 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 251–254). No. 26 (complete) in ed. 7 (pp. 79–81).—*Below*, pp. 237–238.
33. 1879, October 31.—No. 27 in ed. 7 (p. 82).—*Below*, p. 238.
34. 1879, November 7.—No. 25 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 256–257).—*Below*, p. 238.
35. 1879, November 12.—No. 28 in ed. 7 (p. 83).—*Below*, p. 238.
36. 1879, November 19.—No. 26 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 257–258).—*Letters*.
37. 1880, January 5.—No. 27 in the same (pp. 258–259).—*Below*, p. 239.
38. 1880, January 7.—No. 28 in the same (pp. 259–260).—*Below*, p. 239.
39. 1880, April 14.—No. 31 in the same (p. 262).—*Below*, p. 239.
40. 1880, April 17.—No. 30 in the same (pp. 261–262).—*Below*, p. 239.
41. 1880, May 9.—No. 32 in the same (pp. 262–263).—*Below*, p. 239.
42. 1880, May 10.—Partly printed in an Appendix to eds. 3 and 4 of *Letters to the Clergy*, where the letter is wrongly dated "May 16" (p. 371 in ed. 3; p. 385 in ed. 4). Thence reprinted in a footnote to § 249 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. p. 333 *n.* in ed. 1; vol. iii. p. 342 *n.* in ed. 2). Printed (complete) as No. 29 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 260–261). No. 29 in ed. 7, without the postscript (pp. 84–85).—*Below*, p. 240.
43. 1880, May (day not given).—No. 30 in ed. 7 (pp. 86–87).—*Letters*.
44. 1880, May 14.—Partly printed in an Appendix to eds. 3 and 4 of *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 370–371 in ed. 3; pp. 384–385 in ed. 4). Thence reprinted in a footnote to § 249 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. p. 333 *n.* in ed. 1; vol. iii. p. 342 *n.* in ed. 2). Printed (complete) as No. 33 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 263–264). No. 31 in ed. 7, with a sentence omitted (pp. 88–89).—*Below*, p. 240.

45. 1880, May 26.—No. 34 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (p. 266). No. 32 in ed. 7, with a sentence omitted (p. 90).—*Below*, pp. 240–241.
46. 1880, June 7.—No. 35 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (pp. 267–268). No. 33 in ed. 7, with two sentences omitted (pp. 91–92).—*Below*, p. 241.
47. 1880, June 13.—No. 36 in the same (pp. 270–271).—*Below*, p. 241.
48. 1880 (undated, but before June 25).—No. 37 in the supplementary Letters in ed. 6 (p. 269).—*Below*, p. 241.
49. 1880, June 25.—No. 40 in the same (pp. 271–273).—*Below*, p. 242.
50. 1880, June 27.—No. 38 in the same (pp. 270–271).—*Below*, p. 242.
51. 1880, July (day not given).—No. 43 in the same (pp. 277–278), where it is erroneously included among Letters of 1881.—*Below*, pp. 242–243.
52. 1880, June and July.—Epilogue to *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 331-363 in ed. 3; pp. 345–377 in ed. 4). §§ 249–266 in *On the Old Road* (vol. ii. pp. 332–352 in ed. 1; vol. iii. pp. 341–362 in ed. 2); pp. 289–322 in ed. 6.—*Below*, pp. 215–230.
53. 1880, July 15.—No. 39 in the same (p. 271).—*Letters.*
54. 1881, April 13.—No. 41 in the same (pp. 273–275), where it is wrongly dated "April 30." No. 34 in ed. 7 (pp. 93–94).—*Below*, p. 243.
55. 1881, April 14.—A note in a MS. sent to Mr. Malleson. Printed in the Appendix to ed. 6 of *Letters to the Clergy* (pp. 331–332).—*Below*, p. 233.
56. 1881, April 23.—No. 42 in the same (pp. 275–277), where Mr. Malleson made some omissions. No. 35 (complete) in ed. 7 (pp. 95–97).—*Letters.*
57. 1881 (undated, but apparently referring to the same subject).—No. 44 in the same (pp. 278–279).—*Letters.*
58. 1881, May 26.—No. 45 in the same (pp. 280–281).—*Letters.*
59. 1881, August 26.—No. 46 in the same (p. 281).—*Letters.*
60. 1881, October 21.—No. 47 in the same (pp. 281–282).—*Letters.*
61. 1882, November 15.—No. 48 in the same (pp. 282-283).—*Letters.*
62. 1882, November 20.—No. 49 in the same (pp. 283–284). No. 36 in ed. 7 (pp. 98–99).—*Letters.*
63. 1883, January 22.—No. 50 in the same (pp. 284–285). No. 37 in ed. 7 (pp. 100–101).—*Letters.*
64. 1883, February 6.—No. 51 in the same (p. 286). No. 38 in ed. 7 (p. 102).—*Below*, p. 243.

COLLATION OF THE TEXT

The principal Letters (I.–XI.), as printed by Mr. Malleson (in publications 1–6), show numerous alterations from the original MS. of them, from which ed. 7 was printed. These variations, which are detailed on the following pages, are of two kinds: (1) those in which all the eds. 1–6 differ from ed. 7; (2) those in which eds. 2–6 thus differ. The editor of the privately-printed edition (ed. 7) seems, from his Note (see above, p. 183), to have assumed that Mr. Malleson made all the alterations; but he certainly did not make (2), for Mr. Allen had a copy of ed. 1 revised by Ruskin in his own hand. With regard to (1), some of the variations may

have been alterations made in Ruskin's MS. by Mr. Malleson, but many of the alterations are of a kind that Mr. Malleson could hardly have taken it upon himself to make; they often bear strong internal evidence of Ruskin's hand in revision. The present editors have therefore assumed that for the most part the alterations were either made by Ruskin or approved by him; the text of ed. 7 is consequently not followed, except in one or two places where Mr. Malleson's text is obviously wrong (probably owing to misprints), and for supplying passages which Mr. Malleson had omitted.

Of the differences between the revised text and the original MS. letters (followed in publication No. 7), some are recorded in footnotes, and to them a reference only is here supplied. The other variations are as follow:—

Letter I., line 6, the MS. reads ". . . long so earnest, if in any wise it were possible . . ."; line 10, ". . . I should like to be able to . . ."

Letter II., line 9, the MS. reads "guests" for "friends"; line 10, "mathematical" for "exact"; line 13, "on" for "upon"; lines 16-26, see p. 192 *n*.

Letter III., line 1 of the *P.S.*, the MS. has no "a" before "clear answer"; line 9, it has "in its essential conditions" after "Gospel of Christ."

Letter IV., line 20, the MS. has no "that" after "think"; lines 35 and 36, it does not contain "of mine"; line 27, "entire" is underlined (italicised accordingly in ed. 7).

Letter V., line 19, "*spell*" is not underlined in the MS.; line 24, "for all," not in the MS.; lines 27–29, see p. 197 *n*.

Letter VI., line 9, the MS. has "civil" for "reverent" in ed. 1; line 12, it omits "the words"; line 13 reads "delicate" for "passionless"; lines 19–21, read ". . . the seventh verse, marking the real power of the English . . ."; line 23, reads "need" for "needs"; line 34, omits "so"; line 38, has "however" after "which," instead of after "myself"; line 41, has "of consideration" after "subject" and "meeting" for "meetings"; line 42, "possible" instead of "probable"; line 55, "His" for "the"; lines 57 and 58, read ". . . our souls only, but those outcast ones." For a *P.S.*, see p. 199 *n*.

Letter VII., line 16, the MS. omits "human"; lines 19 and 20, "us" and "if" are underlined in the MS.; line 24, the MS. has "confusion" for "comparison" (and the latter reading is obviously a mistake, though Ruskin in reading ed. 1 did not detect it); lines 30, 35, 39, "Thine," "pray," and "that" are underlined in the MS. (and here, again, the italicising is necessary to bring out the sense); line 44, it omits "its" before "joy"; line 50, underlines "have"; line 53, "as" for "so"; line 54, "*as*" not italicised.

Letter VIII., line 19, "increasing" was before "west-ends"; lines 25 and 26, "Levi" is italicised, and "Law" in small capitals; lines 28 and 29, ". . . end . . . is" for "ends . . . are"; line 50, "with either" for "either with"; line 72, "to purge" for "purging."

Letter IX., line 3, the MS. does not contain "of it" after "every word"; nor in line 25, "the" before "produce"; line 43, it reads "yet heard" for "heard yet."

Letter X., line 25, it does not contain "in" before "pain"; line 69, it does not italicise "*at least.*"

Letter XI., line 46, it has "resolute" before "correlative"; lines 56 and 57, it reads " . . . partly concealed and partly excused, as involuntary, by the shelter and pressure . . ."; line 66, it omits the first "come."

These alterations between the MS. (followed in ed. 7) and the printed text were, as already explained, presumably made or approved by Ruskin before ed. 1 was issued.

The pamphlet (No. 1 in the above list, p. 179) was revised by Ruskin, who, besides various minor alterations of paragraphing, italicising, and punctuation, made the following corrections:—

To Letter II. he appended a footnote (p. 192); and in line 23, inserted "Alpine."

Letter III. See above, p. 184 (No. 7).

Letter V., line 20, he corrected the misprint "assumed" for "accursed."

Letter VI., line 9, he altered "reverent" to "respectful"; 8th line from end, "the murmur of the gnat" to "the gnat's murmur."

Letter VII., line 3, he altered "when" to "where"—a correction now followed for the first time; line 10, he altered "raised" to "smoothed"; line 17, he inserted "as." Mr. Malleson's note to this Letter (partly embodied below, p. 200 *n.*) appeared for the first time in the *Contemporary*, in accordance with suggestions noted by Ruskin in revising the pamphlet.

Letter VIII., 11th line from end of portion dated 13th August, he altered "where" to "whose" ashes; and three lines lower, he altered "them" to "the crowd."

Letter X., line 22, he altered "happen" to "chance"; and in line 4 on p. 219, he inserted "of."

Letter XI., in line 17 on p. 212, he altered "all" (before "sight") to "the."

These errors were corrected in the *Contemporary Review* and subsequent issues of the Letters.

The text was not altered in publications 3, 4, and 5 in the above list (pp. 181, 182), except as already explained in the synopsis, and except that Mr. Malleson (probably at Ruskin's suggestion) now added the Greek and Latin words of the Prayer at the head of each Letter.

Next, the edition of 1896 introduced an error into Letter VIII., transposing "and following comfort and wealth" from the end to the beginning of the clause. For a trifling alteration, see p. 217 (note 1).

Finally, in the Supplementary Letters there are variations between eds. 6 and 7. Thus for variations in No. 32, see below, p. 238 *n.* In No. 44 (p. 240), ed. 7 omits the second section ("I had never seen . . . done my Scott"), and in line 7 has "yours over" for "your own." In Letter 45 (pp. 240-241), ed. 7 omits the last sentence ("I should give . . . somewhere else"). In Letter 46 (p. 241), ed. 7 omits "And I've had . . . to the book" and "Thanks for note . . . wood or garden." Ed. 7 in the case of all the letters included in it gives the address ("Brantwood"), "My dear," etc., and "Yours," etc.

Reviews of *Letters to the Clergy* (in some cases of the publication in the *Contemporary Review*, in others of the book) appeared in:—

Modern Thought, January 1880, vol. 2, pp. 290–291 ("Mr. Ruskin's Letters to the Clergy on the Fatherhood of God," by the Rev. H. N. Grimley).

Manchester Weekly Times (by "Verax"), quoted in the *Unitarian Herald*, January 9, 1880.

Athenæum, December 18, 1880.

Glasgow Herald, January 13, 1881.

London Quarterly Review, April 1881, vol. 56, pp. 132–149.

Academy, August 13, 1881.

The Letters also called forth the following pamphlet:—

> A Defence | of the | Church of England | against the Accusations | contained in the Letters of Mr. Ruskin | Published in the "Contemporary Review" | of December, 1879. | By W. C. Sillar. | London: | Printed by A. Southey, 146, Fenchurch Street, E.C. | 1880. | Price One Shilling.

The "defence" was sarcastic.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH

LETTER I[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
20th June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I could not at once answer your important letter: for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long in earnest, if in any wise it may be possible for me to be of service therein. My health—or want of it—now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute intellectual effort; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Fors* and elsewhere,[2] which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered.

At all events, I will think over what I should like, and be able, to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honour done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

[1] [No. 5 in the synopsis of Ruskin's letters to Malleson: see above, p. 184. For the circumstances in which this series of Letters was written, see pp. 179, 180.]

[2] [See the General Index under "Church," "Clergy," and "Lord's Prayer."]

LETTER II[1]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *23rd June*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Walking, and talking, are now alike impossible to me; * my strength is gone for both; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in *your* kindness and truth; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your friends in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling—as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The first exact question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called upon by laymen to solve, is surely axiomatic: the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such.

Namely: as clergymen of the Church of England, do they consider themselves to be so called merely as the attached servants of a particular State? Do they, in their quality of guides, hold a position similar to that of the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, who, being a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those several villages, have nevertheless no Chamounist or Grindelwaldist opinions on the subject of Alpine geography or glacier walking: but are prepared to put into practice a common and universal science of Locality and Athletics, founded on sure survey and successful practice?[2] Are the

* "In answer to the proposal of discussing the subject during a mountain walk."

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[1] [No. 6 in the synopsis; above, p. 184.]

[2] [The original letter as printed by Mr. Wise (see above, p. 183) is different here:—

"Namely: whether as clergymen of the Church of England, they consider themselves merely so called as the attached servants of a particular

clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way, known of all good men, that leadeth unto life?[1]—or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner required, or compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science,—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries?

Is not this the first of all questions which a Clerical Council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

LETTER III[2]

Brantwood, *6th July*, 1879.

My dear Mr. Malleson,—You must make no public announcement of any paper by me. I am not able to count on my powers of mind for an hour; and will absolutely take no responsibility. What I do send you—if anything—will be in the form of a series of short letters to yourself, of which you have already the first: This the second for the sake of continuing the order unbroken contains the next following question which I should like to ask. If when the sequence of letters is in your possession

state—as, one would say, the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those villages, who nevertheless have no Chamounic or Grindelwaldic or otherwise sectarian opinions on the subject of geography or glacier walking . . . survey and practice."]

[1] [Matthew vii. 14.]

[2] [No. 7 in the synopsis; above, p. 184.

you like to read any part or parts of them as a subject of discussion at your afternoon meeting, I shall be glad and grateful.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—My first letter contained a Layman's plea for a clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be, that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the Gospel to England, but of the Gospel to all nations;[1] and not of the Gospel of Luther, nor of the Gospel of Augustine, but of the Gospel of Christ,—then the Layman's second question would be:

Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense, desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring, for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenor of their teaching,[2] to a "Homily of Justification,"[3] which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER IV[4]

BRANTWOOD, *8th July*, 1879.

I am so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without lifting too much for my strength

[1] [Mark xiii. 10: *εἰς πάντα τὰ ἔθνη δεῖ πρῶτον κηρυχθῆναι τὸ εὐαγγέλιον.*]
[2] [Art. xi.: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 56 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 398).]
[3] [Homily xi. of the Second Table.]
[4] [No. 8 in the synopsis; above, p. 184.]

at once; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology, or fear of giving offence.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a simple and comprehensible statement of the Christian Gospel as startling. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature?[1] (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis' sermon to the birds,[2] and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unmuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the *perfect* fulfilment of His "Feed My sheep"[3] in the higher sense.)

That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think that your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and that hunting and vivisection[4] were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this Gospel is to be preached either "παντα χοῦ"[5] or to "πάντα τὰ ἔθνη," if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what it *is?* And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer—the first words taught to children all over the Christian world?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters; and in answer to the question with which you close your last, I can only say that you are at perfect liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters of mine may be printed, I say: "Assuredly, provided only

[1] [Mark xvi. 15.]
[2] [See *Val d'Arno*, § 205 (Vol. XXIII. p. 121); and compare Vol. XXXIII. p. xxii.]
[3] [John xxi. 16; and see Deuteronomy xxv. 4.]
[4] [On this subject, see below, p. 643; and compare p. 509.]
[5] [Mark xvi. 20: ἐξελθόντες ἐκήρυξαν παντα χοῦ.]

that you print them entire." But in your hands, I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

LETTER V[1]

πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς.

Pater noster qui es in cælis.[2]

BRANTWOOD, 10*th July*, 1879.

My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach; but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its "first and great commandment,"[3] namely, that we have a Father whom we *can* love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, wherever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can "taste" and "see" that the Lord is Good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men—as distinguished from the evil message and accursed

[1] [No. 9 in the synopsis; above, p. 184.]

[2] [The headings to this and the following letters were first added by Mr. Malleson in the edition of 1880.]

[3] [Matthew xxii. 38. For the subsequent Bible references in this letter, see Psalms cxlv. 9; xix. 10; xxxiv. 8; Deuteronomy iv. 24.]

spell that Satan has brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only "a consuming fire" ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for all, for which they are to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son.[1]

Supposing this first article of the true Gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that Gospel become intelligible and living, instead of dark and dead:[2] "The grace of Christ, and the *love* of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,"[3]—the most *tender* word being that used of the Father!

LETTER VI[4]

ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου.
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

BRANTWOOD, 12*th July*, 1879.

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer—the *first petition* of it—the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to Him?

[1] [Ruskin's clerical critics in the press and elsewhere were slow in catching his meaning, and supposed that in here separating the Father from the Son, he was expressing his own views, and not citing, for condemnation, the views of others: see Mr. Malleson's note below, p. 200.]

[2] [The original letter reads: ". . . the epistles of Gospel become intelligible instead of dead."]

[3] [For another reference to the Benediction, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 115.]

[4] [No. 10 in the synopsis; above, p. 184. In ed. 4 (p. 80) Mr. Malleson wrote: "Since writing my notes on Letter VI., in which Mr. Ruskin gives such vehement expression to his desire to see the ancient discipline of the Church restored, I have in conversation with himself learned this to be one of the objects he has most at heart in writing these letters."]

Is it any otherwise with the Third Commandment?[1] Do not most look on it merely in the light of the statute on swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless" merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negatived:

"οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρίσῃ κύριος"?

For *other* sins there is washing;—for this—none! the seventh verse (Exod. xx.), in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them;[2] as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as "the name whereby He shall be called is THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,"—so the taking that name in vain is the sum of "the deceivableness of *un*righteousness in them that perish."

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable

[1] [Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 427.]

[2] [Matthew xviii. 20. For other Bible references in this letter, see Jeremiah xxiii. 6; 2 Thessalonians ii. 10.]

state of the Christian Church which would result, were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," etc.,[1] let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of Clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—*in* the pulpit, as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.[2]

LETTER VII[3]

ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου.

Adveniat regnum tuum.

Brantwood, 14*th July*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs[4] sent. Your comment and conducting link, where needed, will be of the greatest help and value,

[1] [1 Samuel xvi. 7: compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 194.]

[2] [Here the original letter has a postscript (printed in ed. 7): "I keep your letter (I hope not to lose it) to form part of the series if arranged for publication."]

[3] [No. 11 in the synopsis; above, p. 185.]

[4] [The proofs of a forthcoming *Life of Christ* by Mr. Malleson: see the postscript below, p. 202.]

I am well assured; suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that "His" in the fourth line[1] was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ; as in another passage, referring to the Creation, "when His right hand strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary";[2] but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *Me*, Philip, and not the Father?"[3] we are not teaching the people what is specially the Gospel of *Christ* as having a distinct function, namely, to *serve* the Father, and do the Father's will. And in all His human relations to us, and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not as the "power of God and wisdom of God,"[4] that He acts and speaks. Not as the Power; for *He* must pray, like one of us. Not as the Wisdom; for He must not know "if it be possible"[5] His prayer should be heard.

[1] [The reference is to the fourth line (as it stood in the proof-sheet sent to Ruskin) of the following quotation from *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (see Vol. VI. p. 465), which Mr. Malleson had prefixed to the chapter on the Transfiguration in his *Life of Christ*:—

> "When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants came to Him from the grave. But from the grave conquered. One from that tomb under Abarim, which *His* own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest into which He had entered without seeing corruption."

Mr. Malleson, misreading a passage in the Fifth Letter (above, p. 197 *n.*), bombarded Ruskin with this quotation, remarking "that I felt sure Mr. Ruskin regarded the loving work of the Father and of the Son as *equal* in the forgiveness of sins and redemption of mankind; that what is done by the Father is in reality done also by the Son; and that it is by a mere accommodation to human infirmity of understanding that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed to us in language, inadequate indeed to convey divine truths, but still the only language possible; and I asked whether some such feeling was not present in his mind when he used the pronoun 'His' in the above passage from *Modern Painters* of the Son, where it would be usually understood of the Father; and as a corollary, whether, in the letter, he does not himself fully recognize the fact of the redemption of the world by the loving self-sacrifice of the Son being in entire concurrence with the equally loving will of the Father."]

[2] [*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 117).]

[3] ["Yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9).]

[4] [1 Corinthians i. 24.]

[5] [Matthew xxvi. 39.]

And in what I want to say of the third clause of His prayer (*His*, not merely as His ordering, but His using), it is especially this confusion between *His* kingdom, and His Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's —not the Son's—kingdom, that they pray may come,— although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: "*For Thine* is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christian is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for,[1] but not to *pray* for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His*, "that God may be All in All."[2]

And, though the greatest, it is *that* everlasting kingdom[3] which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour, knoweth no man."[4] But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed:—we can sow of it; it is as a foam-globe of leaven:—we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows; but truly in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet *have* here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us, in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is NOT meat and drink," had even got so far as to the understanding that it is at least *as much*, and that until

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 42.]
[2] [1 Corinthians xv. 25, 28.]
[3] [Psalms cxlv. 13.]
[4] [Matthew xxiv. 36; and for the later references, see xiii. 31, 32; viii. 20; Romans xiv. 17.]

we had fed the hungry, there was no power in us to inspire the unhappy.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the *Life of Christ*[1] you have sent me in a private letter. I may say at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are!

LETTER VIII[2]

γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς.
Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cælo et in terra.

BRANTWOOD, *9th August*, 1879.

I was reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning by chance, and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."[3]

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort), whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title; but, whenever there is any good, hot scolding or unpleasant advice given them by the prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.[4]

"Ye have wearied the Lord with your works;" (yes, and some of His people too, in your time,) "yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied Him? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord,

[1] [The private letter was sent on July 30, and was followed by three others on the same subject. See below, pp. 234, 235.]
[2] [No. 17 in the synopsis; above, p. 185.]
[3] ["And now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you" (Malachi ii. 1).]
[4] [See Aristophanes, *Frogs*, 494, 579.]

and He delighteth in them; or, Where is the God of judgment?"[1]

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of our west ends of flourishing Cities of the Plain,[2] ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will "curse their blessings, and spread dung upon their faces"; or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in "corrupting the covenant of the Lord with Levi, and causing many to stumble at the Law."[3]

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the ends of the world are come,[4] have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, their most earnest hearers have oftenest on their lips: "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification and following comfort and wealth; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace, was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there!

I say, especially, the most eager preachers; for nearly the whole Missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an

[1] [Malachi ii. 17.]
[2] [Genesis xiii. 12.]
[3] [See Malachi ii. 2, 3, 8.]
[4] [1 Corinthians x. 11.]

Advocate with the Father";[1] while I have never yet, in my own experience, met either with a Missionary or a Town Bishop who so much as professed himself "to understand what the will of the Lord"[2] was, far less to teach anybody else to do it; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard[3] proclaiming the Mediator of the New Testament, that "they which were called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance,"[4] I have never yet heard so much as *one* heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph. v. 6), that "no covetous person which is an idolater, hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God"; and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.*

13th August (*ending Letter of August* 9).

I have allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "Priest" in the English Church (see *Christopher Harvey*, Grosart's edition, p. 38[5]), because the assumption of the mediatorial, in defect

* *Fors Clavigera,* Letter lxxxii., p. 323.[6]

[1] [1 John ii. 1.]
[2] [See Proverbs ii. 5.]
[3] [For a note by Ruskin on this passage, see the Epilogue; below, p. 217 *n.*]
[4] [Hebrews ix. 15.]
[5] [See No. 24 ("The Priest") in Christopher Harvey's *The Synagogue:*—

"The Priest I say; the Presbyter I mean
As now-a-daies he's call'd
By many men; but I choose to retain
The name wherewith instal'd
He was at first in our own mother tongue;
And doing so, I hope I do no wrong."

Quoted from *The Fuller Worthies' Library. The Complete Poems of Christopher Harvey,* being a supplementary vol. to the complete works of George Herbert, edited by A. B. Grosart, 1874. Ruskin quotes the first line in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 49 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 241).]
[6] [The reference is to the first edition: see now Vol. XXIX. pp. 243–244. Ruskin did not appeal to the Bishop by his personal name, but to the Bishop of *Manchester* specifically: on this point, see below, p. 406. On seeing this passage in the *Contemporary Review,* the Bishop sent the reply which is given below, p. 401.]

of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfils itself, naturally and always, in their pretending to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin; and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the Temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes should go up,[1]—centres to the Kingdoms and Provinces of Honour, Virtue, and the Knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy,[2] while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any the smallest particular; and their clergy gather, each into himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.[3]

BRANTWOOD.

I am very glad of your little note from Brighton. I thought it needless to send the two letters there, which you will find at home; and they pretty nearly end all *I* want to say; for the remaining clauses of the prayer touch on things too high for me.[4] But I will send you one concluding letter about them.

[1] [Compare the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, Vol. XXXI. p. 9; and for the Biblical phrases, see Matthew v. 14, and Psalms cxxii. 4.]

[2] [See the Absolution in the Book of Common Prayer.]

[3] [Jeremiah v. 31.]

[4] [Psalms cxxxi. 1.]

LETTER IX[1]

τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον.
Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

BRANTWOOD, 19*th August.*

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I retained the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think it written in any haste or petulance: but it is every word of it deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer;—for no words could be burning enough to tell the evils which have come on the world from men's using it thoughtlessly and blasphemously, praying God to give them what they are deliberately resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread,[2] and all false Christianity in stealing it.

Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation the great pastoral order: "The man that will not work, neither should he eat;"[3] and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners;—and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them.

For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is, that the great mass of men calling themselves Christians do actually live by robbing the poor[4]

[1] [No. 19 in the synopsis; above, p. 185.]
[2] [Luke xxiv. 35.]
[3] [2 Thessalonians iii. 10: also quoted, and enforced, in *A Joy for Ever*, § 145 (Vol. XVI. p. 130), and *Sesame and Lilies*, § 136 (Vol. XVIII. p. 182). See also Vol. XXXIII. p. lxii.]
[4] [See Proverbs xxii. 22. For a reference by Ruskin to this passage of the Letter, see the Epilogue, below, p. 229.]

of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever; and the simple examination of the mode of the produce and consumption of European food—who digs for it, and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy.

In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread" is, in its fulness, the disciples' "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread,"[1]—the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal, "Children, have ye here any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or, "Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve."[2]

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [John vi. 34. The following quotations are from John xxi. 5; the Nicene Creed; and Acts xix. 2 (compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 238).]

[2] [Joshua xxiv. 15.]

LETTER X[1]

καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν.
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

BRANTWOOD, *3rd September.*

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have been very long before trying to say so much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies,[2] when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge.[3]

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *mis*understanding it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking, by those who "wilfully sin after they have received the knowledge of the truth."[4]

There is one very simple lesson, also, needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one, "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced, it may easily chance that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them cry out, in truth and in pain, "I have sinned against the Lord."[5] But scarcely an hour of their happy

[1] [No. 22 in the synopsis; above, p. 185.]
[2] [Matthew v. 44.]
[3] [See Ephesians iii. 19.]
[4] [Hebrews x. 26.]
[5] [2 Samuel xii. 13 (David to Nathan).]

days can pass over them without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that they have "left undone the things that they ought to have done,"[1] and giving them bitterer and heavier cause to cry and cry again—for ever, in the pure words of their Master's prayer, "Dimitte nobis *debita* nostra."

In connection with the more accurate translation of "debts," rather than "trespasses," it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations, that in Christ's own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: "I was hungry, and ye gave Me no meat."[2]

But, whatever the manner of sin, by offence or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced

[1] [Compare, for this reference to the General Confession in the Book of Common Prayer, Ruskin's "Message to Blackfriars Bible Class" (Christmas 1872); below, p. 509.]

[2] [Matthew xxv. 42.]

Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of Prayer,[1] after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, *at least* every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure and holy,[2] leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that "there was no health in them"![3]

Among the much rebuked follies and abuses of so-called "Ritualism," none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly "Ritual" as this piece of authorized mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—Repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleson,

Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

LETTER XI[4]

καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ· ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ βασιλεία καὶ ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας· ἀμήν.

Et ne nos inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo; Quia tuum est regnum, potentia, et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Brantwood, 14*th September*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—The gentle words in your last letter, referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what

[1] [See above, p. 115.]
[2] [See above, p. 205.]
[3] [From the General Confession: see Psalms xxxviii. 3.]
[4] [No. 28 in the synopsis; above, p. 186.]

could not but appear to the general mind Utopian in designs for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? and is not this last clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no tempter to praise it?[1] And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition, that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us He has made previous arrangements to curse it; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full,"[2] we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that "it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless," and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than "Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty*"?

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into

[1] [See Genesis iii. 5.]
[2] [John xvi. 24.]

evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that He in whose hand the King's heart is, as the rivers of water,[1] would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys He taught them to seek would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing?

It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing,—that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call "opportunities") may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of "all these things" in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of "falling down to worship me"[2] may be partly concealed by the shelter, and partly excused, as involuntary, by the pressure, of the concurrent crowd.

In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, which are God's for ever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be indeed Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may* come—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the Devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards Heaven, he may at least say to the power of Hell,

[1] [Proverbs xxi. 1.]

[2] [Matthew iv. 9. For other Bible references in this Letter, see *ibid.*, iv. 8; xvi. 23; Revelation xxii. 20.]

"Get thee behind me"; and staying himself on the testimony of Him who saith, "Surely I come quickly," ratify his happy prayer with the faithful "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever, my dear friend,
Believe me affectionately
and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

EPILOGUE[1]

BRANTWOOD, *June* 1880.

1. MY DEAR MALLESON,—I have glanced at the proofs you send;[2] and *can* do no more than glance, even if it seemed to me desirable that I should do more,—which, after said glance, it does in no wise. Let me remind you of what it is absolutely necessary that the readers of the book should clearly understand—that I wrote these Letters at your request, to be read and discussed at the meeting of a private society of clergymen. I declined then to be present at the discussion, and I decline still. You afterwards asked leave to print the Letters, to which I replied that they were yours, for whatever use you saw good to make of them: afterwards your plans expanded, while my own notion remained precisely what it had been—that the discussion should have been private, and kept within the limits of the society, and that its conclusions, if any, should have been announced in a few pages of clear print, for the parishioners' exclusive reading.

I am, of course, flattered by the wider course you have obtained for the Letters, but am not in the slightest degree interested by the debate upon them, nor by any religious debates whatever, undertaken without serious conviction that there is a jot wrong in matters as they are, or serious resolution to make them a tittle better. Which, so far as I can read the minds of your correspondents, appears to me the substantial state of them.

2. One thing I cannot pass without protest—the quantity

[1] [No. 52 in the synopsis; see p. 187.]

[2] [That is, the proofs of the comments upon Ruskin's Letters which Mr. Malleson had collected for publication: see above, p. 181.]

of talk about the writer of the Letters. What I am, or am not, is of no moment whatever to the matters in hand. I observe with comfort, or at least with complacency, that on the strength of a couple of hours' talk, at a time when I was thinking chiefly of the weatherings of slate you were good enough to show me above Goat's Water, you would have ventured to baptize me in the little lake—as not a goat, but a sheep.[1] The best I can be sure of, myself, is that I am no wolf, and have never aspired to the dignity even of a Dog of the Lord.[2]

You told me, if I remember rightly, that one of the members of the original meeting denounced me as an arch-heretic—meaning, doubtless, an arch-pagan; for a heretic, or sect-maker, is of all terms of reproach the last that can be used of me. And I think he should have been answered that it was precisely as an arch-pagan that I ventured to request a more intelligible and more unanimous account of the Christian Gospel from its preachers.

3. If anything in the Letters offended those of you who hold me a brother, surely it had been best to tell me between ourselves, or to tell it to the Church, or to let me be Anathema Maranatha in peace,[3]—in any case, I

[1] [The reference is to Mr. Malleson's "Essays and Comments" (pp. 2–4 of *Letters to the Clergy*, ed. 1896), in which he describes how, seeking "to investigate the nature of Mr. Ruskin's doubts," he had found the occasion "in a very delightful summer afternoon on the lake, and up the sides of the Old Man of Coniston, to view a group of remarkable rocks by the desolate, storm-beaten crags of Goat's Water." As a result of this ramble, Mr. Malleson records "the firm conviction that neither the censorious and unthinking world, nor perhaps even Mr. Ruskin himself, knows how deeply and truly a Christian man, in the widest sense of the word, Mr. Ruskin is." Mr. Malleson refers to the occasion in the same connexion in his *Holiday Studies*, 1890, p. 74, where he adds: "I had visited Mr. Ruskin at Brantwood, and in a conversation in the drawing-room he had come to the point that he said, 'I have already given up the Resurrection,' when the door-bell rang, and he added, 'It is well that we are interrupted, or I might have said things that would have pained you more still.' Shortly after came the walk above mentioned." Ruskin refers to the same walk, though in connexion only with the weathering on the rock, in *Deucalion* (Vol. XXVI. p. 255 *n.*). In view of what Ruskin says on "the doctrine of the Resurrection" in *The Art of England* (Vol. XXXIII. p. 276), at the close of the Preface to *Præterita*, and in many other places, it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Malleson either inaccurately reported or failed to understand Ruskin's conversation.]

[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 62, title and § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 511, 514).]

[3] [Matthew xviii. 17; 1 Corinthians xvi. 22.]

must at present so abide, correcting only the mistakes about myself which have led to graver ones about the things I wanted to speak of.*

The most singular one, perhaps, in all the Letters is that of Mr. Wanstall's, that I do not attach enough weight to antiquity.[1] I have only come upon the sentence to-day (29th May), but my reply to it is partly written already, with reference to the wishes of some other of your correspondents to know more of my reasons for finding fault with the English Liturgy.

4. If people are taught to use the Liturgy rightly and reverently, it will bring them all good; and for some thirty years of my life I used to read it always through

* I may perhaps be pardoned for vindicating at least my arithmetic, which, with Bishop Colenso, I rather pride myself upon. One of your correspondents greatly doubts my having heard five thousand assertors of evangelical principles[2] (Catholic-absolvent or Protestant-detergent are virtually the same). I am now sixty years old, and for forty-five of them was in church at least once on the Sunday,—say once a month also in afternoons,—and you have above three thousand church services. When I am abroad I am often in half-a-dozen churches in the course of a single day, and never lose a chance of listening to anything that is going on. Add the conversations pursued, not unearnestly, with every sort of reverend person I can get to talk to me—from the Bishop of Strasburg (as good a specimen of a town bishop as I have known), with whom I was studying ecstatic paintings in the year 1850,[3] down to the simplest travelling tinker inclined Gospelwards, whom I perceive to be sincere,—and your correspondent will perceive that my rapid numerical expression must be far beneath the truth. He subjoins his more rational doubt of my acquaintance with many town missionaries; to which I can only answer, that as I do not live in town, nor set up for a missionary myself, my spiritual advantages have certainly not been great in that direction. I simply assert that of the few I have known,—beginning with Mr. Spurgeon, under whom I sat with much edification for a year or two,[4]—I have not known any such teaching as I speak of.

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[1] [A letter from the Rev. E. Forster Wanstall (on pp. 327, 328 of Mr. Malleson's book, ed. of 1880), who, *inter alia*, said, "In matters of theology Mr. Ruskin does not sufficiently attach weight to antiquity, or realise how much error is prevented by a creed." In the ed. of 1896 Mr. Wanstall's name was left blank, and his letter was not included.]

[2] [See above, p. 204.]

[3] [At Venice.]

[4] [Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 31; below, p. 296 *n.*]

to my servant and myself,[1] if we had no Protestant church to go to, in Alpine or Italian villages. One can always tacitly pray of it what one wants, and let the rest pass. But, as I have grown older, and watched the decline in the Christian faith of all nations, I have got more and more suspicious of the effect of this particular form of words on the truthfulness of the English mind (now fast becoming a salt which has lost his savour, and is fit only to be trodden under foot of men[2]). And during the last ten years, in which my position at Oxford has compelled me to examine what authority there was for the code of prayer, of which the University is now so ashamed that it no more dares compel its youths so much as to hear, much less to utter it,[3] I got necessarily into the habit of always looking to the original forms of the prayers of the fully developed Christian Church. Nor did I think it a mere chance which placed in my own possession a manuscript of the perfect Church service of the thirteenth century, written by the monks of the Sainte Chapelle for St. Louis;[4] together with one of the same date, written in England, probably for the Diocese of Lincoln; adding some of the Collects, in which it corresponds with St. Louis's, and the Latin hymns so much beloved by Dante,[5] with the appointed music for them.

5. And my wonder has been greater every hour, since I examined closely the text of these and other early books, that in any state of declining, or captive, energy, the Church of England should have contented itself with a service which cast out, from beginning to end, all these intensely spiritual and passionate utterances of chanted prayer (the whole body, that is to say, of the authentic *Christian*

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, ii. § 111.]

[2] [Matthew v. 13.]

[3] [The action was that of Parliament, not of the University, the Universities Tests Act of 1871 having abolished all compulsory attendance at public worship.]

[4] [For the correct description of this Book of Private Devotions (here somewhat inaccurately described by Ruskin), see the monograph referred to in Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.*; and for other references to it, see Vol. XII. pp. lxix., 479, and Vol. XXVI. p. 139.]

[5] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 452.]

Psalms), and, in adopting what it timidly preserved of the Collects, mangled or blunted them down to the exact degree which would make them either unintelligible or inoffensive—so vague that everybody might use them, or so pointless that nobody could be offended by them.[1] For a special instance: The prayer for "our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge," is, in the Lincoln Service-book, "for our bishop, and all congregations committed to *his* charge." The change from singular to plural seems a slight one. But it suffices to take the eyes of the people off their own bishop into infinite space; to change a prayer which was intended to be uttered in personal anxiety and affection, into one for the general good of the Church, of which nobody could judge, and for which nobody would particularly care; and, finally, to change a prayer to which the answer, if given, would be visible, into one of which nobody could tell whether it were answered or not.

6. In the Collects, the change, though verbally slight, is thus tremendous in issue. But in the Litany—word and thought go all wild together. The first prayer of the Litany in the Lincoln Service-book is for the Pope and all ranks beneath him, implying a very noteworthy piece of theology—that the Pope might err in religious matters, and that the prayer of the humblest servant of God would be useful to him:—"Ut Dompnum Apostolicum et omnes gradus ecclesie in sancta religione conservare digneris."[2] Meaning that whatever errors particular persons might, and must, fall into, they prayed God to keep the Pope right, and the collective testimony and conduct of the ranks below him. Then follows the prayer for their own bishop and *his* flock—then for the king and the princes (chief lords), that they (not all nations[3]) might be

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 58, § 1 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 417), and *Præterita*, iii. § 19.]

[2] [See below, pp. 231, 241.]

[3] [In our Litany the prayer is, "That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord."]

kept in concord—and then for *our* bishops and abbots,—the Church of England proper; every one of these petitions being direct, limited, and personally heartfelt;—and then this lovely one for themselves:—

"Ut obsequium servitutis nostre rationabile facias."—"That Thou wouldst make the obedience of our service reasonable" ("which is your reasonable service"[1]).

This glorious prayer is, I believe, accurately an "early English" one. It is not in the St. Louis Litany, nor in a later elaborate French fourteenth-century one; but I find it softened in an Italian MS. of the fifteenth century into "ut nosmet ipsos in tuo sancto servitio confortare et conservare digneris,"—"that Thou wouldst deign to keep and comfort us ourselves in Thy sacred service" (the comfort, observe, being here asked for whether reasonable or not!); and in the best and fullest French service-book I have, printed at Rouen in 1520, it becomes, "ut congregationes omnium sanctorum in tuo sancto servitio conservare digneris," while victory as well as concord is asked for the king and the princes,—thus leading the way to that for our own Queen's victory over all her enemies,[2] a prayer which might now be advisedly altered into one that she—and in her, the monarchy of England—might find more fidelity in their friends.[3]

7. I give one more example of the corruption of our Prayer-Book, with reference to the objections taken by some of your correspondents[4] to the distinction implied in my Letters between the Persons of the Father and the Christ.

[1] [Romans xii. 1.]

[2] ["Strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies" (Prayer for the Queen's Majesty).]

[3] [Compare below, pp. 329, 602; and Vol. XXVII. p. 165 *n.*]

[4] [The Rev. H. N. Grimley, for instance, asked "whether Mr. Ruskin, after (in Letter V.) speaking with condemnation of a plan of salvation which sets forth the Divine Son as appeasing the wrath of the Father in heaven, does not himself give expression to words, as to the love of the Father, which almost imply that in his estimation the Divine mind is not in unity in itself?" (p. 227, ed. 1880). So also Mr. James Lewis objects to the same Letter that "it is impossible to dissociate Jesus Christ from God" (p. 252).]

The "Memoria de Sancta Trinitate," in the St. Louis service-book, runs thus:—

"Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui dedisti famulis tuis in confessione vere fidei eterne Trinitatis gloriam agnoscere, et in potentia majestatis adorare unitatem, quesumus ut ejus fidei firmitate ab omnibus semper muniemur adversis. Qui vivis et regnas Deus, per omnia secula seculorum. Amen."

"Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given to Thy servants, in confession of true faith to recognize the glory of the Eternal Trinity, and in the power of Majesty to pray to the Unity; we ask that by the firmness of that faith we may be always defended from all adverse things. Who livest and reignest God through all ages. Amen."

8. Turning to our Collect,[1] we find we have first slipped in the word "us" before "Thy servants," and by that little insertion have slipped in the squire and his jockey, and the public-house landlord—and any one else who may chance to have been coaxed, swept, or threatened into church on Trinity Sunday, and required the entire company of them to profess themselves servants of God, and believers in the mystery of the Trinity. And we think we have done God a service!

"Grace." Not a word about grace in the original. You don't believe by having grace, but by having wit.

"To acknowledge." "Agnosco" is to recognize, not to acknowledge. To *see* that there are three lights in a chandelier is a great deal more than to acknowledge that they are there.

"To worship." "Adorare" is to pray to, not to worship. You may worship a mere magistrate; but you *pray* to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The last sentence in the English is too horribly mutilated to be dealt with in any patience. The meaning of the great old collect is that by the shield of that faith we may quench all the fiery darts of the devil.[2] The English prayer

[1] ["Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given unto us thy servants grace by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity; We beseech thee, that thou wouldest keep us steadfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest; one God, world without end. Amen."]

[2] [Ephesians vi. 16.]

means, if it means anything, "Please keep us in our faith without our taking any trouble; and, besides, please don't let us lose our money, nor catch cold."

"Who livest and reignest." Right; but how many of any extant or instant congregations understand what the two words mean? That God is a living God, not a dead Law; and that He is a reigning God, putting wrong things to rights, and that, sooner or later, with a strong hand and a rod of iron;[1] and not at all with a soft sponge and warm water, washing everybody as clean as a baby every Sunday morning, whatever dirty work they may have been about all the week.

9. On which latter supposition your modern Liturgy, in so far as it has supplemented instead of corrected the old one, has entirely modelled itself,—producing in its first address to the congregation before the Almighty precisely the faultfullest and foolishest piece of English language that I know in the whole compass of English or American literature. In the seventeen lines of it (as printed in my old-fashioned, large-print Prayer-Book), there are, seven times over, two words for one idea:—

1. Acknowledge and confess.
2. Sins and wickedness.
3. Dissemble nor cloke.
4. Goodness and mercy.
5. Assemble and meet.
6. Requisite and necessary.
7. Pray and beseech.

There is, indeed, a shade of difference in some of these ideas for a good scholar, none for a general congregation;[2] and what difference they can guess at merely muddles their

[1] [Psalms ii. 9.]

[2] ["The only explanation ever offered for this exuberant wordiness is that if worshippers did not understand one term they would the other, and in some cases, in the Exhortation and elsewhere, one word is of Latin and the other of Saxon derivation. The repetition of synonymous terms is of very frequent occurrence in sixteenth-century writing, as 'for ever and aye,' 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day' (*Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3). But this is surely a very feeble excuse for bad composition. Of a very different kind is that beautiful climax which is reached in the three admirably chosen pairs of words in the Prayer for the Parliament, 'peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety.'" (F. A. M.).]

heads: to acknowledge sin is indeed different from confessing it, but it cannot be done at a minute's notice; and goodness is a different thing from mercy, but it is by no means God's infinite goodness that forgives our badness, but that judges it.

10. "The faultfullest," I said, "and the foolishest." After using fourteen words where seven would have done, what is it that the whole speech gets said with its much speaking? This Morning Service of all England begins with the assertion that "the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to confess our sins before God." *Does* it so? Have your congregations ever been referred to those sundry places? Or do they take the assertion on trust, or remain under the impression that, unless with the advantage of their own candour, God must remain ill-informed on the subject of their sins?

"That we should not dissemble nor cloke them." *Can* we then? Are these grown-up congregations of the enlightened English Church in the nineteenth century still so young in their nurseries that the "Thou, God, seest me"[1] is still not believed by them if they get under the bed?

11. Let us look up the sundry moving passages referred to.

(I suppose myself a simple lamb of the flock, and only able to use my English Bible.)

I find in my concordance (confess and confession together) forty-two occurrences of the word. Sixteen of these, including John's confession that he was not the Christ, and the confession of the faithful fathers that they were pilgrims on the earth,[2] do indeed move us strongly to confess Christ before men. Have you ever taught your congregations what that confession means? They are ready enough to confess Him in church, that is to say, in their own private synagogue. Will they in Parliament? Will they

[1] [Genesis xvi. 13.]
[2] [John i. 20; Hebrews xi. 13.]

in a ball-room? Will they in a shop? Sixteen of the texts are to enforce their doing *that*.

The next most important one (1 Tim. vi. 13) refers to Christ's own good confession, which I suppose was not of His sins, but of His obedience. How many of your congregations can make any such kind of confession, or wish to make it?

The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth (1 Kings viii. 33, 2 Chron. vi. 26, Heb. xiii. 15) speak of confessing thankfully that God is God (and not a putrid plasma nor a theory of development), and the twenty-first (Job xl. 14) speaks of God's own confession, that no doubt we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us, and on what conditions He will make it.

12. There remain twenty-one texts which do speak of the confession of our sins—very moving ones indeed—and Heaven grant that some day the British public may be moved by them.

(1.) The first is Lev. v. 5, "He shall confess that he hath sinned *in that thing*." And if you can get any soul of your congregation to say he has sinned in *any*thing, he may do it in two words for one if he likes, and it will yet be good liturgy.

(2.) The second is indeed general—Lev. xvi. 21: the command that the whole nation should afflict its soul on the great day of atonement once a year.[1] The Church of England, I believe, enjoins no such unpleasant ceremony. Her festivals are passed by her people often indeed in the extinction of their souls, but by no means in their intentional affliction.

(3, 4, 5.) The third, fourth, and fifth (Lev. xxvi. 40, Numb. v. 7, Nehem. i. 6) refer all to national humiliation for definite idolatry, accompanied with an entire abandonment of that idolatry, and of idolatrous persons.

[1] [See verses 29, 30 in the same chapter: "And this shall be a statute for ever unto you, that in the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month, ye shall afflict your souls. . . . For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you."]

How soon *that* form of confession is likely to find a place in the English congregations the defences of their main idol, mammon, in the vilest and cruellest shape of it—usury—with which this book[1] has been defiled, show very sufficiently.

(6.) The sixth is Psalm xxxii. 5—virtually the whole of that psalm, which does, indeed, entirely refer to the greater confession, once for all opening the heart to God, which can be by no means done fifty-two times a year, and which, once done, puts men into a state in which they will never again say there is no health in them;[2] nor that their hearts are desperately wicked;[3] but will obey for ever the instantly following order, "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are true of heart."

(7.) The seventh (Acts xxiv. 14) is the one confession in which I can myself share:—"After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the Lord God of my fathers."

(8.) The eighth (James v. 16) tells us to confess our faults—not to God, but "one to another"—a practice not favoured by English catechumens—(by the way, what *do* you all mean by "auricular" confession—confession that can be heard? and is the Protestant pleasanter form one that can't be?)

(9.) The ninth is that passage of St. John (i. 9), the favourite evangelical text, which is read and preached by thousands of false preachers every day, without once going on to read its great companion, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things; but if our heart condemn us *not*, then have we confidence toward God." Make your people understand the second text, and they will understand the first. At present you leave them understanding neither.

[1] [That is, the book containing Essays and Comments on Ruskin's Letters by Mr. Malleson's correspondents.]

[2] [In the General Confession: see above, p. 210.]

[3] [Jeremiah xvii. 9; the next quotation (made from memory, and not textually) is from Psalms xxxii. 11, "instantly following" verse 5: "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."]

13. And the entire body of the remaining texts is summed in Joshua vii. 19 and Ezra x. 11, in which, whether it be Achan, with his Babylonish garment, or the people of Israel, with their Babylonish lusts, the meaning of confession is simply what it is to every brave boy, girl, man, and woman, who knows the meaning of the word "honour" before God or man—namely, to say what they have done wrong, and to take the punishment of it (not to get it blanched over by any means), and to do it no more—which is so far from being a tone of mind generally enforced either by the English, or any other extant Liturgy, that, though all my maids are exceedingly pious, and insist on the privilege of going to church as a quite inviolable one, I think it a scarcely to be hoped for crown and consummation of virtue in them that they should tell me when they have broken a plate; and I should expect to be met only with looks of indignation and astonishment if I ventured to ask one of them how she had spent her Sunday afternoon.

"Without courage," said Sir Walter Scott, "there is no truth; and without truth there is no virtue."[1] The sentence would have been itself more true if Sir Walter had written "candour" for "truth," for it is possible to be true in insolence, or true in cruelty. But in looking back from the ridges of the Hill Difficulty[2] in my own past life, and in all the vision that has been given me of the wanderings in the ways of others—this, of all principles, has become to me surest—that the first virtue to be required of man is frankness of heart and lip: and I believe that every youth of sense and honour, putting himself to faithful question, would feel that he had the devil for confessor, if he had not his father or his friend.

14. That a clergyman should ever be so truly the

[1] [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. ii. p. 191 (ed. 1, 1837), vol. iii. p. 110 (ed. 1869, where in Ruskin's copy the passage is doubly marked by him). The words are quoted also in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 117 (below, p. 386).]

[2] ["The narrow way lay right up the Hill, and the name of the going up the side of the Hill is called *Difficulty*" (*Pilgrim's Progress*).]

friend of his parishioners as to deserve their confidence from childhood upwards, may be flouted as a sentimental ideal; but he is assuredly only their enemy[1] in showing his Lutheran detestation of the sale of indulgences by broadcasting these gratis from his pulpit.

The inconvenience and unpleasantness of a catechism concerning itself with the personal practice, as well as the general theory, of duty are indeed perfectly conceivable by me: yet I am not convinced that such manner of catechism would therefore be less medicinal; and during the past ten years it has often been matter of amazed thought with me, while our President at Corpus read prayers to the chapel benches, what might by this time have been the effect on the learning as well as the creed of the University, if, forty years ago, our stern old Dean Gaisford,[2] of the House of Christ, instead of sending us to chapel as to the house of correction, when we missed a lecture, had inquired, before he allowed us to come to chapel at all, whether we were gamblers, harlot-mongers, or in concealed and selfish debt.

15. I observe with extreme surprise in the preceding letters the unconsciousness of some of your correspondents, that there ever was such a thing as discipline in the Christian Church. Indeed, the last wholesome instance of it I can remember was when my own great-great uncle Maitland[3] lifted Lady —— from his altar-rails, and led her back to her seat before the congregation, when she offered to take the Sacrament, being at enmity with her son.*

* In some of the country districts of Scotland the right of the Church to interfere with the lives of private individuals is still exercised. Only two years ago, a wealthy gentleman farmer was rebuked by the "Kirk Session" of the Dissenting Church to which he belonged, for infidelity to his wife.

At the Scottish half-yearly Communion the ceremony of "fencing the tables" used to be observed; that is, turning away all those whose lives were supposed to have made them unfit to receive the Sacrament.

[1] [The MS. adds, "and an ally of their eternal enemy."]

[2] [See *Præterita*, i. §§ 213, 219, 230.]

[3] [Ruskin's father's mother (Catherine Tweddale) was the daughter of the Rev. James Tweddale, of Glenluce, and Catherine Adair, his wife; one of whose sisters (Mary) married the Rev. Dr. James Maitland of Sorbie. See the pedigree given in Vol. XXXV.]

But I believe a few hours honestly spent by any clergyman on his Church history would show him that the Church's confidence in her prayer has been always exactly proportionate to the strictness of her discipline; that her present fright at being caught praying by a chemist or an electrician results mainly from her having allowed her twos and threes gathered in the name of Christ [1] to become sixes and sevens gathered in the name of Belial; and that therefore her now needfullest duty is to explain to her stammering votaries, extremely doubtful as they are of the effect of their supplications either on politics or the weather, that although Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, he had them better under command; and that while the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, the formal and lukewarm one of an iniquitous man availeth—much the other way.

Such an instruction, coupled with due explanation of the nature of righteousness and iniquity, directed mainly to those who have the power of both in their own hands, being makers of law, and holders of property, would, without any further debate, bring about a very singular change in the position and respectability of English clergymen.

16. How far they may at present be considered as merely the Squire's left hand, bound to know nothing of what he is doing with his right, it is for their own consciences to determine.

For instance, a friend wrote to me the other day,[2] "Will you not come here? You will see a noble duke destroying a village as old as the Conquest, and driving out dozens of families whose names are in Domesday Book, because, owing to the neglect of his ancestors and rackrenting for a hundred years, the place has fallen out of repair, and the people are poor, and may become paupers. A local paper ventured to tell the truth. The duke's agent called on the editor, and threatened him with destruction

[1] [Matthew xviii. 20. For following references, see James v. 17, 16.]
[2] [J. A. Froude.]

if he did not hold his tongue." The noble duke, doubtless, has proper Protestant horror of auricular confession. But suppose, instead of the local editor, the local parson had ventured to tell the truth from his pulpit, and even to intimate to his Grace that he might no longer receive the Body and Blood of the Lord at the altar of that parish! The parson would scarcely—in these days—have been therefore made bonfire of, and had a pretty martyr's memorial by Mr. Scott's pupils;[1] but he would have lighted a goodly light, nevertheless, in this England of ours, whose pettifogging piety has now neither the courage to deny a duke's grace in its church, nor to declare Christ's in its Parliament.

17. Lastly. Several of your contributors, I observe, have rashly dipped their feet in the brim of the water[2] of that raging question of Usury; and I cannot but express my extreme regret that you should yourself have yielded to the temptation of expressing opinions which you have had no leisure either to found or to test.[3] My assertion, however, that the rich lived mainly by robbing the poor,[4] referred not to Usury, but to Rent; and the facts respecting both these methods of extortion are perfectly and indubitably ascertainable by any person who himself wishes to ascertain them, and is able to take the necessary time and pains. I see no sign, throughout the whole of these letters, of any wish whatever, on the part of one of their writers, to ascertain the facts, but only to defend practices which they hold to be convenient in the world, and are afraid to blame in their congregations. Of the presumption with which several of the writers utter their notions on the subject, I do not think it would be right to speak

[1] [For other references to the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford to commemorate the burning of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, see Vol. IX. p. 210. Ruskin goes on to refer to Latimer's words at the stake: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."]

[2] [Joshua iii. 15.]

[3] [The reference is to Mr. Malleson's "Comments" (pp. 95–112 in ed. 6) upon Letter IX., in which he criticised Ruskin's view of "usury."]

[4] [See Letter IX.; above, p. 206.]

farther, in an epilogue to which there is no reply, in the terms which otherwise would have been deserved.

18. In their bearing on other topics, let me earnestly thank you (so far as my own feelings may be permitted voice in the matter) for the attention with which you have examined, and the courage with which you have ratified, or at least endured, letters which could not but bear at first the aspect of being written in a hostile—sometimes even in a mocking—spirit. That aspect is untrue, nor am I answerable for it: the things of which I had to speak could not be shortly described but in terms which might sound satirical; for all error, if frankly shown, is precisely most ridiculous when it is most dangerous, and I have written no word which is not chosen as the exactest for its occasion, whether it move sigh or smile. In my earlier days I wrote much with the desire to please, and the hope of influencing the reader. As I grow older and older, I recognize the truth of the Preacher's saying, "Desire shall fail, and the mourners go about the streets";[1] and I content myself with saying, to whoso it may concern, that the thing is verily thus, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.[2] No man more than I has ever loved the places where God's honour dwells,[3] or yielded truer allegiance to the teaching of His evident servants. No man at this time grieves more for the danger of the Church which supposes him her enemy, while she whispers procrastinating *pax vobiscum* in answer to the spurious kiss of those who would fain toll curfew over the last fires of English faith, and watch the sparrow find nest where she may lay her young,[4] around the altars of the Lord.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [Ecclesiastes xii. 5.]

[2] [Ezekiel ii. 5. Compare what Ruskin says about the change in his style, in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23 (Vol. XXVII. p. 400).]

[3] [Psalms xxvi. 8.]

[4] [Psalms lxxxiv. 3: for a note on this verse, see *Rock Honeycomb*, Vol. XXXI. p. 314.]

APPENDIX

I. A LATIN LITANY[1]

[Mr. Ruskin having kindly entrusted me with his valuable English thirteenth-century MS. service book, referred to on p. 218, I have thought it would be interesting to the readers of this volume to see a little more in detail some of the origins of our Litany and Collects. I think it will be owned that our Reformers failed to mend some of them in the translation. I am quite unversed in the reading of ancient MSS., but I hope the following, with the translation, will not be found incorrect. I have preserved neither the contractions nor the responses repeated after each petition, and have changed the mediæval "e" into "æ," as "terre" into "terræ."—F. A. M.]

Ut dompnum apostolicum et omnes gradus ecclesiæ in sancta religione conservare digneris.
Te rogamus, audi nos, Domine.
Ut episcopum nostrum et gregem sibi commissum conservare digneris.
Te rogamus. . . .
Ut regi nostro et principibus nostris pacem et veram concordiam atque victoriam, donare digneris.
Ut episcopos et abbates nostros et congregationes illis commissas in sancta religione conservare digneris.
Ut congregationes omnium sanctorum in tuo sancto servitio conservare digneris.
Ut cunctum populum Christianum precioso sanguine tuo conservare digneris.
Ut omnibus benefactoribus nostris sempiterna bona retribuas.
Ut animas nostras et parentum nostrorum ab eterna dampnatione eripias.
Ut mentes nostras ad celestia desideria erigas.
Ut obsequium servitutis nostræ rationabile facias.
Ut locum istum et omnes habitantes in eo visitare et consolari digneris.
Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris.
Ut inimicos sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ comprimere digneris.
Ut oculos misericordiæ tuæ super nos reducere digneris.
Ut miserias pauperum et captivorum intueri et relevare digneris.
Ut omnibus fidelibus defunctis requiem eternam dones.
Ut nos exaudire digneris.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Parce nobis Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Exaudi nos.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Miserere nobis.
Deus cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere suscipe deprecationem nostram et quos delictorum cathena constringit misericordia tuæ pietatis absolvas, per Jesum Christum.

[1] [Here reprinted from issue 6 (1896) of *Letters to the Clergy*, pp. 325–332.]

Ecclesiæ tuæ Domine, preces placatus admitte ut destructis adversitatibus universis secura tibi serviat libertate.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus qui facis mirabilia magna solus pretende super famulum tuum episcopum nostrum et super cunctas congregationes illi commissas spiritum gratiæ tuæ salutaris et ut in veritate tibi complaceant perpetuum eis rorem tuæ benedictionis infunde, per Jesum.

Deus in cujus manu corda sunt regum qui es humilium consolator et fidelium fortitudo et protector omnium in te sperantium, da regi nostro et reginæ populoque Christiano, triumphum virtutis tuæ scienter excolere, ut per te semper reparentur ad veniam.

Pretende Domine et famulis et famulabus tuis dexteram celestis auxilii ut te toto corde propinquant atque digne postulationes assequantur.

Deus a quo sancta desideria recta consilia et justa sunt opera, da servis tuis illam quam mundus dare non potest pacem ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis et hostium ublata formidine tempora sint tua protectione tranquilla.[1]

Ure igne sancti spiritus renes nostros et cor nostrum, Domine, ut tibi corde casto serviamus et mundo corpore placeamus.

Translation

That it may please Thee to keep the apostolic lord (*i.e.* the Pope) and all ranks of the Church in Thy holy religion.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, hear us.

That it may please Thee to keep our bishop, and the flock committed to him.

That it may please Thee to give to our king and our princes (or chief lords), peace, and true concord, and victory.

That it may please Thee to keep our bishops and abbots, and the congregations committed to them, in holy religion.

That it may please Thee to keep the congregations of all saints in Thy holy service.

That it may please Thee to keep the whole Christian people with Thy precious blood.

That it may please Thee to requite all our benefactors with everlasting blessings.

That it may please Thee to preserve our souls and the souls of our kindred from eternal damnation.

That it may please Thee that Thou wouldest lift up our hearts to heavenly desires.

That it may please Thee to make the obedience of our service reasonable.

That it may please Thee to visit and to comfort this place, and all who dwell in it.

That it may please Thee to give and preserve the fruits of the earth.

That it may please Thee to restrain the enemies of the Holy Church of God.

That it may please Thee to look upon us with eyes of mercy.

That it may please Thee to behold and relieve the miseries of the poor and the prisoners.

That it may please Thee to give eternal peace to all the faithful departed.

That it may please Thee to hear us.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.
Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.
Hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.
Have mercy on us, O Lord.

[1] [For a discussion by Ruskin of "the adulteration of this Catholic Prayer" in the English Liturgy, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 417.]

O God, whose property it is always to pity and to spare, receive our supplications, and by the mercy of Thy fatherly love, loose those whom the chain of their sins keeps bound, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, receive with indulgence the prayers of Thy Church, that all adversities being overcome, it may serve Thee in freedom without fear.

Almighty, Eternal God, who alone doest great wonders, grant to Thy servant our bishop, and to all the congregations committed to him, the healthful spirit of Thy grace; and that they may please Thee in truth, pour out upon them the perpetual dew of Thy blessing.

O God, in whose hand are the hearts of kings, who art the consoler of the meek and the strength of the faithful, and the protector of all that trust in Thee, give to our king and queen and to the Christian people wisely to manifest the glory of Thy power, that by Thee they may ever be restored to forgiveness.

Extend, O Lord, over Thy servants and handmaidens, the right hand of Thy heavenly aid, that they may draw near unto Thee with all their heart, and worthily obtain their petitions.

Kindle with the fire of Thy Holy Spirit our reins and our hearts, O Lord, that we may serve Thee with a clean heart, and please Thee with a pure body.

O God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts (may obey) Thy commands, and the fear of the enemy being taken away, we may have quiet times by Thy protection.[1]

(Upon one of the blank leaves of this MS. are some remarks upon its probable date, signed, "J. Ruskin. Brantwood, *April 14th*, 1881)":—

"The style, and pieces of inner evidence in all this book speak it clearly of the first half of the thirteenth century. The architecture is all round arched—the roofs of Norman simplicity—unpinnacled—the severe and simple forms of letter are essentially Norman, and the leaf and ball terminations of the spiral of the extremities, exactly intermediate between the Norman and Gothic types. The ivy and geranium leaves begin to show themselves long before the end of the thirteenth century, and there is not a trace of them in this book." This evidence of early date, however, is qualified by the further statement, "old styles sometimes hold on long in provincial MSS."

[1] [For versions of some of these prayers in the Book of Common Prayer, see (1) Prayers and Thanksgivings, No. 9; (3) The prayer for clergy and people in Morning and Evening Prayer; and (7) The Second Collect at Evening Prayer.]

II. ADDITIONAL LETTERS

To the Rev. F. A. Malleson

[The following letters refer to those on the preceding pages or are referred to in them. The numbers in brackets refer to the synopsis (above, pp. 184–187), where particulars of the previous publication of the letters are given.]

(12)

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
July 30th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I fear I have kept the proofs[1] too long, but I wanted to look at them again. I am confirmed in my impression that the book will do much good. But I think it would have done more if you had written the lives of two or three of your parishioners.[2] Such an answer would I give to a painter who sent to me a picture of the Last Supper: "You had better, it seems to me, have painted a Harvest Home." I am gravely doubtful of the possibility, in these days, of writing or painting on such subjects, advisedly and securely.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

(13)

July 31st, 1879.

I have received this week the two most astonishing letters I ever yet received in my life. And one of them is yours, read this morning—telling me—that you don't think you could write the life of an old woman! Yet you think you *can* write the life of Christ!

If you can at all explain this state of your mind to me I will tell you more distinctly what I think of the piece I saw. But I don't think you will communicate the thought to your publisher; and I never meant you to use my former one in that manner.

Mind, a publisher thinks only of money, and I know nothing of saleableness. The pause in my other letters is one of pure astonishment at you; which at present occupies all the time I have to spare on the subject, and has culminated to-day.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

I am so puzzled. I can scarcely think of anything else till you tell me what you mean in the bit about being "called late."

Have you done no work in the vineyard[3] "yet" then?

[1] [The proofs of Mr. Malleson's *Life and Work of Jesus Christ* (Ward, Lock and Co., 1880): see above, p. 202.]

[2] [Compare the Lectures on "The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds," § 19 (Vol. XXII. p. 501).]

[3] [See Matthew xxi. 28, 29.]

(14)

August 2nd, 1879.

I am still simply speechless with astonishment at you. It is no question of your right to the best I can say; it is all at your command. But for the present my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth.[1] I can only tell you, with all the strength I have, to read and understand and believe 2 Esdras iv. 2, 20, 21.[2]

(15)

August 4th, 1879.

It is just because you undertook the task so *happily*, that I should have thought you unfit to write the life of a Man of Sorrows,[3] even had he been a Man only. But your last letter, remember, claims inspiration for your guide, and recognizes a personal call at sixty, as if the Call to the ministry had been none, and the receiving the Holy Ghost by imposition of hands[4] an empty ceremony.

In writing the life of a parishioner and in remitting or retaining their sins[5] you would in my conception have been fulfilling your appointed work. But I cannot conceive the claim to be a fit Evangelist without more proof of miraculous appointment than you are conscious of. I know you to be conscientious, yes—but I think the judicial doom of this country is to have conscience alike of its Priests and Prophets *hardened.* Why should any letter of mine make you anxious if you had indeed conscience of inspiration?—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

(16)

August 7th.

I hope to be able soon now to resume the series of letters; but it seems to me there is no need whatever of more than three or four more respecting the last clauses of the Lord's Prayer. Those in your hands contain questions enough, if seriously entertained, to occupy twenty meetings; and I could only hope that some one of them might be carefully taken up by your friends. I think, however, in case of the clerical feeling being too strong, that I must ask you, if you print letters at all, to print them without omission.[6] And if you do not print them, to return them to me for my own expansion and arrangement.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

[1] [Psalms cxxxvi. 6.]

[2] ["Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the most High? . . . Then answered he me, and said, Thou hast given a right judgment, but why judgest thou not thyself also. For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods: even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing, but that which is upon the earth: and he only that dwelleth above the heavens, may understand the things that are above the height of the heavens."]

[3] [Isaiah lv. 3.]

[4] [Acts viii. 17; and see the words in "The Ordaining of Priests" in the Book of Common Prayer.]

[5] [John xx. 23.]

[6] [See Letter IV. (above, p. 196), where Ruskin had previously authorized omissions.]

(18) *August 9th.*

I have got to work on the letters again; it would make me nervous to think of all these plans of yours. Suppose you leave all that till you see what the first debate comes to?[1] And in the meantime I'll finish as best I can.

(23) *September 5th,* 1879.

I shall be delighted to have the comments, though it will be well first to have the series of letters done—the last but one is coming to-morrow. I have only written them in the sense of your sympathy in most points, and am sure you will make the best possible use of them.

(26) *September 13th.*

Dear Mr. Malleson,—I am so very grateful for your proposal to edit the letters without further reference to me. I think that will be exactly the right way; and I believe I can put you at real ease in the doing of it by explaining as I can in very few words the kind of carte-blanche I should rejoicingly give you.

Interrupted to-day! more to-morrow, with, I hope, the last letter.

J. R.

(27) *Sunday, September 14th.*

I've nearly done the last letter, but will keep it to-morrow rather than finish hurriedly for the earlier post. Your nice little note has just come, and I can only say that you cannot please me better than by acting with perfect freedom in all ways, and that I only want to see or reply to what you wish me for the matter's sake. And surely there is no occasion for any thought or waste of type about *me* personally,[2] except only to express your knowledge of my real desire for the health and power of the Church. More than this praise you *must* not give me, for I have learned almost everything I may say that I know by my errors.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

(30) [*Undated.*]

I am sincerely grieved by the first part of your letter, and scarcely like to trouble you with answer to the close. . . . Surely the first thing to be done with the letters is to use them as you propose, and you may

[1] ["My clerical friends and brethren must not be displeased with me if I here mention the fact that at the meeting of twenty-three clergy where I *proposed* to read Mr. Ruskin's letters to them, I was only authorized to do so by a majority of two. I can scarcely describe the dismay and consternation with which the letters themselves were received,—though of course not universally, in another meeting of the same number." (F. A. M.)]

[2] [See, in the Epilogue, Ruskin's comment on the talk about himself (above, p. 216).]

find fifty suggestions, made by persons or circumstances after that, worth considering. I do not doubt that I could easily add to the bulk of MS.; but should then, I think, stipulate for having the book published by my own publisher.[1]

(31) *October 13th.*

I did not get your kind and interesting letter till yesterday, and can only write in utter haste this morning to say that I think nothing can possibly be more satisfactory (to me personally at least) and more honourable than what you tell me of the wish of the meeting to have the letters printed for their quiet consideration.[2]

They are entirely at your command and theirs—but don't sell the copyright to any publisher. Keep it in your own hands, and after expenses are paid of course any profits should go to the poor. Please write during this week to me at St. George's Museum, Walkley, Sheffield.

(32) SHEFFIELD, *October 17th*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I am sincerely interested and moved by your history of your laborious life—and shall be entirely glad to leave the completed volume as your property, provided always you sell it to no publisher—but take just percentage on the editions: and provided also that an edition be issued of the letters themselves in their present simple form of which the profits, if any, shall be for the poor of the district. It would lower your position in the whole matter if it could be hinted that I had written the letters with any semi-purpose of serving my friend. On the other hand you will have just and honourable right to the profits of the completed edition which your labour and judgment will have made possible and guided into the most serviceable form.

I am thankful to see that the letters read clearly and easily, and contain all that it was in my mind to get said; that nothing can be possibly more right in every way than the printing and binding—nor more courteous and firm than your preface.

Yes—there *will* be a chasm to cross—a tauriformis Aufidus[3]—greater than Rubicon, and the roar of it for many a year has been heard in the distance, through the gathering fog on earth, more loudly. The River of Spiritual Death to this world, and entrance to Purgatory in the other, come down to us. When will the feet of the Priests be dipped in the still brim of the water?[4] Jordan overflows his banks — already.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

When you have got your large edition with its correspondence into form, I should like to read the sheets as they are issued, and put merely

[1] [This condition was afterwards waived: see (32).]

[2] [For the first printing for private circulation, see above, p. 179.]

[3] ["Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Apuli,
Quum sævit horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris."—HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 14;
—referred to also in Vol. XVII. p. 547, and Vol. XXVI. p. 555.]

[4] [Joshua iii. 15: see above, p. 229.]

letters of reference, *a*, *b*, and *c*, to be taken up in a short epilogue. But I don't want to do or say anything till you have all in perfect readiness for publication. I should merely add my reference letters in the margin,[1] and the shortest possible notes at the end. Please send me ten more of these private ones for my own friends.[2]

(33) *October 31st*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—Written contracts are all very well, but if the contractor stops payment—where are you? I strongly recommend you to take patience yet awhile. The letters are yours, yes; but I wrote them for the sake of your society—and I think that society, of which one member paid for the private printing,[3] will have much cause of complaint if the letters are pitched into the public highway without their answers. I am quite sure the large book ought to be the first published.[4]—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

(34) *November 7th*, 1879.

I am so glad we understand each other now and that you will carry out your plan quietly.

I think you should correct the present little book[5] by my revise, and print enough for whatever private circulation the members of the meeting wish, but that it should not be made public till well after the large book is out. For which I shall look with deepest interest.

(35) *November 12th*, 1879.

Dear Mr. Malleson,—I must entirely decline, once for all, all interference with, or complicity in, the publication of those letters. They are yours, and you must be wholly answerable to your friends and fellow-clergymen for what you do with them. All that I choose to express of opinion on the matter has been already given.—Affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

You need never hope for telegraphic answers from *me*. I never read my letters till my day's work is done, nor answer without thought.

[1] [This plan, however, was not adopted.]

[2] [Here ed. 7 adds: "There is not, I think, a *single* misprint, except only *assumed* for *ashamed*, p. 17, line 8 from bottom." Ultimately, however, Ruskin found other misprints, and he substituted "accursed": see above, p. 189. In the fourth line from the end of this letter (p. 237), ed. 6 read "in" for "to"; and it did not separate the postscript from the body of the letter.]

[3] [The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley: see p. 179 *n*.]

[4] [The reference is to the proposed publication of the letters in the *Contemporary Review* of December 1879: see No. 2 in the Bibliographical Note. The "large book" is No. 3: see pp. 180, 181.]

[5] [That is, the privately-printed pamphlet, No. 1 in the list (p. 179). For the few corrections, duly made from Ruskin's revise, in the *Contemporary*, see p. 189.]

(37)

January 5th, 1880.

A Happy New Year to you. If I may judge or guess by the efforts made to draw me into the business, it is likely to be a busy one for you! Will you kindly now send me back my old book on Usury?[1] I've got a letter (which for his lordship's sake had better never been written) from the Bishop of Manchester, and may want to quote a word or two of my back letter. I send the letter with my reply this month to the *Contemporary*.[2]

(38)

January 7th, 1880.

So many thanks for your kind little note and the book which I have received quite safely; and many more thanks for taking all the enemies' fire off me and leaving me quiet. I've been all this morning at work on finches and buntings; but I must give the Bishop a turn to-morrow. This weather takes my little wits out of me wofully; but I am always affectionately yours, J. R.

(39)

April 14, 1880.

Thanks for nice new proofs. I haven't found any false references, but I didn't look. I'll have all verified by my secretary. I'm busy with an article on modern novels[3] and don't feel a bit pious just now; so the responses have hung fire.

(40)

April 17.

The letters seem all very nice—I shall have very little to say about them, except to explain what you observe and have been misunderstood. . . . Of course my notes shall be sent to you and added to when you see need. But I cannot do it quickly.

(41)

May 9.

You are really very good about this, and shall have the notes (*D.V.*) within a fortnight. The Scott[4] could not be put off, being promised for June 19, *Nineteenth Century*, and I could not do novels and sermons together. I don't think the notes will be long. The letters seem to be mostly compliments or small objections not worth noticing.

[1] [The book, as appears from one of Mr. Malleson's "Essays and Comments" (p. 94 in the ed. of 1880), was John Blaxton's *English Usurer*, 1634: see below, p. 422.]

[2] [See below, pp. 401–425.]

[3] [*Fiction, Fair and Foul*, ch. i.: see below, pp. 265 *seq.*]

[4] [*Ibid.*, ch. ii.; below, pp. 303 *seq.*]

(42)

May 10*th*, 1880.

My dear Malleson,—Yes, the omission of the "Mr." meant much change in all my feelings towards you and estimates of you—for which change, believe me, I am more glad and thankful than I can well tell you. Not but that of course I always felt your essential goodness and rightness of mind, but I did not at all understand the scope of them.

And you will have the reward of the Visitation of the Sick,[1] though every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally—in trying to pull fallen people up—instead of keeping yet safe ones from tumbling after them, and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material.[2] If they want to be able to save the lost like Christ, let them first be sure they can say with Him, "Of those Thou gavest Me I have lost none."[3]—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

The "Epilogue's" an awful bother to me in this May time! I have not done a word yet, but you shall have it before the week is out.

(44)

May 14*th*, 1880.

I've just done—yesterday—with Scott, and took up the letters[4] for the first time this morning, seriously.

I had never seen *yours* at all when I wrote last. I fell first on Mr. ——, whom I read with some attention, and commented on with little favour: went on to the next, and remained content with that taste till I had done my Scott.

I have this morning been reading your own, on which I very earnestly congratulate you. God knows it isn't because they are friendly or complimentary, but because you *do* see what I mean, and people hardly ever do—and I think it needs very considerable power and feeling to forgive and understand as you do. You have said everything *I* want to say, and much more—except on the one point of excommunication, which will be the chief, almost the only subject, of my final note.

I write in haste to excuse myself for my former note.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

(45)

May 26*th*, 1880.

I'm at work on the "Epilogue," but it takes more trouble than I expected. I see there's a letter from you which I leave unopened, for fear there should be anything in it to put me in a bad temper, which you might easily do without meaning it. You shall have the "Epilogue" as soon as I can get it done; but you won't much like it, for there are bits

[1] [See Matthew xxv. 31–40.]

[2] [On this point, see below, p. 540 ("Blindness and Sight").]

[3] [See John xvii. 12.]

[4] [That is, the letters from various correspondents to Mr. Malleson, criticising Ruskin's.]

in the Clergymen's letters that have put my bristles up. They ought either to have said nothing about me, or known more.

I should give that rascally Bishop a dressing "au sérieux," only you wouldn't like to godfather it, so I'll keep it for somewhere else.[1]

(46)

June 7th, 1880.

Your letter is a relief to my mind, and shall not be taken advantage of for more delay. The wet day or two would get all done: but I simply can't think of anything but the sun while it shines.

And I've had second, third, and seventh thoughts about several things: as it is coming out I believe it will be a useful contribution to the book.

I shall get it in the copyist's hand on Monday, and as it's one of my girl secretaries, I shall be teased till it's done, so it's safe for the end of the week (*D.V.*). I am sadly afraid she'll make me cut out some of the spiciest bits: the girl secretaries are always allowed to put their pens through anything they choose. Please drop the "Mr."; it is a matter of friendship, not as if there were any of different powers. God only knows of higher and lower, and, as far as I can judge, is likely to put ministry to the sick much above public letters.

Thanks for note of *Menyanthes Trifoliata*. I haven't seen it, scarcely moving at present beyond my wood or garden.

(47)

June 13th, 1880.

You are really very good to put up with all that vicious Epilogue. But it won't discredit *you* in the end, whatever it may do me. I hope much otherwise.

I will send you to-morrow the Lincoln, or, possibly, York MS. to look at. You will find the Litany following the Quicunque vult; and, on the leaf marked by me 83, at the top the passage I began quotation with.[2] It will need a note; for *domptnum* is, I believe, strong Yorkshire Latin for Donum Apostolicum, not Dominum.[3]

The *e* in Ecclesie for *æ* is the proper form in medieval Latin.

The calendar and Litany are invaluable in their splendid lists of English saints, and the entire book unreplaceable, so mind you lock it up carefully!

(48)

There's a good deal of interest in the enclosed layman's letter, I think. Would you like to print any bits of it? I cannot quite make up my mind if it's worth or not.

[1] [This presumably refers to some episcopal comment upon Ruskin's Letters; Ruskin, however, did not elsewhere reply to it.]

[2] [That is, in the Epilogue: see above, p. 219.]

[3] [It seems probable that Ruskin at first misread the MS., as no such form as *domptnum* is known, whereas *dompnum* is common mediæval Latin for *dominum*, and the words, as ultimately printed by Ruskin and Malleson, were *dominum apostolicum*: see pp. 219, 231.]

(49)

June 25th.

Dear Malleson,—No, I don't want the letter printed in the least; but it ought to have interested you very differently. It is by a much older man than I, who has never heard of our letters, but has been a very useful and influential person in his own parish, and is a practical and acceptable contributor to sporting papers.[1] He is an able lawyer also, and knows far better than I do and far better than most clergymen know, what could really be done in their country parishes if they had a mind.

The bit of manuscript is perfectly fac-similed by your niece, but I can't read it: and it will be much better that you mark the places you wish certification about, and that I then send the book up to the British Museum, and have the whole made clear. The *dompt* is a very important matter indeed.

I have got the last bit of Epilogue fairly on foot this morning, and can promise it on Monday all well.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

(50)

June 27th, 1880.

The "Epilogue" is all but done to-day, and shall be sent by railway guard to-morrow (*D.V.*), with a book which will further interest you and your good secretary. It is as fine an example of the coloured print Prayer-Book as I have seen, date 1507, and full of examples of the way Romanism had ruined itself at that date. But it may contain in legible form some things of interest. I never could make out so much as its Calendar; but the songs about the saints and rhymed hours are very pretty. Though the illuminations are all ridiculous and one or two frightful, most are more or less pretty, and nearly all interesting. You can keep it any time, but you must promise me not to show it to anybody who does not know how to handle a book. . . .[2]

(51)

July . . .

I'm not in the least anxious about my MS., and shall only be glad if you like to keep it long enough to read thoroughly. There must surely be published copies of such extant, though, and worth inquiring after?

Partly the fine weather, partly the heat, partly a fit of Scott and Byron[3] have stopped the Epilogue utterly for the time! You cannot be in any hurry for it surely? There's plenty to go on printing with.

[1] [No doubt Ruskin's friend, Frederick Gale, for whom see below, p. 580.]

[2] ["I may mention here, once for all, that wherever there are omissions left in Mr. Ruskin's letters, there is nothing of interest or importance in those passages for any one but for the receiver of that letter." (F. A. M.).]

[3] [See *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, ch. iii.; below, p. 322.]

I don't think you will find the n's and m's much bother; the contractions are the great nuisance. But I do think this development of Gothic writing one of the oddest absurdities of mankind.

The illumination of "the fool hath said in his heart,"[1] snapping his fingers, or more accurately making the indecent sign called "the fig" by the Italians, is a very unusual one in this MS., and peculiarly English.

(54)

April 13th, 1881.

DEAR MALLESON,—It will be many a day before I recover yet[2]—if ever—but with caution I hope not to go wild again, and to get what power belongs to my age slowly back. When were you in the same sort of danger? Let me very strongly warn you from the whirlpool edge—the going down in the middle is gloomier than I can tell you.

But I shall thankfully see you and your friend here. Visiting is out of the question for me. I can bear no fatigue nor excitement away from my home. I pay visits no more—anywhere (even in old times few). It is always a great gladness to me when young students care about old books, and I remember—as a duty—the feeling I used to have in getting a Missal, even after I was past a good many other pleasures. You made such good use of that book too, that I am happy in yielding to any wish of yours about it, so your young friend[3] shall have it if he likes. The marked price is quite a fair market one for it, though you might look and wait long before such a book came *into* the market. The British Museum people were hastily and superciliously wrong in calling it a common book. It is not a *showy* one; but there are few more interesting or more perfect service books in English manuscript, and the Museum people buy cart-loads of big folios that are not worth the shelf room.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

(64)

BRANTWOOD, *February 6th*, 1883.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I'm nearly beside myself with a sudden rush of work on my return from abroad, and resumption of Oxford duties,[4] and I simply cannot yet think over the business of the letters, the rather that I certainly never would re-publish most of those clergymen's letters at all.

My own were a gift to you, and I am quite ready to print them if you like.[5]—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Psalms xiv. 1: for the sign of the fig, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 764 *n.*]
[2] [For Ruskin's illness at this time, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxx.]
[3] ["Rev. J. R. Haslam, Vicar of Thwaites, Cumberland." (F. A. M.)]
[4] [See Vol. XXXIII. p. xlv.]
[5] [That is, presumably, in the reissue of 1883: see above, p. 181.]

8

A MUSEUM OR PICTURE GALLERY

(1880)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—These letters first appeared in the *Art Journal* of June (§§ 1–17) and August 1880, vol. 19 (N.S.), pp. 161–163, 225, 226, where they were prefaced with the following note by the editor in explanation of their origin :—

"We are enabled, through Mr. Ruskin's kindness, to publish this month a series of letters to a friend upon the functions and formation of a model Museum or Picture Gallery. As stated in our last issue (p. 157), the question arose thus : At the distribution of the prizes to the School of Art at Leicester by Mr. J. D. Linton and Mr. James Orrock, members of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the latter, after stating the vital importance of study from nothing but the finest models, and expressing his regret that the present price of works of Art of the first class rendered their attainment by schools almost prohibitory, offered drawings by William Hunt and David Cox as a nucleus for a collection. He urged others to follow this example, and with so much success that a few days saw a large sum and many works of Art promised in aid of a students' gallery. The attention of the Leicester Corporation was thereupon drawn to the movement, and they at once endeavoured to annex the scheme to their Museum. Failing in this, they in friendly rivalry subscribed a large sum of money, and the question at once arose how best to dispose of it, each naturally thinking his own ideas the best. At this juncture Mr. Ruskin's aid was invoked by one section of the subscribers, and he replied in a letter which, owing to its having been circulated without its context, has been open to some misconstruction. As he was only asked, so he only advised, what should *not* be done. However, the letter bore its fruits, for both parties have had the attention of the country drawn to their proposals, and so are now more diffident how to set about carrying them into effect than they were before. Under these circumstances Mr. Ruskin has been induced to set out the mode in which he considers an Art Museum should be formed."

The letter which was "open to some misconstruction" may be found in *Arrows of the Chace*, below, p. 542.

The letters were reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 625–640 (§§ 483–507); and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 243–261 (§§ 192–216). Ed. 1 gave the date of the first letter wrongly as "March 26."

A part of the last letter (here §§ 22 (in part)–24) was used again by Ruskin, though with some rearrangement, in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 509–511).

The sections are now renumbered.]

A MUSEUM OR PICTURE GALLERY:

ITS FUNCTIONS AND ITS FORMATION

March 20th, 1880.

1. My dear ——, If I put off writing the paper you asked me for, till I can do it conveniently, it may hang fire till this time next year. If you will accept a note on the subject now and then, keeping them till there are enough to be worth printing, all practical ends may be enough answered, and much more quickly.

The first function of a Museum—(for a little while I shall speak of Art and Natural History as alike cared for in an ideal one)—is to give example of perfect order and perfect elegance, in the true sense of that test word, to the disorderly and rude populace. Everything in its *own* place, everything looking its best because it is there, nothing crowded, nothing unnecessary, nothing puzzling. Therefore, after a room has been once arranged, there must be no change in it. For new possessions there must be new rooms, and after twenty years' absence—coming back to the room in which one learned one's bird or beast alphabet, we should be able to show our children the old bird on the old perch in the accustomed corner. But—first of all, let the room be beautifully complete, *i.e.* complete enough for its proper business.

2. In the British Museum,[1] at the top of the stairs, we

[1] [This refers to the old arrangement of the Museum, before the removal of the Natural History collections to South Kensington. Ruskin was mistaken in supposing (§ 3) that the re-arrangement would "take place in concurrence with Kensington" (*i.e.*, the Science and Art Department). The Natural History Museum is under the exclusive control of the Trustees of the British Museum.]

encounter in a terrific alliance a giraffe, a hippopotamus, and a basking shark.[1] The public—young and old—pass with a start and a stare, and remain as wise as they were before about all the three creatures. The day before yesterday I was standing by the big fish—a father came up to it with his little boy. "That's a shark," says he; "it turns on its side when it wants to eat you," and so went on—literally as wise as he was before; for he had read in a book that sharks turn on their side to bite, and he never looked at the ticket, which told him this particular shark only ate small fish. Now he never looked at the ticket, because he didn't expect to find anything on it except that this was the Sharkogobalus Smith-Jonesianius. But if, round the walls of the room, there had been all the *well-known* kinds of shark, going down, in graduated sizes, from that basking one to our waggling dog-fish, and if every one of these had had a plain English ticket, with ten words of common sense on it, saying where and how the beast lived, and a number (unchangeable) referring to a properly arranged manual of the shark tribe (sold by the Museum publisher, who ought to have his little shop close by the porter's lodge), both father and son must have been much below the level of average English man and boy in mother wit if they did not go out of the room by the door in front of them very distinctly, and—to themselves—amazingly, wiser than they had come in by the door behind them.

3. If I venture to give instances of fault from the British Museum, it is because, on the whole, it is the best-ordered and pleasantest institution in all England, and the grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world. And I am heartily sorry for the break-up of it, and augur no good from any changes of arrangement likely to take place in concurrence with Kensington, where, the same day that I had been meditating by the

[1] [*Selachus maximus:* "The basking shark has derived its name from its propensity to lie on the surface of the water, as if to bask itself in the sun" (Bingley's *Animal Biography*, 1813, vol. iii. p. 97).]

old shark, I lost myself in a Cretan labyrinth of military ironmongery, advertisements of spring blinds, model fish-farming, and plaster bathing nymphs with a year's smut on all the noses of them; and had to put myself in charge of a policeman to get out again.[1]—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

March 29th, 1880.

4. MY DEAR ——, The only chance of my getting these letters themselves into fairly consistent and Museum-like order is by writing a word or two always the first thing in the morning till I get them done; so, I shall at least remember what I was talking of the day before; but for the rest—I must speak of one thing or another as it may come into my head, for there are too many to classify without pedantry and loss of time.

My requirement of "elegance" in that last letter contemplates chiefly architecture and fittings. These should not only be perfect in stateliness, durability, and comfort, but beautiful to the utmost point consistent with due subordination to the objects displayed. To enter a room in the Louvre is an education in itself; but two steps on the filthy floor and under the iron forks, half scaffold, half gallows, of the big Norwood glass bazaar, debase mind and eye at once below possibility of looking at anything with profit all the day afterwards. I have just heard that a French picture dealer is to have charge of the picture gallery there, and that the whole interior is to become virtually a large café, when—it is hoped—the glass monster may at last "pay." Concerning which beautiful consummation of Mr. Dickens's "Fairyland" (see my pamphlet[2] on the opening of the so-called "palace"), be it here at once

[1] [Compare "Modern Art," § 32 (Vol. XIX. p. 223); Vol. XXIX. p. 560; and *Art of England*, § 60 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 307).]

[2] [*The Opening of the Crystal Palace considered in some of its Relations to the Prospects of Art* (1854): Vol. XII. pp. 417 *seq.* The reference to Dickens occurs, however, not there, but in *Ethics of the Dust*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 243).]

noted, that all idea of any "payment," in that sense, must be utterly and scornfully abjured on the foundation stone of every National or Civic Museum. There must be neither companies to fill their own pockets out of it, nor trustees who can cramp the management, or interfere with the officering, or shorten the supplies of it. Put one man of reputation and sense at its head; give him what staff he asks for, and a fixed annual sum for expenditure—specific accounts to be printed annually for all the world's seeing—and let him alone. The original expenditure for building and fitting must be magnificent, and the current expenditure for cleaning and refitting magnanimous; but a certain proportion of this current cost should be covered by small entrance fees, exacted, not for any miserly helping out of the floor-sweepers' salaries, but for the sake of the visitors themselves, that the rooms may not be encumbered by the idle, or disgraced by the disreputable. You must not make your Museum a refuge against either rain or ennui, nor let into perfectly well-furnished, and even, in the true sense, palatial, rooms, the utterly squalid and ill-bred portion of the people. There should, indeed, be refuges for the poor from rain and cold, and decent rooms accessible to indecent persons, if they like to go there; but neither of these charities should be part of the function of a Civic Museum.

5. Make the entrance fee a silver penny (a silver groat, typically representing the father, mother, eldest son, and eldest daughter, passing always the total number of any one family), and every person admitted, however young, being requested to sign their name, or make their mark.[1]

That the entrance money should be always of silver is one of the beginnings of education in the place—one of the conditions of its "elegance" on the very threshold.

And the institution of silver for bronze in the lower coinage[2] is a part of the system of National education

[1] [Inability to write being no disqualification in Ruskin's eyes, but rather the reverse: see the anecdote in Vol. XXVIII. p. 645 *n.*]

[2] [See *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 430).]

which I have been teaching these last ten years—a very much deeper and wider one than any that can be given in museums—and without which all museums will ultimately be vain.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

P.S.—There should be a well-served coffee-room attached to the building; but this part of the establishment without any luxury in furniture or decoration, and without any cooking apparatus for carnivora.

Easter Monday, 1880.

6. DEAR ——, The day is auspicious for the beginning of reflection on the right manner of manifestation of all divine things to those who desire to see them. For every house of the Muses, where, indeed, they live, is an Interpreter's by the wayside,[1] or rather, a place of oracle and interpretation in one. And the right function of every museum, to simple persons, is the manifestation to them of what is lovely in the life of Nature, and heroic in the life of Men.

There are already, you see, some quaint restrictions in that last sentence, whereat sundry of our friends will start, and others stop. I must stop also, myself, therefore, for a minute or two, to insist on them.

7. A Museum, primarily, is to be for *simple* persons. Children, that is to say, and peasants. For your student, your antiquary, or your scientific gentleman, there must be separate accommodation, or they must be sent elsewhere. The Town Museum is to be for the Town's People, the Village Museum for the Villagers. Keep that first principle clear to start with. If you want to found an academy of painting in Littleborough, or of literature in Squattlesea Mere, you must get your advice from somebody else, not me.

8. Secondly. The museum is to manifest to these simple

[1] ["Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey, so the other told him, That by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the *Interpreter*" (*Pilgrim's Progress*).]

persons the beauty and life of all things and creatures in their perfectness. Not their modes of corruption, disease, or death. Not even, always, their genesis, in the more or less blundering beginnings of it; not even their modes of nourishment, if destructive; you must not stuff a blackbird pulling up a worm, nor exhibit in a glass case a crocodile crunching a baby.

Neither must you ever show bones or guts, or any other charnel-house stuff. Teach your children to know the lark's note from the nightingale's; the length of their larynxes is their own business, and God's.

I cannot enough insist upon this point, nor too solemnly. If you wish your children to be surgeons, send them to Surgeons' College; if jugglers or necromancers, to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke;[1] and if butchers, to the shambles: but if you want them to lead the calm life of country gentlemen and gentlewomen, manservants and maidservants, let them seek none of Death's secrets till they die.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, J. R.

Easter Tuesday, 1880.

9. DEAR ——, I must enter to-day somewhat further on the practical, no less than emotional, reason for the refusal of anatomical illustrations to the general public.

It is difficult enough to get one clear idea into anybody, of any single thing. But next to impossible to get *two* clear ideas into them, of the same thing. We have had lions' heads for door-knockers these hundred and fifty years, without ever learning so much as what a lion's head is like.[2] But with good modern stuffing and sketching, I can manage now to make a child really understand something about the beast's look, and his mane, and his sullen eyes and brindled lips. But if I'm bothered at the same time with a big

[1] [Ruskin at one time frequently visited this conjuring entertainment at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly; for another reference to it, see below, p. 280.]

[2] [Compare the plate in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* of the conventional lion's head and Millais's study from life: Vol. XII. p. 66.]

bony box, that has neither mane, lips, nor eyes, and have to explain to the poor wretch of a parish schoolboy how somehow this fits on to that, I will be bound that, at a year's end, draw one as big as the other, and he won't know a lion's head from a tiger's—nor a lion's skull from a rabbit's. Nor is it the parish boy only who suffers. The scientific people themselves miss half their points from the habit of hacking at things, instead of looking at them. When I gave my lecture on the Swallow[1] at Oxford, I challenged every anatomist there to tell me the use of his tail (I believe half of them didn't know he had one). Not a soul of them could tell me, which I knew beforehand; but I did not know, till I had looked well through their books, how they were quarrelling about his wings! Actually at this moment (Easter Tuesday, 1880), I don't believe you can find in any scientific book in Europe a true account of the way a bird flies—or how a snake serpentines. My Swallow lecture was the first bit of clear statement on the one point, and when I get my Snake lecture published,[2] you will have the first extant bit of clear statement on the other; and that is simply because the anatomists can't, for their life, look at a thing till they have skinned it.

10. And matters get worse and worse every hour. Yesterday, after writing the first leaf of this note, I went into the British Museum, and found a nasty skeleton of a lizard, with its under jaw dropped off, on the top of a table of butterflies—temporarily of course—but then everything has been temporary or temporising at the British Museum for the last half-century; making it always a mere waste and weariness to the general public, because, forsooth, it had always to be kept up to the last meeting of the Zoological Society, and last edition of the *Times*. As if there had not been beasts enough before the Ark to tell our children the manners of, on a Sunday afternoon!

[1] [In 1873: see *Love's Meinie*, § 64, and Appendix II. (Vol. XXV. pp. 58, 177).]

[2] ["A Caution to Snakes," delivered at the London Institution on March 17, 1880, and afterwards published (July) as chapter i. ("Living Waves") in the second volume of *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. pp. 295 *seq.*]

11. I had gone into the Museum that day to see the exact form of a duck's wing, the examination of a lively young drake's here at Coniston having closed in his giving me such a cut on the wrist with it, that I could scarcely write all the morning afterwards. Now in the whole bird gallery there are only two ducks' wings expanded, and those in different positions. Fancy the difference to the mob, and me, if the shells and monkey skeletons were taken away from the mid-gallery, and instead, three gradated series of birds put down the length of it (or half the length —or a quarter would do it—with judgment), showing the transition, in length of beak, from bunting to woodcock—in length of leg, from swift to stilted plover—and in length of wing, from auk to frigate-bird; the wings, all opened, in one specimen of each bird to their full sweep, and in another, shown at the limit of the down back stroke. For what on earth—or in air—is the use to me of seeing their boiled sternums and scalped sinciputs, when I'm never shown either how they bear their breasts—or where they carry their heads?

Enough of natural history, you will say! I will come to art in my next letter—finishing the ugly subject of this one with a single sentence from section ix. of the *Tale of a Tub*, commending the context of it to my friends of the Royal Academy:—

"Last week, I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse."[1]

Ever, my dear ——, affectionately yours, J. R.

[1] [The passage continues: "Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a Beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one Suit of Cloaths. Then I laid open his Brain, his Heart, and his Spleen: but I plainly perceived that the farther we proceeded, we found the Defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an Art to sodder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind and teach us a much more useful Science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them (like him who held Anatomy to be the ultimate end of Physic)." Compare Vol. IV. p. 337 *n.*]

7th April, 1880.

12. My dear ——, I suppose that proper respect for the great first principles of the British Constitution, that every man should do as he pleases, think what he likes, and see everything that can be seen for money, will make most of your readers recoil from *my* first principle of Museum arrangement,—that nothing should be let inside the doors that isn't good of its sort,—as from an attempt to restore the Papacy, revive the Inquisition, and away with everybody to the lowest dungeon of the castle moat. They must at their pleasure charge me with these sinister views; they will find that there is no dexter view to be had of the business, which does not consist primarily in knowing Bad from Good, and Right from Wrong. Nor, if they will condescend to begin simply enough, and at the bottom of the said business, and let the cobbler judge of the crepida,[1] and the potter of the pot, will they find it so supremely difficult to establish authorities that shall be trustworthy, and judgments that shall be sure.

13. Suppose, for instance, at Leicester, whence came first to us the inquiry on such points, one began by setting apart a Hunter's Room, in which a series of portraits of their Master's favourites, for the last fifty years or so, should be arranged, with certificate from each Squire of his satisfaction, to such and such a point, with the portrait of Lightfoot, or Lucifer, or Will o' the Wisp; and due notification, for perhaps a recreant and degenerate future, of the virtues and perfections at this time sought and secured in the English horse. Would not such a chamber of chivalry have, in its kind, a quite indisputable authority and historical value, not to be shaken by any future impudence or infidelity?

[1] ["Ne sutor supra crepidam" (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxxv. 10, 36): let the cobbler stick to his last. Pliny tells the story that a cobbler detected a fault in a shoelatchet in one of the paintings of Apelles, who rectified the fault, but bade him keep to his trade when he proceeded to criticise the figure: hence in § 24 (below, p. 261) "the duly restricted sutor." See also below, p. 474; and Vol. XXIX. p. 498.]

Or again in Staffordshire, would it not be easily answered to an honest question of what is good and not, in clay or ware, "This will work, and that will stand"? and might not a series of the mugs which have been matured with discrimination, and of the pots which have been popular in use, be so ordered as to display their qualities in a convincing and harmonious manner against all gainsayers?

14. Nor is there any mystery of taste, or marvel of skill, concerning which you may not get quite easy initiation and safe pilotage for the common people, provided you once make them clearly understand that there is indeed something to be learned, and something to be admired, in the arts, which will need their attention for a time; and cannot be explained with a word, nor seen with a wink. And provided also, and with still greater decision, you set over them masters, in each branch of the arts, who know their own minds in that matter, and are not afraid to speak them, nor to say, "We know," when they know, and "We don't know," when they don't.

To which end, the said several branches must be held well apart, and dealt with one at a time. Every considerable town ought to have its exemplary collections of woodwork, ironwork, and jewellery, attached to the schools of their several trades, leaving to be illustrated in its public museum, as in an hexagonal bee's cell, the six queenly and muse-taught arts of needlework, writing, pottery, sculpture, architecture, and painting.

15. For each of these, there should be a separate Tribune or Chamber of absolute tribunal, which need not be large—that, so called, of Florence,[1] not the size of a railway waiting-room, has actually for the last century determined the taste of the European public in two arts! —in which the absolute best in each art, so far as attainable by the communal pocket, should be authoritatively exhibited, with simple statement that it *is* good, and

[1] [See above, p. 171.]

reason why it is good, and notification in what particulars it is unsurpassable, together with some not too complex illustrations of the steps by which it has attained to that perfection, where these can be traced far back in history.

16. These six Tribunes, or Temples, of Fame, being first set with their fixed criteria, there should follow a series of historical galleries, showing the rise and fall (if fallen) of the arts in their beautiful associations, as practised in the great cities and by the great nations of the world. The history of Egypt, of Persia, of Greece, of Italy, of France, and of England, should be given in their arts,—dynasty by dynasty and age by age; and for a seventh, a Sunday Room, for the history of Christianity in its art, including the farthest range and feeblest efforts of it; reserving for this room, also, what power could be reached in delineation of the great monasteries and cathedrals which were once the glory of all Christian lands.

17. In such a scheme, every form of noble art would take harmonious and instructive place, and often very little and disregarded things be found to possess unthought-of interest and hidden relative beauty; but its efficiency—and in this chiefly let it be commended to the patience of your practical readers—would depend, not on its extent, but on its strict and precise limitation. The methods of which, if you care to have my notions of them, I might perhaps enter into, next month,[1] with some illustrative detail.—Ever most truly yours, J. R.

10*th June*, 1880.

18. My dear ——, I can't give you any talk on detail, yet; but, not to drop a stitch in my story, I want to say why I've attached so much importance to needlework, and put it in the opening court of the six. You see they are progressive, so that I don't quite put needlework on a *level* with painting. But a nation that would learn to "touch"

[1] [The next letters appeared, however, two months later: see above, p. 246.]

must primarily know how to "stitch." I am always busy, for a good part of the day, in my wood,[1] and wear out my leathern gloves fast, after once I can wear them at all: but that's the precise difficulty of the matter. I get them from the shop looking as stout and trim as you please, and half an hour after I've got to work they split up the fingers and thumbs like ripe horse-chestnut shells, and I find myself with five dangling rags round my wrist, and a rotten white thread draggling after me through the wood, or tickling my nose, as if Ariadne and Arachne had lost their wits together. I go home, invoking the universe against sewing-machines;[2] and beg the charity of a sound stitch or two from any of the maids who know their woman's art; and thenceforward the life of the glove proper begins. Now, it is not possible for any people that put up with this sort of thing, to learn to paint, or do anything else with their fingers decently:—only, for the most part they don't think their museums are meant to show them how to do anything decently, but rather how to be idle, indecently. Which extremely popular and extremely erroneous persuasion, if you please, we must get out of our way before going further.

19. I owe some apology, by the way, to Mr. Frith, for the way I spoke of his picture[3] in my letter to the Leicester committee, not intended for publication, though I never write what I would not allow to be published,[4] and was glad that they asked leave to print it. It was not I who instanced the picture, it had been named in the meeting of the committee as the kind of thing that people best like, and I was obliged to say *why* people best liked it:—namely, not for the painting, which is good, and worthy their liking,[5] but for the sight of the racecourse and its humours. And the reason that such a picture ought not to

[1] [See Vol. XXV. p. xxviii.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 453.]
[3] [The "Derby Day." See *Arrows of the Chace;* below, p. 542.]
[4] [Compare the words in *Fors Clavigera* used as the motto to *Arrows of the Chace;* below, p. 458.]
[5] [Compare the notice of the picture in *Academy Notes:* Vol. XIV. p. 161.]

be in a museum, is precisely because in a museum people ought not to fancy themselves on a racecourse. If they want to see races, let them go to races; and if rogues, to Bridewells. They come to museums to see something different from rogues and races.

20. But, to put the matter at once more broadly, and more accurately, be it remembered, for sum of all, that a museum is not a theatre. Both are means of noble education—but you must not mix up the two. Dramatic interest is one thing; æsthetic charm another; a pantomime must not depend on its fine colour, nor a picture on its fine pantomime.

Take a special instance. It is long since I have been so pleased in the Royal Academy as I was by Mr. Briton Riviere's "Sympathy."[1] The dog in uncaricatured doggedness, divine as Anubis, or the Dog-star; the child entirely childish and lovely, the carpet might have been laid by Veronese. A most precious picture in itself, yet not one for a museum. Everybody would think only of the story in it; everybody be wondering what the little girl had done, and how she would be forgiven, and if she wasn't, how soon she would stop crying, and give the doggie a kiss, and comfort his heart. All which they might study at home among their own children and dogs just as well; and should not come to the museum to plague the real students there, since there is not anything of especial notableness or unrivalled quality in the actual painting.

21. On the other hand, one of the four pictures I chose for permanent teaching in *Fors* was one of a child and a dog.[2] The child is doing nothing; neither is the dog. But the dog is absolutely and beyond comparison the best painted dog in the world—ancient or modern—on this side of it, or at the Antipodes, (so far as I've seen the contents

[1] [At the Academy, 1878: for another reference to the picture, see *Art of England*, § 63 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 310).]

[2] [For this picture—"The Infanta Margarita Teresa"—by Velasquez, see Plate VIII. in Vol. XXVIII. (p. 627).]

of said world). And the child is painted so that child *cannot* be better done.[1] *That* is a picture for a museum.

Not that dramatic, still less didactic, intention should disqualify a work of art for museum purposes. But—broadly—dramatic and didactic art should be universally national, the lustre of our streets, the treasure of our palaces, the pleasure of our homes. Much art that is weak, transitory, and rude may thus become helpful to us. But the museum is only for what is eternally right, and well done, according to divine law and human skill. The least things are to be there—and the greatest—but all *good* with the goodness that makes a child cheerful and an old man calm; the simple should go there to learn, and the wise to remember.

22. And now to return to what I meant to be the subject of this letter—the arrangement of our first ideal room in such a museum. As I think of it, I would fain expand the single room, first asked for, into one like Prince Houssain's,—no, Prince Houssain had the flying tapestry, and I forget which prince had the elastic palace.[2] But, indeed, it must be a lordly chamber which shall be large enough to exhibit the true nature of thread and needle—omened in "Thread-needle Street"![3]

The structure,[4] first of wool and cotton, of fur, and hair, and down, of hemp, flax, and silk:—microscope permissible if any cause can be shown *why* wool is soft, and fur fine, and cotton downy, and down downier; and how a flax fibre

[1] [Dürer's famous saying: see Vol. XXII. p. 371.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 736.]

[3] [For the importance attached by Ruskin to the art of needlework as "necessary for the prosperity of a nation," see "The Story of Arachne," Vol. XX. p. 377; and compare above, p. 256. He suggests that this importance is shown by a chief street in the City of London—the street, moreover, in which the Bank of England is now situated—having been given the name Thread-needle. The name is supposed to be a corruption of *Thrig-needle* (three-needle) street, from the three needles borne in the arms of the Needlemakers' Company. Other etymologists, however, make it a corruption of *Thryddenal Street* (Anglo-Saxon *thrydda*, third), meaning the third street from Cheapside.]

[4] [The following sentences (§§ 22–24) are repeated with revision and rearrangement from *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 509–511), where the necessary notes will be found.]

differs from a dandelion stalk, and how the substance of a mulberry leaf can become velvet for Queen Victoria's crown, and clothing of purple for the housewife of Solomon.

Then the phase of its dyeing. What azures, and emeralds, and Tyrian scarlets can be got into fibres of thread.

23. Then the phase of its spinning. The mystery of that divine spiral, from finest to firmest, which renders lace possible at Valenciennes—anchorage possible, after Trafalgar—if Hardy had but done as he was bid.

Then the mystery of weaving. The eternal harmony of warp and woof, of all manner of knotting, knitting, and reticulation, the art which makes garment possible, woven from the top throughout, draughts of fishes possible, miraculous enough in any pilchard or herring shoal, gathered into companionable catchableness;—which makes, in fine, so many Nations possible, and Saxon and Norman beyond the rest.

24. And finally, the accomplished phase of needlework, the *Acu Tetigisti* of all time, which does, indeed, practically exhibit what mediæval theologists vainly tried to conclude inductively—How many angels can stand on a needle-point.[1] To show the essential nature of a stitch—drawing the separate into the inseparable, from the lowly work of duly restricted sutor, and modestly installed cobbler, to the needle-Scripture of Matilda,[2] the Queen.

All the acicular Art of Nations, savage and civilized, from Lapland boot, letting in no snow-water—to Turkey cushion bossed with pearl—to valance of Venice gold in needlework—to the counterpanes and samplers of our own lovely ancestresses,[3] imitable, perhaps, once more, with good help from Whitelands College—and Girton.

[1] [See Duns Scotus in the *Second Book of Sentences*. Speculations on the subject may be read in vol. ii. pp. 175 *seq.* of *Commentarii Theologici quibus Io. Duns Scoti quæstiones in Libros Sententiarum elucidantur et illustrantur Authore Ioanne Poncio*, Paris, 1661.]

[2] [For other references to the Bayeux Tapestry, see Vol. X. p. 76, and Vol. XX. pp. 269, 375.]

[3] [To an exhibition of samplers at the Fine Art Society in 1900, Mrs. Severn sent a "Sampler worked by John Ruskin's grandmother, Catherine Tweddale, A.D. 1775" (No. 136 in the catalogue).]

25. It was but yesterday, my own womankind were in much wholesome and sweet excitement delightful to behold, in the practice of some new device of remedy for rents (to think how much of evil there is in the two senses of that four-lettered word! as in the two methods of intonation of its synonym tear!) whereby they might be daintily effaced, and with a newness which would never make them worse. The process began beautifully, even to my uninformed eyes, in the likeness of herring-bone masonry, crimson on white, but it seemed to me marvellous that anything should yet be discoverable in needle process, and that of so utilitarian character.

All that is reasonable, I say, of such work is to be in our first museum room. All that Athena and Penelope would approve. Nothing that vanity has invented for change, or folly loved for costliness; but all that can bring honest pride into homely life, and give security to health —and honour to beauty.

J. Ruskin.

9

FICTION, FAIR AND FOUL

(1880, 1881)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—These Five Papers appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, thus:—

I. No. 40, June 1880, vol. vii. pp. 941–963.
II. No. 42, August 1880, vol. viii. pp. 195–206.
III. No. 43, September 1880, vol. viii. pp. 394–410.
IV. No. 45, November 1880, vol. viii. pp. 748–760.
V. No. 56, October 1881, vol. x. pp. 516–531.

The Papers were reprinted in *On the Old Road*, §§ 1–123, vol. ii. pp. 3–166, in ed. 1 (1885); vol. iii. pp. 3–169, in ed. 2 (1899).

Reviews appeared of the first two papers in the *Spectator*, August 7, 1880 ("Mr. Ruskin on Wordsworth"), of the first three in the *St. James's Magazine*, October 1880, vol. 39, pp. 307–315, and of the fifth in the *Academy*, October 15, 1881.

For some misprints in I. and III. as originally printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, see the author's notes at the end of II. and IV. (below, pp. 321, 368 *n.*). The misprints were corrected in *On the Old Road*.

To these, it may be added that in § 14, note †, line 49, "quite" was misprinted "quiet" in *On the Old Road;* in § 27, lines 11 and 12, Redgauntlet was missed out altogether in the *Nineteenth Century* (the MS. having omitted it in fair-copying); and in § 54, note, line 9, "1820" was misprinted "1828" in the *Nineteenth Century* and in ed. 1 of *On the Old Road*.

In the present edition, a few other corrections have now been made:—

§ 14 *n.*, "Necbatanus" for "Nectabanus."

§ 21, note †, the reference to Lockhart has hitherto been misprinted "106."

§ 27, note †, quotation marks have been introduced.

§ 33, "Freebairn" for "Fairbairn."

§ 33 *n.*, "Macgeorge" for "George"; and "120, 140" for "129, 149."

§ 42, note †, the Italian line is corrected.

§ 53, line 7, "Isar" is here an alteration for "Iser"; for, though the Bavarian river is also sometimes spelt "Iser," that spelling is usually reserved for the Bohemian river.

§ 76, line 7, "Trumbull" has hitherto been misprinted "Turnbull."

§ 76, some of the page references to Lockhart have here been corrected; one reference has been added; and quotation marks have in two cases been inserted.

§ 87, line 23, "1167" is a correction for "1166."

§ 87, note, "9" for "8."

§ 88, note, the reference to Sismondi is changed from "vol. i. p. 378" to "vol. ii. p. 127."

§ 98, note *, see p. 367 *n.*

§ 106, line 6, "Léoni" for "Léonie."

§ 115, line 14, "fright" is a correction for "right."

§ 120, in the quotation from Scott, "pliskies" for "diskies" and "sops" for "taps"; and some words omitted by Ruskin are inserted.

§§ 116, 121, 122, "Lancie" for "Laurie."]

FICTION, FAIR AND FOUL

I *

[SCOTT]

1. On the first mild—or, at least, the first bright—day of March,[1] in this year, I walked through what was once a country lane, between the hostelry of the Half-moon at the bottom of Herne Hill, and the secluded College of Dulwich.

In my young days, Croxted Lane was a green bye-road traversable for some distance by carts; but rarely so traversed, and, for the most part, little else than a narrow strip of untilled field, separated by blackberry hedges from the better-cared-for meadows on each side of it: growing more weeds, therefore, than they, and perhaps in spring a primrose or two—white archangel—daisies plenty, and purple thistles in autumn. A slender rivulet, boasting little of its brightness, for there are no springs at Dulwich, yet fed purely enough by the rain and morning dew, here trickled —there loitered—through the long grass beneath the hedges, and expanded itself, where it might, into moderately clear and deep pools, in which, under their veils of duck-weed, a fresh-water shell or two, sundry curious little skipping shrimps, any quantity of tadpoles in their time, and even sometimes a tittlebat, offered themselves to my boyhood's

* *Nineteenth Century*, June 1880.

[1] [Wordsworth's "To my Sister": compare Vol. XVII. p. 376, and Vol. XXIII. p. xxi.]

pleased, and not inaccurate, observation.[1] There, my mother and I used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn; and there, in after years, I used to walk in the summer shadows, as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual in *Modern Painters*.

So, as aforesaid, on the first kindly day of this year, being thoughtful more than usual of those old times, I went to look again at the place.

2. Often, both in those days, and since, I have put myself hard to it, vainly, to find words wherewith to tell of beautiful things; but beauty has been in the world since the world was made, and human language can make a shift, somehow, to give account of it, whereas the peculiar forces of devastation induced by modern city life have only entered the world lately; and no existing terms of language known to me are enough to describe the forms of filth, and modes of ruin, that varied themselves along the course of Croxted Lane. The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three railroads. Half a dozen handfuls of new cottages, with Doric doors, are dropped about here and there among the gashed ground: the lane itself, now entirely grassless, is a deep-rutted, heavy-hillocked cart-road, diverging gatelessly into various brickfields or pieces of waste; and bordered on each side by heaps of—Hades only knows what!—mixed dust of every unclean thing that can crumble in drought, and mildew of every unclean thing that can rot or rust in damp: ashes and rags, beer-bottles and old shoes, battered pans, smashed crockery, shreds of nameless clothes, door-sweepings, floor-sweepings, kitchen garbage, back-garden sewage, old iron, rotten timber jagged with out-torn nails, cigar-ends, pipe-bowls, cinders, bones, and ordure, indescribable; and, variously kneaded into, sticking to, or fluttering

[1] [Compare *Præterita*, i. § 100.]

foully here and there over all these, remnants, broadcast, of every manner of newspaper, advertisement or big-lettered bill, festering and flaunting out their last publicity in the pits of stinking dust and mortal slime.

3. The lane ends now where its prettiest windings once began; being cut off by a cross-road leading out of Dulwich to a minor railway station: and on the other side of this road, what was of old the daintiest intricacy of its solitude is changed into a straight, and evenly macadamised carriage drive between new houses of extreme respectability, with good attached gardens and offices—most of these tenements being larger—all more pretentious, and many, I imagine, held at greatly higher rent than my father's, tenanted for twenty years at Herne Hill. And it became matter of curious meditation to me what must here become of children resembling my poor little dreamy quondam self in temper, and thus brought up at the same distance from London, and in the same or better circumstances of worldly fortune; but with only Croxted Lane in its present condition for their country walk. The trimly kept road before their doors, such as one used to see in the fashionable suburbs of Cheltenham or Leamington, presents nothing to their study but gravel, and gas-lamp posts; the modern addition of a vermilion letter-pillar contributing indeed to the splendour, but scarcely to the interest of the scene; and a child of any sense or fancy would hastily contrive escape from such a barren desert of politeness, and betake itself to investigation, such as might be feasible, of the natural history of Croxted Lane.

4. But, for its sense or fancy, what food, or stimulus, can it find, in that foul causeway of its youthful pilgrimage? What would have happened to myself, so directed, I cannot clearly imagine. Possibly, I might have got interested in the old iron and wood-shavings; and become an engineer or a carpenter: but for the children of to-day, accustomed, from the instant they are out of their cradles, to the sight of this infinite nastiness, prevailing as a fixed

condition of the universe, over the face of nature, and accompanying all the operations of industrious man, what is to be the scholastic issue? unless, indeed, the thrill of scientific vanity in the primary analysis of some unheard-of process of corruption—or the reward of microscopic research in the sight of worms with more legs, and acari of more curious generation than ever vivified the more simply smelling plasma of antiquity.

One result of such elementary education is, however, already certain; namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of an imaginative literature: and that the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy.

5. The many concurrent reasons for this mischief may, I believe, be massed under a few general heads.

(I.) There is first the hot fermentation and unwholesome secrecy of the population crowded into large cities,[1] each mote in the misery lighter, as an individual soul, than a dead leaf, but becoming oppressive and infectious each to his neighbour, in the smoking mass of decay. The resulting modes of mental ruin and distress are continually new; and in a certain sense, worth study in their monstrosity: they have accordingly developed a corresponding science of fiction, concerned mainly with the description of such forms of disease, like the botany of leaf-lichens.

In De Balzac's story of *Father Goriot*,[2] a grocer makes a large fortune, of which he spends on himself as much as may keep him alive; and on his two daughters, all that

[1] [On the secrecy of life in large cities, compare *Time and Tide*, § 72 (Vol. XVII. pp. 378, 379). Compare also the note on *Queen of the Air*, § 121 (Vol. XIX. p. 401).]

[2] [For another reference to *Le Père Goriot*, see Appendix 21 in Vol. XXIX. (p. 588).]

can promote their pleasures or their pride. He marries them to men of rank, supplies their secret expenses, and provides for his favourite a separate and clandestine establishment with her lover. On his deathbed, he sends for this favourite daughter, who wishes to come, and hesitates for a quarter of an hour between doing so, and going to a ball at which it has been for the last month her chief ambition to be seen. She finally goes to the ball.

The story is, of course, one of which the violent contrasts and spectral catastrophe could only take place, or be conceived, in a large city. A village grocer cannot make a large fortune, cannot marry his daughters to titled squires, and cannot die without having his children brought to him, if in the neighbourhood, by fear of village gossip, if for no better cause.

6. (II.) But a much more profound feeling than this mere curiosity of science in morbid phenomena is concerned in the production of the carefullest forms of modern fiction. The disgrace and grief resulting from the mere trampling pressure and electric friction of town life, become to the sufferers peculiarly mysterious in their undeservedness, and frightful in their inevitableness. The power of all surroundings over them for evil; the incapacity of their own minds to refuse the pollution, and of their own wills to oppose the weight, of the staggering mass that chokes and crushes them into perdition, brings every law of healthy existence into question with them, and every alleged method of help and hope into doubt. Indignation, without any calming faith in justice, and self-contempt, without any curative self-reproach, dull the intelligence, and degrade the conscience, into sullen incredulity of all sunshine outside the dung-hill, or breeze beyond the wafting of its impurity; and at last a philosophy develops itself, partly satiric, partly consolatory, concerned only with the regenerative vigour of manure, and the necessary obscurities of fimetic[1] Providence;

[1] [For this word, see Vol. XXVII. p. 630.]

showing how everybody's fault is somebody else's, how infection has no law, digestion no will, and profitable dirt no dishonour.

And thus an elaborate and ingenious scholasticism, in what may be called the Divinity of Decomposition, has established itself in connection with the more recent forms of romance, giving them at once a complacent tone of clerical dignity, and an agreeable dash of heretical impudence; while the inculcated doctrine has the double advantage of needing no laborious scholarship for its foundation, and no painful self-denial for its practice.

7. (III.) The monotony of life in the central streets of any great modern city, but especially in those of London, where every emotion intended to be derived by men from the sight of nature, or the sense of art, is forbidden for ever, leaves the craving of the heart for a sincere, yet changeful, interest, to be fed from one source only. Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the labourer are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable, animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labour too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between

such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust: where—chief and most fatal difference in state—there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse, or the slitting of a pocket?

8. I said that under these laws of inanition, the craving of the human heart for some kind of excitement could be supplied from *one* source only. It might have been thought by any other than a sternly tentative philosopher, that the denial of their natural food to human feelings would have provoked a reactionary desire for it; and that the dreariness of the street would have been gilded by dreams of pastoral felicity. Experience has shown the fact to be otherwise; the thoroughly trained Londoner can enjoy no other excitement than that to which he has been accustomed, but asks for *that* in continually more ardent or more virulent concentration; and the ultimate power of fiction to entertain him is by varying to his fancy the modes, and defining for his dulness the horrors, of Death. In the single novel of *Bleak House* there are nine deaths (or left for death's, in the drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's,[1] or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can

[1] [See chapter viii.]

be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:—

One by assassination	Mr. Tulkinghorn.
One by starvation, with phthisis	Joe.
One by chagrin	Richard.
One by spontaneous combustion	Mr. Krook.
One by sorrow	Lady Dedlock's lover.
One by remorse	Lady Dedlock.
One by insanity	Miss Flite.
One by paralysis	Sir Leicester.

Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged.[1]

And all this, observe, not in a tragic, adventurous, or military story, but merely as the further enlivenment of a narrative intended to be amusing; and as a properly representative average of the statistics of civilian mortality in the centre of London.

9. Observe further, and chiefly. It is not the mere number of deaths (which, if we count the odd troopers in the last scene, is exceeded in *Old Mortality*, and reached, within one or two, both in *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*[2]) that marks the peculiar tone of the modern novel. It is the fact that all these deaths, but one, are of inoffensive, or at least in the world's estimate, respectable persons; and that they are all grotesquely either violent or miserable, purporting thus to illustrate the modern theology that the appointed destiny of a large average of our population is to die like rats in a drain, either by trap or poison. Not, indeed, that a lawyer in full practice can be usually supposed as faultless in the eye of Heaven as a dove or a

[1] [For the arrest of Mademoiselle Hortense, murderess of Mr. Tulkinghorn, see ch. liv.]

[2] [In *Waverley* there are five deaths—viz., those of the Laird of Balmawhapple and Colonel Gardner (ch. xlvii.), Richard Waverley (ch. lxi.), Donald Bean Lean (ch. lxii.), and Fergus MacIvor (ch. lxix.). In *Guy Mannering* there are seven or eight deaths—viz., the murder of Kennedy, whose cruel function was that of "riding officer" (ch. ix.); the death from shock of Mrs. Bertram (*ibid.*), and of her husband (ch. xiii.); one or two smugglers, including Brown (ch. xxx.); Meg Merrilies, the heroine, shot by Dirk Hatteraick (ch. liv.), Glossin, killed in his struggle with him (ch. lvii.), with finally the suicide of Hatteraick himself (*ibid.*).]

woodcock; but it is not, in former divinities, thought the will of Providence that he should be dropped by a shot from a client behind his fire-screen, and retrieved in the morning by his housemaid under the chandelier. Neither is Lady Dedlock less reprehensible in her conduct than many women of fashion have been and will be: but it would not therefore have been thought poetically just, in old-fashioned morality, that she should be found by her daughter lying dead, with her face in the mud of a St. Giles's churchyard.[1]

10. In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo[2]). In *Old Mortality*, four of the deaths, Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's, and Evandale's, are magnificently heroic; Burley's and Olifant's long deserved, and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military duty; and the old miser's, as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care:—

"'Ailie' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance), 'Ailie, take ye care and haud the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude eneugh to see to dee wi'. He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table."[3]

In *Guy Mannering*, the murder, though unpremeditated, of a single person, (himself not entirely innocent, but at least by heartlessness in a cruel function earning his fate,) is avenged to the uttermost on all the men conscious of the crime; Mr. Bertram's death, like that of his wife, brief

[1] [Compare Vol. XXX. p. 155.]

[2] [*Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 4; *Othello*, Act v. sc. 2.]

[3] [Ch. xxxix. of *Old Mortality*. For the other deaths, see ch. xvi. for Bothwell's and Grahame's; ch. xxxvi. for those of Macbriar, Evandale, Burley, and Olifant. For numerous deaths both of troopers and insurgents, in battle and otherwise, see chaps. xvi., xxv., xxxiii.–iv., and xliv. Ruskin omits to mention the death of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the mad preacher, in ch. xxxiv.]

in pain, and each told in the space of half-a-dozen lines; and that of the heroine of the tale, self-devoted, heroic in the highest, and happy.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten, in the comparison of Scott's with inferior work, that his own splendid powers were, even in early life, tainted, and in his latter years destroyed, by modern conditions of commercial excitement, then first, but rapidly, developing themselves. There are parts even in his best novels coloured to meet tastes which he despised; and many pages written in his later ones to lengthen his article for the indiscriminate market.

11. But there was one weakness of which his healthy mind remained incapable to the last. In modern stories prepared for more refined or fastidious audiences than those of Dickens, the funereal excitement is obtained, for the most part, not by the infliction of violent or disgusting death; but in the suspense, the pathos, and the more or less by all felt, and recognized, mortal phenomena of the sick-room. The temptation, to weak writers, of this order of subject is especially great, because the study of it from the living—or dying—model is so easy, and to many has been the most impressive part of their own personal experience; while, if the description be given even with mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy. Few authors of second or third rate genius can either record or invent a probable conversation in ordinary life; but few, on the other hand, are so destitute of observant faculty as to be unable to chronicle the broken syllables and languid movements of an invalid. The easily rendered, and too surely recognized, image of familiar suffering is felt at once to be real where all else had been false; and the historian of the gestures of fever and words of delirium can count on the applause of a gratified audience as surely as the dramatist who introduces on the stage of his flagging action a carriage that can be driven or a fountain that will flow. But the masters of strong imagination disdain such work, and those of deep

sensibility shrink from it.* Only under conditions of personal weakness, presently to be noted, would Scott comply with the cravings of his lower audience in scenes of terror like the death of Front-de-Bœuf.[1] But he never once withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength, or the wreck of beauty.

12. (IV.) No exception to this law of reverence will be found in the scenes in Cœur de Lion's illness introductory to the principal incident in *The Talisman*.[2] An inferior writer would have made the king charge in imagination at the head of his chivalry, or wander in dreams by the brooks of Aquitaine; but Scott allows us to learn no more startling symptoms of the king's malady than that he was restless and impatient, and could not wear his armour. Nor is any bodily weakness, or crisis of danger, permitted to disturb for an instant the royalty of intelligence and heart in which he examines, trusts and obeys the physician whom his attendants fear.

Yet the choice of the main subject in this story and its companion—the trial, to a point of utter torture, of knightly faith, and several passages in the conduct of both, more especially the exaggerated scenes in the House of Baldringham, and hermitage of Engedi,[3] are signs of the

* Nell, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, was simply killed for the market, as a butcher kills a lamb (see Forster's *Life*[4]), and Paul was written under the same conditions of illness which affected Scott—a part of the ominous palsies, grasping alike author and subject both in *Dombey* and *Little Dorrit*.[5]

[1] [See *Ivanhoe*, ch. xxx.]

[2] [Chaps. vi. *seq.*]

[3] [See chaps. xiii. and xv. of *The Betrothed*, and *The Talisman*, *passim*.]

[4] [*The Life of Charles Dickens*, ch. xii. (vol. i. p. 188), where Forster explains that the tragic ending was his suggestion, Dickens himself not having thought of killing little Nell.]

[5] [*Dombey and Son* was written during the latter part of 1846, the whole of 1847, and the early part of 1848. During most of this time Dickens was on the Continent, subject, as he said, to "extraordinary nervousness it would be hardly possible to describe," and constantly haunted with the dread of "a race against time" (Forster's *Life*, vol. iii. pp. 221, 259–260). *Little Dorrit* came out between December 1855 to June 1857; for Dickens's restless and morbid condition at the time, see *ibid.*, pp. 156–157.]

gradual decline in force of intellect and soul which those who love Scott best have done him the worst injustice in their endeavours to disguise or deny. The mean anxieties, moral humiliations, and mercilessly demanded brain-toil,[1] which killed him, show their sepulchral grasp for many and many a year before their final victory; and the states of more or less dulled, distorted, and polluted imagination which culminate in *Castle Dangerous* cast a Stygian hue over *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Anne of Geierstein*,[2] which lowers them, the first altogether, the other two at frequent intervals, into fellowship with the normal disease which festers throughout the whole body of our lower fictitious literature.

13. Fictitious! I use the ambiguous word deliberately; for it is impossible to distinguish in these tales of the prison-house how far their vice and gloom are thrown into their manufacture only to meet a vile demand, and how far they are an integral condition of thought in the minds of men trained from their youth up in the knowledge of Londinian and Parisian misery. The speciality of the plague is a delight in the exposition of the relations between guilt and decrepitude; and I call the results of it literature "of the prison-house," because the thwarted habits of body and mind, which are the punishment of reckless crowding in cities, become, in the issue of that punishment, frightful subjects of exclusive interest to themselves; and the art of fiction in which they finally delight is only the more studied arrangement and illustration, by coloured fire-lights, of the daily bulletins of their own wretchedness, in the prison calendar, the police news, and the hospital report.

14. The reader will perhaps be surprised at my separating

[1] [Compare below, § 27 (p. 292).]

[2] [The dates of publication of these stories are (in the order of their mention by Ruskin) 1831 (Scott died in 1832), 1823, 1828, and 1829. *The Talisman* and *The Betrothed* were published in 1825. For another reference to the morbid taint in *Castle Dangerous*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. pp. 397–8), and Vol. XXV. p. 297. For *St. Ronan's Well*, see below, §§ 23, 24, 27; and for *The Fair Maid of Perth*, § 14 *n.*]

the greatest work of Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, with honour, from the loathsome mass to which it typically belongs That book is an earnest and uncaricatured record of states of criminal life, written with didactic purpose, full of the gravest instruction, nor destitute of pathetic studies of noble passion.[1] Even *The Mysteries of Paris*[2] and Gaboriau's *Crime d'Orcival* are raised, by their definiteness of historical intention and forewarning anxiety, far above the level of their order, and may be accepted as photographic evidence of an otherwise incredible civilization, corrupted in the infernal fact of it, down to the genesis of such figures as the Vicomte d'Orcival, the Stabber,* the Skeleton, and the She-wolf. But the effectual head of the whole cretinous school is the renowned novel in which the hunchbacked lover watches the execution of his mistress from the tower of Notre-Dame;[3] and its strength passes gradually away into the anatomical preparations, for the general market, of novels like *Poor Miss Finch*,[4] in which the heroine is blind,

* "Chourineur" not striking with dagger-point, but ripping with knife-edge. Yet I do him, and La Louve, injustice in classing them with the two others; they are put together only as parts in the same phantasm. Compare with La Louve, the strength of wild virtue in the *Louvécienne* (Lucienne) of Gaboriau—she, province-born and bred; and opposed to Parisian civilization in the character of her sempstress friend. "De ce Paris, où elle était née, elle savait tout—elle connaissait tout. Rien ne l'étonnait, nul ne l'intimidait. Sa science des détails matériels de l'existence était inconcevable. Impossible de là duper!—Eh bien! cette fille si laborieuse et si économe n'avait même pas la plus vague notion des sentiments qui sont l'honneur de la femme. Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral; d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudence si effrontément naïve."—*L'Argent des autres*, vol. i. p. 358.[5]

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[1] [For other references to *Oliver Twist*, see Vol. I. p. 411, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 614.]

[2] [For other references in the same sense—to Eugène Sue, see Vol. VI. p. 398, where Ruskin mentions the Squelette (Skeleton), and Vol. V. p. 372, the Stabber (Le Chourineur) and the She-wolf (La Louve) are other characters in the *Mystères de Paris*); to Gaboriau, Vol. XXVIII. p. 118.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXIX. p. 588 *n.*; and (in a later volume of this edition) a letter to Dr. Furnivall of May 22, 1855, in which Ruskin dismisses Victor Hugo's book as "the most disgusting" known to him. See also below, p. 724.]

[4] [By Wilkie Collins, published in 1872.]

[5] [For part of this and a further quotation from the same passage, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 115).]

the hero epileptic, and the obnoxious brother is found dead with his hands dropped off, in the Arctic regions.*

15. This literature of the Prison-house, understanding by the word not only the cell of Newgate, but also and even more definitely the cell of the Hôtel-Dieu, the Hôpital des Fous, and the grated corridor with the dripping slabs

* The reader who cares to seek it may easily find medical evidence of the physical effects of certain states of brain disease in producing especially images of truncated and Hermes-like deformity, complicated with grossness. Horace, in the *Epodes*, scoffs at it, but not without horror.[1] Luca Signorelli and Raphael in their arabesques are deeply struck by it: Dürer, defying and playing with it alternately, is almost beaten down again and again in the distorted faces, hewing halberts, and suspended satyrs of his arabesques round the polyglot Lord's Prayer;[2] it takes entire possession of Balzac in the *Contes Drolatiques*;[3] it struck Scott in the earliest days of his childish "visions" intensified by the axe-stroke murder of his grand aunt (L. i. 142,[4] and see close of this note). It chose for him the subject of *The Heart of Midlothian*, and produced afterwards all the recurrent ideas of executions, tainting *Nigel*, almost spoiling *Quentin Durward*—utterly *The Fair Maid of Perth*:[5] and culminating in *Bizarro* (L. x. 149[6]). It suggested all the deaths by falling, or sinking, as in delirious sleep — Kennedy, Eveline Neville (nearly repeated in Clara Mowbray), Amy Robsart, the Master of Ravenswood in the quicksand, Morris, and Corporal Grace-be-here[7]—compare the dream of Gride, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dickens's own last words, *on the ground*[8] (so also, in my own inflammation of the

[1] [See *Epodes*, v. and xvii. (on the witchcraft of Canidia). For images of "Hermes-like deformity," etc., set up at cross-roads, see Thucydides, vi. 27.]

[2] [In the "Prayer-book of the Emperor Maximilian": for which see Vol. XXX. p. 251.]

[3] [For other references in the same sense to the *Contes Drolatiques*, see Vol. XVII. pp. 344–345, and Vol. XIX. p. 33.]

[4] [Lockhart's *Life of Scott*: "The maid-servant, in a sudden access of insanity, struck her mistress to death with a coal-axe, and then rushed furiously into the street with the bloody weapon in her hand." This was the occasion on which "the first images of horror from the scenes of real life were stamped upon his mind." Ruskin's references are to Black's edition, in 10 volumes (1869).]

[5] [For the taint of executions in *Nigel*, see the account of the cutting off of Stubbs's hand in ch. xxx., and the mention of the rack in ch. xxxv.; in *Quentin Durward*, see, *e.g.*, chaps. vi. and xxxiv.; in the *Fair Maid*, the deaths of Sir John Ramorny and Bonthron in ch. xxxii. (and the latter's earlier escape from hanging, ch. xxiii.).]

[6] [Where Lockhart gives, from Scott's diary (Naples, January 1832), the account of "the death of Il Bizarro" from the unpublished tale of that name.]

[7] [For these incidents, see *Guy Mannering*, ch. ix.; *The Antiquary*, ch. xxxiii. (though Eveline did not in fact so die, see ch. xxix.); *St. Ronan's Well*, ch. xxxviii.; *Kenilworth*, ch. xli.; *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. xxxiv.; Morris, *Rob Roy*, ch. xxxi.; and for the death of Corporal Grace-be-here Humgudgeon, flung from the tower by Albert, *Woodstock*, ch. xxxiv.]

[8] [See Forster's *Life*, vol. iii. p. 501: "After a slight struggle he sank heavily on his left side. 'On the ground' were the last words he spoke." The "dream of Gride" is a slip on Ruskin's part for the dream of Bray on the night before

of the Morgue, having its central root thus in the Ile de Paris—or historically and pre-eminently the "Cité de Paris"—is, when understood deeply, the precise counter-corruption of the religion of the Sainte Chapelle, just as the worst forms of bodily and mental ruin are the corruption of love. I have therefore called it[1] "Fiction mécroyante," with literal

brain, two years ago, I dreamed that I fell through the earth and came out on the other side). In its grotesque and distorting power, it produced all of the figures of the *Lay* Goblin, Pacolet, Flibbertigibbet, Cockledemoy, Geoffrey Hudson, Fenella, and Necbatanus;[2] in Dickens it in like manner gives Quilp, Krook, Smike, Smallweed, Miss Mowcher, and the dwarfs and wax-work of Nell's caravan;[3] and runs entirely wild in *Barnaby Rudge*, where, with a *corps de drame* composed of one idiot, two madmen, a gentleman-fool who is also a villain, a shop-boy fool who is also a blackguard, a hangman, a shrivelled virago, and a doll in ribands[4]—carrying this company through riot and fire, till he hangs the hangman, one of the madmen, his mother, and the idiot, runs the gentleman-fool through in a bloody duel, and burns and crushes the shop-boy fool into shapelessness, he cannot yet be content without shooting the spare lover's leg off, and marrying him to the doll in a wooden one; the shapeless shop-boy being finally also married in *two* wooden ones. It is this mutilation, observe, which is the very sign manual of the plague; joined, in the artistic forms of it, with a love of thorniness[5]—(in their mystic root, the truncation of the limbless serpent and the spines of the dragon's wing. Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., "Chapter on the Mountain Gloom," s. 19[6]); and in *all* forms of it, with petrifaction or loss of power by cold in the blood, whence the last Darwinian process of the witches' charm—"cool it with

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the contemplated marriage of his daughter Madeline to Gride. "As I stretched out my hand to take Madeline's and lead her down, the floor sunk with me . . . and I alighted in a grave" (ch. liv.).]

[1] [This is a slip which escaped Ruskin's notice on revision. It was in the first draft, as the MS. shows, that he had distinguished "Fiction Croyante and Mécroyante"; but the passage was afterwards recast, and this distinction disappeared. On the words "mécroyante," "miscreant," see Vol. XXVII. pp. 81 *n.*, 466.]

[2] [The "*Lay* Goblin" is the dwarf page of Lord Cranstoun in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii. 31; for Pacolet (Norna's dwarf), see *The Pirate*, ch. xxvii.; for Flibbertigibbet, see *King Lear*, Act iii. sc. 4, line 120, and "Dickie Sludge" in *Kenilworth*, ch. x.; Cockledemoy (the elfish rogue in Marston's comedy of *The Dutch Courtesan*) comes in Scott's play *The Doom of Devorgoil* (1829); Sir Geoffrey Hudson is the Queen's dwarf in *Peveril of the Peak*; Fenella, *alias* Zarah, another dwarf in the same book; Necbatanus is the Queen's dwarf in *The Talisman*.]

[3] [For another reference to Quilp (*Old Curiosity Shop*), see Vol. VII. p. 355; to Mr. Krook (proprietor of a rag-and-bottle shop) in *Bleak House*, above, § 8; for Grandfather Smallweed, see *ibid.*, ch. xxi., etc.; for Miss Mowcher, "a pursy dwarf," *David Copperfield*, ch. xxii.; for Smike, *Nicholas Nickleby*; and for the dwarfs waited on by the giants (according to Mr. Vuffin), and for Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, see *The Old Curiosity Shop*, chaps. xix., xxvi. *seq.*]

[4] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 234 (Vol. XXII. p. 467), where Ruskin gives a similar summary of the ingredients of *Barnaby Rudge*.]

[5] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 464 *n.*]

[6] [Vol. VI. p. 400.]

accuracy and precision: according to the explanation of the word, which the reader may find in any good French dictionary,* and round its Arctic pole in the Morgue, he

a baboon's *blood, then* the charm is firm and good."[1] The two frescoes in the colossal handbills which have lately decorated the streets of London (the baboon with the mirror, and the Maskelyne and Cooke decapitation[2]) are the final English forms of Raphael's arabesque under this influence; and it is well worth while to get the number for the week ending April 3, 1880, of "*Young Folks*—a magazine of instructive and entertaining literature for boys and girls of all ages," containing "A Sequel to Desdichado" (the modern development of Ivanhoe),[3] in which a quite monumental example of the kind of art in question will be found as a leading illustration of this characteristic sentence, "See, good Cerberus," said Sir Rupert, "*my hand has been struck off. You must make me a hand of iron, one with springs in it, so that I can make it grasp a dagger.*" The text is also, as it professes to be, instructive; being the ultimate degeneration of what I have above called the "folly" of *Ivanhoe;* for the folly begets folly down, and down; and whatever Scott and Turner did wrong has thousands of imitators—their wisdom none will so much as hear, how much less follow!

In both of the Masters, it is always to be remembered that the evil and good are alike conditions of literal *vision:* and therefore also, inseparably connected with the state of the health. I believe the first elements of all Scott's errors were in the milk of his consumptive nurse, which all but killed him as an infant (L. i. 19)—and was without doubt the cause of the teething fever that ended in his lameness (L. i. 20). Then came (if the reader cares to know what I mean by "Fors," let him read the page carefully) the fearful accidents to his only sister, and her death (L. i. 17);[4] then the madness of his nurse, who planned his own murder (21), then the stories continually told him of the executions at Carlisle (24), his aunt's husband having seen them; issuing, he himself scarcely knows how, in the unaccountable terror that came upon him at the sight of statuary (31)—especially Jacob's ladder; then the murder of Mrs. Swinton,[5] and finally the nearly fatal bursting of the blood-vessel at Kelso, with the succeeding nervous illness (65–67)—solaced, while he was being "bled and blistered till he had scarcely a pulse left," by that history of the Knights of Malta—fondly dwelt on and realised by actual modelling of their fortress, which returned to his mind for the theme of its last effort in passing away.[6]

* "Se dit par dénigrement, d'un chrétien qui ne croit pas les dogmes de sa religion."—Fleming, vol. ii. p. 659.

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[1] [*Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. 1.]

[2] [The former was the ugly advertisement of a "monkey brand" soap; for Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment, see above, p. 252.]

[3] [*Thundersleigh; or, The Knight's Quest. A Sequel*, etc., by Alfred R. Phillips, ch. xxvii. In No. 487 (vol. xvi. p. 259) of *Young Folks*. For Desdichado, see *Ivanhoe*, ch. viii.]

[4] ["I had an only sister, Anne Scott, who seemed to be from her cradle the butt for mischance to shoot arrows at." Then follows an account of the accidents.]

[5] [His great-aunt: see the passage quoted above from Lockhart, vol. i. p. 142.]

[6] [For *The Siege of Malta*, the story commenced by Scott shortly before his death, see Lockhart, vol. x. p. 160. For Scott's modelling of the fortress, see *ibid.*, vol. i. p. 66.]

may gather into one Caina[1] of gelid putrescence the entire product of modern infidel imagination, amusing itself with destruction of the body, and busying itself with aberration of the mind.

16. Aberration, palsy, or plague, observe, as distinguished from normal evil, just as the venom of rabies or cholera differs from that of a wasp or a viper. The life of the insect and serpent deserves, or at least permits, our thoughts; not so the stages of agony in the fury-driven hound. There is some excuse, indeed, for the pathologic labour of the modern novelist in the fact that he cannot easily, in a city population, find a healthy mind to vivisect: but the greater part of such amateur surgery is the struggle, in an epoch of wild literary competition, to obtain novelty of material. The varieties of aspect and colour in healthy fruit, be it sweet or sour, may be within certain limits described exhaustively. Not so the blotches of its conceivable blight: and while the symmetries of integral human character can only be traced by harmonious and tender skill, like the branches of a living tree, the faults and gaps of one gnawed away by corroding accident can be shuffled into senseless change like the wards of a Chubb lock.

17. (V.) It is needless to insist on the vast field for this dice-cast or card-dealt calamity which opens itself in the ignorance, money-interest, and mean passion, of city marriage. Peasants know each other as children—meet, as they grow up in testing labour; and if a stout farmer's son marries a handless girl, it is his own fault. Also in the patrician families of the field, the young people know what they are doing, and marry a neighbouring estate, or a covetable title, with some conception of the responsibilities they undertake. But even among these, their season in the confused metropolis creates licentious and fortuitous temptation before unknown; and in the lower middle orders, an entirely new kingdom of discomfort and disgrace has been

[1] [*Inferno*, xxxii. Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 99.]

preached to them in the doctrines of unbridled pleasure which are merely an apology for their peculiar forms of ill-breeding. It is quite curious how often the catastrophe, or the leading interest, of a modern novel, turns upon the want, both in maid and bachelor, of the common self-command which was taught to their grandmothers and grandfathers as the first element of ordinarily decent behaviour. Rashly inquiring the other day the plot of a modern story[1] from a female friend, I elicited, after some hesitation, that it hinged mainly on the young people's "forgetting themselves in a boat"; and I perceive it to be accepted as nearly an axiom in the code of modern civic chivalry that the strength of amiable sentiment is proved by our incapacity on proper occasions to express, and on improper ones to control it. The pride of a gentleman of the old school used to be in his power of saying what he meant, and being silent when he ought (not to speak of the higher nobleness which bestowed love where it was honourable, and reverence where it was due); but the automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect, or the effervescence of a chemical mixture.

18. There is a pretty little story of Alfred de Musset's, —*La Mouche*, which, if the reader cares to glance at it, will save me further trouble in explaining the disciplinarian authority of mere old-fashioned politeness, as in some sort protective of higher things. It describes, with much grace and precision, a state of society by no means pre-eminently virtuous, or enthusiastically heroic; in which many people do extremely wrong, and none sublimely right. But as there are heights of which the achievement is unattempted, there are abysses to which fall is barred; neither accident nor temptation will make any of the principal personages swerve from an adopted resolution, or violate an accepted principle of honour; people are expected as a matter of course to speak with propriety on occasion, and to wait

[1] [The novel alluded to is *The Mill on the Floss*. See below, § 108 (p. 377).]

with patience when they are bid: those who do wrong admit it; those who do right don't boast of it; everybody knows his own mind, and everybody has good manners.

19. Nor must it be forgotten that in the worst days of the self-indulgence which destroyed the aristocracies of Europe, their vices, however licentious, were never, in the fatal modern sense, "unprincipled." The vainest believed in virtue; the vilest respected it. "Chaque chose avait son nom,"* and the severest of English moralists recognizes the accurate wit, the lofty intellect, and the unfretted benevolence, which redeemed from vitiated surroundings the circle of d'Alembert and Marmontel.†

I have said, with too slight praise, that the vainest, in those days, "believed" in virtue. Beautiful and heroic examples of it were always before them; nor was it without the secret significance attaching to what may seem the least accidents in the work of a master, that Scott gave to both his heroines of the age of revolution in England the name of the queen of the highest order of English chivalry.‡

20. It is to say little for the types of youth and maid which alone Scott felt it a joy to imagine, or thought it honourable to portray, that they act and feel in a sphere where they are never for an instant liable to any of the weaknesses which disturb the calm, or shake the resolution,

* "A son nom," properly. The sentence is one of Victor Cherbuliez's, in *Prosper Randoce*, which is full of other valuable ones. See the old nurse's "ici bas les choses vont de travers, comme un chien qui va à vêpres," p. 93; and compare Prosper's treasures, "la petite Vénus, et le petit Christ d'ivoire," p. 121; also Madame Brehanne's request for the divertissement of "quelque belle batterie à coups de couteau" with Didier's answer. "Hélas! madame, vous jouez de malheur, iei dans la Drôme, l'on se massacre aussi peu que possible," p. 33.

† Edgeworth's *Tales* (Hunter, 1827), *Harrington* and *Ormond*, vol. iii. p. 260.

‡ Alice of Salisbury, Alice Lee, Alice Bridgnorth.[1]

[1] [For "Alice of Salisbury" as "queen of chivalry," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 31 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 569, 570). For other references to Alice Lee (*Woodstock*) and Alice Bridgnorth (*Peveril of the Peak*), see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XVIII. p. 115), and *Præterita*, i. § 165.]

of chastity and courage in a modern novel. Scott lived in a country and time, when, from highest to lowest, but chiefly in that dignified and nobly severe* middle class to which he himself belonged, a habit of serene and stainless thought was as natural to the people as their mountain air. Women like Rose Bradwardine and Ailie Dinmont[1] were the grace and guard of almost every household (God be praised that the race of them is not yet extinct, for all that Mall or Boulevard can do), and it has perhaps escaped the notice of even attentive readers that the comparatively uninteresting character of Sir Walter's heroes[2] had always been studied among a class of youths who were simply incapable of doing anything seriously wrong; and could only be embarrassed by the consequences of their levity or imprudence.

21. But there is another difference in the woof of a Waverley novel from the cobweb of a modern one, which depends on Scott's larger view of human life. Marriage is by no means, in his conception of man and woman, the most important business of their existence;† nor love the only reward to be proposed to their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity

* Scott's father was habitually ascetic. "I have heard his son tell that it was common with him, if any one observed that the soup was good, to taste it again, and say, 'Yes—it is too good, bairns,' and dash a tumbler of cold water into his plate."—Lockhart's *Life* (Black, Edinburgh, 1869), vol. i. p. 312. In other places I refer to this book in the simple form of "L."

† A young lady sang to me, just before I copied out this page for press, a Miss Somebody's "great song," "Live, and Love, and Die." Had it been written for nothing better than silkworms, it should at least have added—Spin.

[1] [For other references to Rose Bradwardine (*Waverley*), see again Vol. XVIII. p. 115; for Ailie Dinmont, see *Guy Mannering*, chaps. xxiii. and xxvi.]

[2] [Compare once more *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XVIII. p. 115). "When Ruskin used to read Scott aloud to us at Brantwood, Mrs. Severn would sometimes question the way in which his heroes fall asleep after the most startling adventures. I remember," says Mr. Wedderburn, "once saying (with Ruskin's warm approval), 'Yes, it's because they never have anything on their conscience,' and suggesting that an exception in the case of Morton's disturbed rest after he has sheltered Balfour in *Old Mortality* may be due not only to the events of the day, but to doubt whether he has done right to do so."]

that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all;* and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life, but not as its only interest, still less its only aim. And upon analysing with some care the motives of his principal stories, we shall often find that the love in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of character are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry the Fifth's courtship of Katherine[1] is to the battle of Agincourt. Nay, the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale are often little more than a background on which grander figures are to be drawn, and deeper fates forthshadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivalry of Scotland at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge owe little of their interest in the mind of a sensible reader to the fact that the captain of the Popinjay is carried a prisoner to one battle, and returns a prisoner from the other:[2] and Scott himself, while he watches the white sail that bears Queen Mary for the last time from her native land, very nearly forgets to finish his novel, or to tell us —and with small sense of any consolation to be had out of that minor circumstance,—that "Roland and Catherine were united, spite of their differing faiths."[3]

22. Neither let it be thought for an instant that the

* See passage of introduction to *Ivanhoe*, wisely quoted in L. vi. 176.[4]

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 91 (Vol. XXIX. p. 444).]

[2] [For the battle of Drumclog, see *Old Mortality*, chaps. xiv.–xvi. (and note *k*); for that of Bothwell Bridge, *ibid.*, chaps. xxx.–xxxi.; and for young Morton's success as captain of the Popinjay, *ibid.*, ch. iii.]

[3] [See the last sentence of *The Abbot*.]

[4] ["The writer was censured because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainments of our wishes."]

slight, and sometimes scornful, glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analysed with the airs of a philosopher, and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicates any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness. An era like ours, which has with diligence and ostentation swept its heart clear of all the passions once known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety, necessarily magnifies the apparent force of the one remaining sentiment which sighs through the barren chambers, or clings inextricably round the chasms of ruin; nor can it but regard with awe the unconquerable spirit which still tempts or betrays the sagacities of selfishness into error or frenzy which is believed to be love.

That Scott was never himself, in the sense of the phrase as employed by lovers of the Parisian school, "ivre d'amour," may be admitted without prejudice to his sensibility,* and that he never knew "l'amor che move 'l sol e l'altre stelle,"[1] was the chief, though unrecognized, calamity of his deeply chequered life. But the reader of honour and feeling will not therefore suppose that the love which Miss Vernon sacrifices, stooping for an instant from her horse,[2] is of less noble stamp, or less enduring faith, than that which troubles and degrades the whole existence of Consuelo;[3] or that the affection of Jeanie Deans for the companion of her childhood, drawn like a field of soft blue heaven beyond the cloudy wrack of her sorrow, is less fully in possession of her soul than the hesitating and self-reproachful impulses under which a modern heroine forgets herself in a boat,[4] or compromises herself in the cool of the evening.

* See below, note to § 27 (p. 292), on the conclusion of *Woodstock*.

[1] [*Paradiso*, last line: compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 166.]

[2] [See *Rob Roy*, ch. xxxiii.; on the character of Diana Vernon, compare *Val d'Arno*, § 212 (Vol. XXIII. p. 125); and for other references to Jeanie Deans and *The Heart of Midlothian*, see General Index.]

[3] [For another reference to *Consuelo*, see below, § 107 (p. 376); and for George Sand generally, Vol. XXIX. p. 588 *n.*]

[4] [See above, § 17, p. 282.]

23. I do not wish to return over the waste ground we have traversed, comparing, point by point, Scott's manner with those of Bermondsey and the Faubourgs; but it may be, perhaps, interesting at this moment to examine, with illustration from those Waverley novels which have so lately *re*tracted the attention of a fair and gentle public,[1] the universal conditions of "style," rightly so called, which are in all ages, and above all local currents or wavering tides of temporary manners, pillars of what is for ever strong, and models of what is for ever fair.[2]

But I must first define, and that within strict horizon, the works of Scott, in which his perfect mind may be known, and his chosen ways understood.

His great works of prose fiction, excepting only the first half-volume of *Waverley*, were all written in twelve years, 1814–26 (of his own age forty-three to fifty-five), the actual time employed in their composition being not more than a couple of months out of each year; and during that time only the morning hours and spare minutes during the professional day. "Though the first volume of *Waverley* was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th of June and the 1st of July, during all which I attended my duty in court[3] and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business." *

Few of the maxims for the enforcement of which, in *Modern Painters*, long ago, I got the general character of a lover of paradox,[4] are more singular, or more sure, than

* L. iv. 177.

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[1] [The reference is to a series of "Waverley Tableaux," arranged by various Royal Academicians, in London, at the house of Sir Charles and Lady Freake, shortly before the publication of this paper.]

[2] [The subject is again referred to in § 28, but is there postponed; and is not ultimately reached till § 65.]

[3] [As Clerk of Session.]

[4] [A criticism to which Ruskin frequently refers: see, for instance, *Aratra Pentelici*, § 97 (Vol. XX. p. 264); *Eagle's Nest*, § 89; and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 78 (Vol. XXII. pp. 187, 349).]

the statement, apparently so encouraging to the idle, that if a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily.[1] But it is that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength, and all Scott's great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labour, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resource.

Omitting from our count the two minor and ill-finished sketches of *The Black Dwarf*[2] and *Legend of Montrose*, and, for a reason presently to be noticed,[3] the unhappy *St. Ronan's*, the memorable romances of Scott are eighteen, falling into three distinct groups, containing six each.

24. The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared after Scott was struck down by his terrific illness in 1819. It includes *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The composition of these occupied the mornings of his happiest days, between the ages of forty-three and forty-eight. On the 8th of April, 1819 (he was forty-eight on the preceding 15th of August), he began for the first time to dictate—being unable for the exertion of writing—*The Bride of Lammermoor*, "the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating when his audible suffering filled every pause. 'Nay, Willie,' he answered, 'only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as for giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.'"* From this time forward the brightness of joy and sincerity of inevitable humour, which perfected the imagery of the earlier novels, are wholly absent, except in the two short intervals

* L. vi. 67.

[1] [*Modern Painters*, vols. i., ii., and iii. (Vol. III. p. 122; Vol. IV. p. 283; Vol. V. p. 333).]

[2] [For ill-finished state of *The Black Dwarf* and its repulsive subject, see the end of Scott's own Introduction to the novel.]

[3] [See below, p. 292.]

of health unaccountably restored, in which he wrote *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*.

It is strange, but only a part of the general simplicity of Scott's genius, that these revivals of earlier power were unconscious, and that the time of extreme weakness in which he wrote *St. Ronan's Well*, was that in which he first asserted his own restoration.[1]

25. It is also a deeply interesting characteristic of his noble nature that he never gains anything by sickness; the whole man breathes or faints as one creature: the ache that stiffens a limb chills his heart, and every pang of his stomach paralyses the brain.[2] It is not so with inferior minds, in the workings of which it is often impossible to distinguish native from narcotic fancy, and the throbs of conscience from those of indigestion. Whether in exaltation or languor, the colours of mind are always morbid which gleam on the sea for the "Ancient Mariner," and through the casements on "St. Agnes' Eve";[3] but Scott is at once blinded and stultified by sickness; never has a fit of the cramp without spoiling a chapter, and is perhaps

[1] [It is difficult to follow Ruskin here. *The Fortunes of Nigel* was written in 1821–1822 and published in May 1822. Writing to a friend in 1821 at the time, Scott speaks of his health being "restored to its usual tone" (Lockhart, vi. 400). *St. Ronan's Well* was written in 1823, and published in December of that year, at which time a friend records Scott's health as being "less broken, and his spirits more youthful and buoyant" than at a later date (Lockhart, vii. 182). "Immediately on the conclusion of *St. Ronan's Well*, Sir Walter began *Redgauntlet* (*ibid.*, 213), and it was published in June 1824.]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92, § 7 (Vol. XXIX. p. 455), where Ruskin refers to this passage (§§ 24–27). His theory, however, does not fit the true dates. He gives as the date of the production of Scott's twelve greatest novels 1814–1826, and 1819 as "the year of his terrific illness," after which date no novel shows "the characters of strength and felicity" which marked the earlier group, including *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian*. The actual date when the illness first attacked him was, however, 1817; and *Rob Roy* and *The Heart of Midlothian* were both composed through recurrent fits of acute bodily pain. "Lightly and airily as *Rob Roy* reads, the author has struggled almost throughout," says Lockhart, "with the pains of cramp or lassitude of opium. Calling on him one day to dun him for copy, James Ballantyne found him with a clean pen and a blank sheet before him, and uttered some rather solemn exclamation of surprise. 'Ay, ay, Jemmy,' said he, 'tis easy for you to bid me get on, but how the deuce can I make Rob Roy's wife speak with a *curmurring* in my guts?'" (vol. v. p. 268).]

[3] [For Ruskin's general criticism of Coleridge, see Vol. IV. pp. 391–392; and for a passage in which he discusses the morbid taint in Keats (again instancing *St. Agnes's Eve*), *ibid.*, p. 379.]

the only author of vivid imagination who never wrote a foolish word but when he was ill.

It remains only to be noticed on this point that any strong natural excitement, affecting the deeper springs of his heart, would at once restore his intellectual powers to their fulness, and that, far towards their sunset: but that the strong will on which he prided himself, though it could trample upon pain, silence grief, and compel industry, never could warm his imagination, or clear the judgment, in his darker hours.

I believe that this power of the heart over the intellect is common to all great men: but what the special character of emotion was, that alone could lift Scott above the power of death, I am about to ask the reader, in a little while, to observe with joyful care.

26. The first series of romances then, above-named, are all that exhibit the emphasis of his unharmed faculties. The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but mortal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it.

They consist of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, and *The Pirate*.* The marks of broken health on all these are essentially twofold —prevailing melancholy, and fantastic improbability. Three of the tales are agonisingly tragic, *The Abbot* scarcely less so in its main event, and *Ivanhoe* deeply wounded through all its bright panoply; while even in that most powerful of the series the impossible archeries and axe-strokes, the incredibly opportune appearances of Locksley, the death of Ulrica, and the resuscitation of Athelstane, are partly boyish, partly feverish.[1] Caleb in *The Bride*, Triptolemus

* "One other such novel, and there's an end; but who can last for ever? who ever lasted so long?"—Sydney Smith (of *The Pirate*) to Jeffrey, December 30, 1821. (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 223.[2])

[1] [See *Ivanhoe*, chaps. vii., xi., xiii., xix., xx., xxv., xxxii., xl.; xxxi.; and xlii.]

[2] [*A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland, with a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin*, 2 vols., 1855.]

and Halcro in *The Pirate*, are all laborious, and the first incongruous; half a volume of *The Abbot* is spent in extremely dull detail of Roland's relations with his fellow-servants and his mistress, which have nothing whatever to do with the future story; and the lady of Avenel herself disappears after the first volume,[1] "like a snaw-wreath when it's thaw, Jeanie."[2] The public has for itself pronounced on *The Monastery*, though as much too harshly as it has foolishly praised the horrors of *Ravenswood*[3] and the nonsense of *Ivanhoe;* because the modern public finds in the torture and adventure of these, the kind of excitement which it seeks at an opera, while it has no sympathy whatever with the pastoral happiness of Glendearg, or with the lingering simplicities of superstition which give historical likelihood to the legend of the White Lady.

But both this despised tale and its sequel have Scott's heart in them. The first was begun to refresh himself in the intervals of artificial labour on *Ivanhoe*. "It was a relief," he said, "to interlay the scenery most familiar to me* with the strange world for which I had to draw so much on imagination." Through all the closing scenes of the second he is raised to his own true level by his love for the queen. And within the code of Scott's work to which I am about to appeal for illustration of his essential

* L. vi. p. 188. Compare the description of Fairy Dean, vii. 192.[4]

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[1] [See chap. viii. of *The Monastery*, in which the Lady of Avenel passes away; for Glendearg, see *ibid.*, Introduction and ch. ii.]

[2] [See Lady Nairne's *The Land o' the Leal*:—

"I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal."]

[3] [See Lockhart, vi. pp. 255–256, on the unfavourable reception given to *The Monastery*. On the favourable reception of *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *Ivanhoe*, *ibid.*, pp. 87, 174.]

[4] ["It required no cicerone to tell that the glen was that in which Father Eustace, in *The Monastery*, is intercepted by the White Lady of Avenel."]

powers, I accept the *Monastery* and *Abbot*, and reject from it the remaining four of this group.

27. The last series contains two quite noble ones, *Red gauntlet* and *Nigel;* two of very high value, *Durward* and *Woodstock;* the slovenly and diffuse *Peveril*, written for the trade;* the sickly *Tales of the Crusaders*, and the entirely broken and diseased *St. Ronan's Well.* This last I throw out of count altogether, and of the rest, accept only the four first named as sound work; so that the list of the novels in which I propose to examine his methods and ideal standards, reduces itself to these following twelve[1] (named in order of production): *Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, The Heart of Midlothian, The Monastery, The Abbot, Redgauntlet, The Fortunes of Nigel, Quentin Durward,* and *Woodstock.*†

28. It is, however, too late to enter on my subject in this article, which I may fitly close by pointing out some of the merely verbal characteristics of his style, illustrative

* All, alas! were now in a great measure so written. *Ivanhoe, The Monastery, The Abbot,* and *Kenilworth* were all published between December 1819 and January 1821, Constable & Co. giving five thousand guineas for the remaining copyright of them, Scott clearing ten thousand before the bargain was completed; and "before *The Fortunes of Nigel* issued from the press Scott had exchanged instruments and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four 'works of fiction,' not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement, to be produced in unbroken succession, *each of them to fill up at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money in case any of them should run to four;* and within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by *Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well,* and *Redgauntlet.*"[2]

† *Woodstock* was finished 26th March, 1826. He knew then of his ruin; and wrote in bitterness, but not in weakness.[3] The closing pages are the most beautiful of the book. But a month afterwards Lady Scott died; and he never wrote glad word more.

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[1] [At a later date Ruskin drew up a shorter list (omitting the last three named above): see the letter of "Whit Tuesday 1887" now included in *Arrows of the Chace* (below, p. 607). Compare also *Præterita*, iii. § 72. The true order is: *Waverley*, 1814; *Guy Mannering*, 1815; *Old Mortality*, 1816; *Rob Roy*, 1817; *Heart of Midlothian*, 1818; *The Monastery*, 1820; *The Abbot*, 1820; *Fortunes of Nigel*, 1822; *Quentin Durward*, 1823; *Redgauntlet*, 1824; *Woodstock*, 1826.]

[2] [Lockhart, vi. 422–423.]

[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 32 (Vol. XXVII. p. 585).]

in little ways of the questions we have been examining, and chiefly of the one which may be most embarrassing to many readers, the difference, namely, between character and disease.

One quite distinctive charm in the Waverleys is their modified use of the Scottish dialect; but it has not generally been observed, either by their imitators, or the authors of different taste who have written for a later public, that there is a difference between the dialect of a language, and its corruption.

A dialect is formed in any district where there are persons of intelligence enough to use the language itself in all its fineness and force, but under the particular conditions of life, climate, and temper, which introduce words peculiar to the scenery, forms of word and idioms of sentence peculiar to the race, and pronunciations indicative of their character and disposition.

Thus "burn" (of a streamlet) is a word possible only in a country where there are brightly running waters, "lassie," a word possible only where girls are as free as the rivulets, and "auld," a form of the southern "old," adopted by a race of finer musical ear than the English.

On the contrary, mere deteriorations, or coarse, stridulent, and, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, "broad" forms of utterance, are not dialects at all, having nothing dialectic in them; and all phrases developed in states of rude employment, and restricted intercourse, are injurious to the tone and narrowing to the power of the language they affect. Mere breadth of accent does not spoil a dialect as long as the speakers are men of varied idea and good intelligence; but the moment the life is contracted by mining, millwork, or any oppressive and monotonous labour, the accents and phrases become debased. It is part of the popular folly of the day to find pleasure in trying to write and spell these abortive, crippled, and more or less brutal forms of human speech.

29. Abortive, crippled, or brutal, are however not

necessarily "corrupted" dialects. Corrupt language is that gathered by ignorance, invented by vice, misused by insensibility, or minced and mouthed by affectation, especially in the attempt to deal with words of which only half the meaning is understood or half the sound heard. Mrs. Gamp's "aperiently so"—and the "underminded" with primal sense of undermine, of—I forget which gossip, in *The Mill on the Floss*, are master- and mistress-pieces in this latter kind. Mrs. Malaprop's "allegories on the banks of the Nile" are in somewhat higher order of mistake:[1] Mrs. Tabitha Bramble's ignorance is vulgarized by her selfishness, and Winifred Jenkins' by her conceit.[2] The "wot" of Noah Claypole,[3] and the other degradations of cockneyism (Sam Weller and his father are in nothing more admirable than in the power of heart and sense that can purify even these); the "terewth" of Mr. Chadband,[4] and "natur" of Mr. Squeers, are examples of the corruption of words by insensibility: the use of the word "bloody" in modern low English is a deeper corruption, not altering the form of the word, but defiling the thought in it.

Thus much being understood, I shall proceed to examine thoroughly a fragment of Scott's Lowland Scottish dialect; not choosing it of the most beautiful kind; on the contrary, it shall be a piece reaching as low down as he ever allows Scotch to go—it is perhaps the only unfair patriotism in him, that if ever he wants a word or two of really villainous slang, he gives it in English or Dutch —not Scotch.

[1] [The references here are to: (i.) "'Do you know who you're talking to, ma'am?' 'Aperiently,' said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, 'to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. I know her. No one better'" (*Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. xlix.). (ii.) Mrs. Glegg: "'It 'ud be more fitting if you'd bring him into the house, and let his aunt know about it, instead o' whispering in corners, in that plotting, underminding way'" (*Mill on the Floss*, Book v. ch. ii.). (iii.) Sheridan's *Rivals*, Act iii. sc. 3 ("as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile").]

[2] [For other references to Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, see Vol. I. p. 417, and *Præterita*, i. § 166.]

[3] [For another reference to the vulgarity of Noah in *Oliver Twist*, see Vol. VII. p. 349.]

[4] [*Bleak House*, ch. xxv.: compare Vol. XXXII. p. 116.]

I had intended in the close of this paper to analyse and compare the characters of Andrew Fairservice and Richie Moniplies, for examples, the former of innate evil, unaffected by external influences, and undiseased, but distinct from natural goodness as a nettle is distinct from balm or lavender; and the latter of innate goodness, contracted and pinched by circumstance, but still undiseased, as an oak-leaf crisped by frost, not by the worm. This, with much else in my mind, I must put off;[1] but the careful study of one sentence of Andrew's will give us a good deal to think of.

30. I take his account of the rescue of Glasgow Cathedral at the time of the Reformation:—

"Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries an curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic-like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid eneugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nicknackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging), and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them!) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland."[2]

[1] [See the Fifth Paper, "The Two Servants, pp. 370 *seq.*]
[2] [Ch. xix. of *Rob Roy*.]

31. Now this sentence is in the first place a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value. Andrew's temperament is the type of a vast class of Scottish—shall we call it "*sow*-thistlian"?—mind, which necessarily takes the view of either Pope or saint that the thistle in Lebanon took of the cedar or lilies in Lebanon;[1] and the entire force of the passions which, in the Scottish revolution, foretold and forearmed the French one, is told in this one paragraph; the coarseness of it, observe, being admitted, not for the sake of the laugh, any more than an onion in broth merely for its flavour, but for the meat of it; the inherent constancy of that coarseness being a fact in this order of mind, and an essential part of the history to be told.

Secondly, observe that this speech, in the religious passion of it, such as there may be, is entirely sincere. Andrew is a thief, a liar, a coward, and, in the Fair service from which he takes his name, a hypocrite; but in the form of prejudice, which is all that his mind is capable of in the place of religion, he is entirely sincere. He does not in the least pretend detestation of image worship to please his master, or any one else; he honestly scorns the "carnal morality* as dowd and fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule"[2] of the sermon in the upper cathedral; and when wrapt in critical attention to the "real savour o' doctrine" in the crypt, so completely forgets the hypocrisy of his fair service as to return his master's attempt to disturb him with hard punches of the elbow.

Thirdly. He is a man of no mean sagacity, quite up to the average standard of Scottish common sense, not a low one; and, though incapable of understanding any manner of lofty thought or passion, is a shrewd measurer of weaknesses, and not without a spark or two of kindly feeling.

* Compare Mr. Spurgeon's not unfrequent orations on the same subject.[3]

[1] [2 Kings xiv. 9: compare Vol. XXV. p. 288.]
[2] [See *Rob Roy*, ch. xx.]
[3] [For Ruskin "sitting under Mr. Spurgeon," see above, p. 217; and below, p. 659.]

See first his sketch of his master's character to Mr. Hammorgaw, beginning: "He's no a'thegither sae void o' sense, neither"; and then the close of the dialogue: "But the lad's no a bad lad after a', and he needs some carefu' body to look after him."[1]

Fourthly. He is a good workman; knows his own business well, and can judge of other craft, if sound, or otherwise.

All these four qualities of him must be known before we can understand this single speech. Keeping them in mind, I take it up, word by word.

32. You observe, in the outset, Scott makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new, and securely writeable one. The Scottish way of pronouncing "James," for instance, is entirely peculiar, and extremely pleasant to the ear. But it is so, just because it does *not* change the word into Jeems, nor into Jims, nor into Jawms. A modern writer of dialects would think it amusing to use one or other of these ugly spellings. But Scott writes the name in pure English, knowing that a Scots reader will speak it rightly, and an English one be wise in letting it alone. On the other hand he writes "weel" for "well," because that word is complete in its change, and may be very closely expressed by the double *e*. The ambiguous *u*'s in "gude" and "sune" are admitted, because far liker the sound than the double *o* would be, and that in "hure," for grace' sake, to soften the word; so also "flaes" for "fleas." "Mony" for "many" is again positively right in sound, and "neuk" differs from our "nook" in sense, and is not the same word at all, as we shall presently see.[2]

Secondly, observe, not a word is corrupted in any indecent haste, slowness, slovenliness, or incapacity of pronunciation. There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or

[1] [See *Rob Roy*, ch. xxi.]
[2] [To this point, however, Ruskin did not revert.]

snuffling: the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow: and its elisions and contractions are either melodious, ("na," for "not,"—"pu'd," for "pulled,") or as normal as in a Latin verse. The long words are delivered without the slightest bungling; and "bigging" finished to its last *g*.

33. I take the important words now in their places.

Brave. The old English sense of the word in "to go brave,"[1] retained, expressing Andrew's sincere and respectful admiration. Had he meant to insinuate a hint of the church's being too fine, he would have said "braw."

Kirk. This is of course just as pure and unprovincial a word as "Kirche," or "église."

Whigmaleerie. I cannot get at the root of this word,[2] but it is one showing that the speaker is not bound by classic rules, but will use any syllables that will enrich his meaning. "Nipperty-tipperty" (of his master's "poetry-nonsense")[3] is another word of the same class. "Curliewurlie" is of course just as pure as Shakespeare's "Hurlyburly." But see first suggestion of the idea to Scott at Blair-Adam (L. vi. 264).[4]

Opensteek hems. More description, or better, of the later Gothic cannot be put into four syllables. "Steek," melodious for stitch, has a combined sense of closing or fastening. And note that the later Gothic being precisely what Scott knew best (in Melrose) and liked best, it is, here as elsewhere, quite as much himself* as Frank, that he is laughing at, when he laughs *with* Andrew, whose

* There are three definite and intentional portraits of himself, in the novels, each giving a separate part of himself: Mr. Oldbuck, Frank Osbaldistone, and Alan Fairford.[5]

[1] [*The New English Dictionary* quotes, for example, "To go more brave than doth a lord" (1568).]

[2] [For a correspondent's note on the subject, see below, p. 368.]

[3] [See *Rob Roy*, ch. xxi.]

[4] [On a visit to Blair-Adam, one of Scott's companions had told him a story of a Professor Wilkie who had said, of Regulus' Tower, "Till I saw that tower and studied it, I thought the beauty of architecture had consisted in curly wurlies."]

[5] [Compare below, § 35 (p. 303), and Vol. XXVII. pp. 575, 585.]

"opensteek hems" are only a ruder metaphor for his own "willow-wreaths changed to stone."[1]

Gunpowther. "-Ther" is a lingering vestige of the French "-dre."

Syne. One of the melodious and mysterious Scottish words which have partly the sound of wind and stream in them, and partly the range of softened idea which is like a distance of blue hills over border land ("far in the distant Cheviot's blue"[2]). Perhaps even the least sympathetic "Englisher" might recognize this, if he heard "Old Long Since" vocally substituted for the Scottish words to the air. I do not know the root;[3] but the word's proper meaning is not "since," but before or after an interval of some duration, "as weel sune as syne." "But first on Sawnie gies a ca', Syne, bauldly in she enters."[4]

Behoved (*to come*). A rich word, with peculiar idiom, always used more or less ironically of anything done under a partly mistaken and partly pretended notion of duty.

Siccan. Far prettier, and fuller in meaning than "such." It contains an added sense of wonder; and means properly "so great" or "so unusual."

Took (*o' drum*). Classical "tuck" from Italian "toccata," the preluding "touch" or flourish, on any instrument (but see Johnson under word "tucket," quoting *Othello*[5]). The deeper Scottish vowels are used here to mark the deeper sound of the bass drum, as in more solemn warning.

[1] [From the description of Melrose in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii. stanza 11: quoted also in Vol. XIV. p. 415, and Vol. XIX. p. 259.]

[2] [Scott, Introduction to canto iii. of *Marmion:* quoted in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 299).]

[3] [The root is generally assumed to be the same (*sen*) as that of the English *since*, and the one of Ruskin's meanings seems to flow from the other. Jamieson (*Dictionary of the Scottish Language*), for the meaning of "after" or "later," cites Hamilton's *Wallace*, p. 318:—

"Each rogue, altho' with Nick he should combine,
Shall be discovered either sune or syne."]

[4] [Burns: *Hallowe'en.*]

[5] [Johnson's *Dictionary* quotes *Othello* (Act ii. sc. 3): "(A *tucket* sounds:)—Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet." It is not clear why Ruskin says "*But* see Johnson," as it is Johnson's derivation, etc., that he quotes.]

Bigging. The only word in all the sentence of which the Scottish form is less melodious than the English, "and what for no," seeing that Scottish architecture is mostly little beyond Bessie Bell's and Mary Gray's? "They biggit a bow're by yon burnside, and theekit it ow're wi' rashes."[1] But it is pure Anglo-Saxon in roots; see glossary to Freebairn's edition of the Douglas *Virgil*, 1710.[2]

Coup. Another of the much-embracing words; short for "upset," but with a sense of awkwardness as the inherent cause of fall; compare Richie Moniplies (also for sense of "behoved"): "Ae auld hirplin deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way, and offer me a pig—" (earthen pot—etym. dub.),—"as he said 'just to put my Scotch ointment in'; and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil coupit owre amang his own pigs, and damaged a score of them." So also Dandie Dinmont in the postchaise: "'Od! I hope they'll no coup us."[3]

The Crans. Idiomatic; root unknown to me, but it means in this use, fall total, and without recovery.[4]

Molendinar. From "molendinum," the grinding-place. I do not know if actually the local name,* or Scott's invention. Compare Sir Piercie's "Molinara."[5] But at all events used here with bye-sense of degradation of the formerly idle saints to grind at the mill.

* Andrew knows Latin, and might have coined the word in his conceit; but, writing to a kind friend in Glasgow, I find the brook was called "Molyndona" even before the building of the Sub-dean Mill in 1446. See also account of the locality in Mr. Macgeorge's admirable

[1] [See the ballad of "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," in F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. iv. p. 75.]

[2] [*Virgil's Æneis, translated into Scottish Verse by the famous Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.* A new edition. . . . To which is added a large Glossary, explaining the difficult words, which may serve for a dictionary to the old Scottish language. Edinburgh: Printed by Mr. Andrew Symson and Mr. Robert Freebairn, and sold at their shops. 1710. The glossary gives, "Biggit, *built;* Big, *to build.* Anglo-Saxon Byggan, *ædificare.*" For other references to "the Douglas Glossary," see Vol. XXIX. pp. 454, 455 *n.*]

[3] [*Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. ii., and *Guy Mannering*, ch. xlviii.: Ruskin quotes from memory. Scott wrote, "Odd, I trust they'll no coup us."]

[4] [See the note on p. 321.]

[5] [*The Monastery*, chaps. xxix., xxxvii.]

Crouse. Courageous, softened with a sense of comfort.

Ilka. Again a word with azure distance, including the whole sense of "each" and "every." The reader must carefully and reverently distinguish these comprehensive words, which gather two or more perfectly understood meanings into one *chord* of meaning, and are harmonies more than words, from the above-noted blunders between two half-hit meanings, struck as a bad piano-player strikes the edge of another note. In English we have fewer of these combined thoughts; so that Shakespeare rather plays with the distinct lights of his words, than melts them into one. So again Bishop Douglas spells, and doubtless spoke, the word "rose," differently, according to his purpose; if as the chief or governing ruler of flowers, "rois," but if only in her own beauty, rose.[1]

Christian-like. The sense of the decency and order proper to Christianity is stronger in Scotland than in any other country, and the word "Christian" more distinctly opposed to "beast." Hence the back-handed cut at the English for their over-pious care of dogs.

34. I am a little surprised myself at the length to which this examination of one small piece of Sir Walter's first-rate work has carried us, but here I must end for this time, trusting, if the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* permit me, yet to trespass, perhaps more than once, on his readers' patience; but, at all events, to examine in a following paper the technical characteristics of Scott's own style, both in

volume, *Old Glasgow*,[2] pp. 120, 140, etc. The Protestantism of Glasgow, since throwing that powder of saints into her brook Kidron,[3] has presented it with other pious offerings; and my friend goes on to say that the brook, once famed for the purity of its waters (much used for bleaching), "has for nearly a hundred years been a crawling stream of loathsomeness. It is now bricked over, and a carriage-way made on the top of it; underneath the foul mess still passes through the heart of the city, till it falls into the Clyde close to the harbour."

[1] [Compare *Pleasures of England*, § 67 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 463).]

[2] [*Old Glasgow: the Place and the People, from the Roman Occupation to the Eighteenth Century*, 1880.]

[3] [2 Kings xxiii. 12.]

prose and verse, together with Byron's, as opposed to our fashionably recent dialects and rhythms; the essential virtues of language, in both the masters of the old school, hinging ultimately, little as it might be thought, on certain unalterable views of theirs concerning the code called "of the Ten Commandments,"[1] wholly at variance with the dogmas of automatic morality which, summed again by the witches' line, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," hover through the fog and filthy air[2] of our prosperous England.

[1] [See below, § 64 (p. 334).]
[2] [*Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 1.]

II *

[SCOTT, RYME, WORDSWORTH]

35. "*He hated greetings in the market-place,* and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him *either about the events of the day,* or about some petty pieces of business."

These lines, which the reader will find near the beginning of the sixteenth chapter of the first volume of *The Antiquary,* contain two indications of the old man's character, which, receiving the ideal of him as a portrait of Scott himself,[1] are of extreme interest to me. They mean essentially that neither Monkbarns nor Scott had any mind to be called of men, Rabbi,[2] in mere hearing of the mob; and especially that they hated to be drawn back out of their far-away thoughts, or forward out of their long-ago thoughts, by any manner of "daily" news, whether printed or gabbled. Of which two vital characteristics, deeper in both men (for I must always speak of Scott's creations as if they were as real as himself,) than any of their superficial vanities, or passing enthusiasms, I have to speak more at another time.[3] I quote the passage just now, because there was one piece of the daily news of the year 1815 which did extremely interest Scott, and materially direct the labour of the latter part of his life; nor is there any piece of history in this whole nineteenth century quite so pregnant with various instruction as the study of the

* *Nineteenth Century,* August 1880.

[1] [For Scott's portraits of himself in the Waverleys, see also Vol. XXVII. p. 631 *n.*; and above, § 32 (p. 298). It may be noted that in the Introduction to *The Antiquary* Scott repudiates the idea that Oldbuck was a portrait of George Constable.]

[2] [Matthew xxiii. 7.]

[3] [These points are not expressly reverted to.]

reasons which influenced Scott and Byron in their opposite views of the glories of the battle of Waterloo.[1]

36. But I quote it for another reason also. The principal greeting which Mr. Oldbuck on this occasion receives in the market-place, being compared with the speech of Andrew Fairservice, examined in my first paper, will furnish me with the text of what I have mainly to say in the present one:—

"'Mr. Oldbuck,' said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), 'the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you'll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell spring through a part o' your lands.'

"'What the deuce!—have they nobody's land but mine to cut and carve on?—I won't consent, tell them.'

"'And the provost,' said the clerk, going on, without noticing the rebuff, 'and the council, wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild's Chapel, that ye was wussing to hae.'

"'Eh?—what?—Oho! that's another story—Well, well, I'll call upon the provost, and we'll talk about it.'

"'But ye maun speak your mind on't forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca' Robbin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door-cheek; and the other stane, that they ca'd Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu', the Deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic.'

"'Good Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!' exclaimed the Antiquary,—'a monument of a knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—*O crimini!*—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we'll not differ about the water-course.—It's lucky I happened to come this way to-day.'

"They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh, through the estate of Monkbarns, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment."

[1] [Scott's view of the glories of the battle was expressed in his enthusiastic poem *The Field of Waterloo*, which was published in October 1815, the profits of the first edition being his contribution to the fund raised for the relief of the widows and children of soldiers slain in the battle. Byron's view sufficiently appears in his criticism of Wordsworth's Thanksgiving Ode (see below, p. 326); but see also *Childe Harold*, canto iii. stanza 19 ("Is Earth more free?"), the *Ode from the French* (1816), and *Don Juan*, canto viii. stanzas 48–50.]

37. In this single page of Scott, will the reader please note the kind of prophetic instinct with which the great men of every age mark and forecast its destinies?[1] The water from the Fairwell is the future Thirlmere carried to Manchester; the "auld stanes"* at Donagild's Chapel, removed as a *nuisance*, foretell the necessary view taken by modern cockneyism, Liberalism, and progress, of all things that remind them of the noble dead, of their fathers' fame, or of their own duty; and the public road becomes their idol, instead of the saint's shrine. Finally, the roguery of the entire transaction—the mean man seeing the weakness of the honourable, and "besting" him—in modern slang, in the manner and at the pace of modern trade—"on the pressure of the moment."

* The following fragments out of the letters in my own possession,[2] written by Scott to the builder of Abbotsford, as the outer decorations of the house were in process of completion, will show how accurately Scott had pictured himself in Monkbarns.

"Abbotsford: *April* 21, 1817.

"Dear Sir,—Nothing can be more obliging than your attention to the old stones. You have been as true as the sundial itself." [The sundial had just been erected.] "Of the two I would prefer the larger one, as it is to be in front of a parapet quite in the old taste. But in case of accidents it will be safest in your custody till I come to town again on the 12th of May. Your former favours (which were weighty as acceptable) have come safely out here, and will be disposed of with great effect."

"Abbotsford: *July* 30th.

"I fancy the Tolbooth still keeps its feet, but, as it must soon descend, I hope you will remember me. I have an important use for the niche above the door; and though many a man has got a niche *in* the Tolbooth by building, I believe I am the first that ever got a niche out of it on such an occasion. For which I have to thank your kindness, and to remain very much your obliged humble servant,

"Walter Scott."

"*August* 16.

"My dear Sir,—I trouble you with this [*sic*] few lines to thank you for the very accurate drawings and measurements of the Tolbooth door, and for your kind promise to attend to my interest and that of Abbotsford

[1] [Compare below, p. 329.]

[2] [For a reference to the handwriting in Scott's letters, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94 (Vol. XXIX. p. 487 *n.*).]

But neither are these things what I have at present quoted the passage for.

I quote it, that we may consider how much wonderful and various history is gathered in the fact recorded for us in this piece of entirely fair fiction, that in the Scottish borough of Fairport (Montrose, really), in the year 17— of Christ, the knowledge given by the pastors and teachers provided for its children by enlightened Scottish Protestantism, of their fathers' history, and the origin of their religion, had resulted in this substance and sum;—that the statues of two crusading knights had become, to their children, Robin and Bobbin; and the statue of the Madonna, Ailie Dailie.

A marvellous piece of history, truly: and far too comprehensive for general comment here. Only one small piece of it I must carry forward the readers' thoughts upon.

in the matter of the Thistle and Fleur de Lis. Most of our scutcheons are now mounted, and look very well, as the house is something after the model of an old hall (not a castle), where such things are well in character." [Alas—Sir Walter, Sir Walter!] "I intend the old lion to predominate over a well which the children have christened the Fountain of the Lions. His present den, however, continues to be the hall at Castle Street."

"*September* 5.

"DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged to you for securing the stone. I am not sure that I will put up the gate quite in the old form, but I would like to secure the means of doing so. The ornamental stones are now put up, and have a very happy effect. If you will have the kindness to let me know when the Tolbooth door comes down, I will send in my carts for the stones; I have an admirable situation for it. I suppose the door itself" [he means the wooden one] "will be kept for the new jail; if not, and not otherwise wanted, I would esteem it curious to possess it. Certainly I hope so many sore hearts will not pass through the celebrated door when in my possession as heretofore."

"*September* 8.

"I should esteem it very fortunate if I could have the door also, though I suppose it is modern, having been burned down at the time of Porteous-mob.

"I am very much obliged to the gentlemen who thought these remains of the Heart of Midlothian are not ill bestowed on their intended possessor."

38. The pastors and teachers aforesaid, (represented typically in another part of this errorless book by Mr. Blattergowl,[1]) are not, whatever else they may have to answer for, answerable for these names. The names are of the children's own choosing and bestowing, but not of the children's own inventing. "Robin" is a classically endearing cognomen, recording the *errant* heroism of old days—the name of the Bruce and of Rob Roy. "Bobbin" is a poetical and symmetrical fulfilment and adornment of the original phrase. "Ailie" is the last echo of "Ave," changed into the softest Scottish Christian name familiar to the children, itself the beautiful feminine form of royal "Louis"; the "Dailie" again symmetrically added for kinder and more musical endearment. The last vestiges, you see, of honour for the heroism and religion of their ancestors, lingering on the lips of babes and sucklings.[2]

But what is the meaning of this necessity the children find themselves under of completing the nomenclature rhythmically and rhymingly? Note first the difference carefully, and the attainment of both qualities by the couplets in question. Rhythm is the syllabic and quantitative measure of the words, in which Robin, both in weight and time, balances Bobbin; and Dailie holds level scale with Ailie. But rhyme is the added correspondence of sound; unknown and undesired, so far as we can learn, by the Greek Orpheus, but absolutely essential to, and, as special virtue, becoming titular of, the Scottish Thomas.[3]

39. The "Ryme,"* you may at first fancy, is the especially childish part of the work. Not so. It is the especially chivalric and Christian part of it. It characterizes

* Henceforward, not in affectation, but for the reader's better convenience, I shall continue to spell "Ryme" without our wrongly added *h*.

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[1] [See below, §§ 55, 113, 119; and compare Vol. XXXII. p. 117.]

[2] [Psalms viii. 2.]

[3] [For "Thomas the Rhymer," see below, §§ 41, 47 (pp. 310, 315); and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 94 (Vol. XXIX. p. 485), and the other passage there noted.]

the Christian chant or canticle, as a higher thing than a Greek ode, melos, or hymnos, or than a Latin carmen.

Think of it; for this again is wonderful! That these children of Montrose should have an element of music in their souls which Homer had not,—which a melos of David the Prophet and King had not,—which Orpheus and Amphion had not,—which Apollo's unrymed oracles became mute at the sound of.[1]

A strange new equity this,—melodious justice and judgment, as it were,—in all words spoken solemnly and ritualistically by Christian human creatures;—Robin and Bobbin—by the Crusader's tomb, up to "Dies iræ, dies illa," at judgment of the crusading soul.

You have to understand this most deeply of all Christian minstrels, from first to last; that they are more musical, because more joyful, than any others on earth: ethereal minstrels, pilgrims of the sky, true to the kindred points of heaven and home;[2] their joy essentially the sky-lark's, in light, in purity; but, with their human eyes, looking for the glorious appearing[3] of something in the sky, which the bird cannot.

This it is that changes Etruscan murmur into Terza rima—Horatian Latin into Provençal troubadour's melody; not, because less artful, less wise.

40. Here is a little bit, for instance, of French ryming just before Chaucer's time—near enough to our own French to be intelligible to us yet:—

"O quant très-glorieuse vie,
Quant cil qui tout peut et maistrie,
Veult esprouver pour nécessaire,
Ne pour quant il ne blasma mie
La vie de Marthe sa mie:
Mais il lui donna exemplaire
D'autrement vivre, et de bien plaire
A Dieu; et plut de bien à faire:

[1] [See Milton's *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, xix.]
[2] [Wordsworth: *To a Sky-lark.*]
[3] [Titus ii. 13.]

Pour se conclut-il que Marie
Qui estoit à ses piedz sans braire,
Et pensoit d'entendre et de taire,
Estleut la plus saine partie.

La meilleur partie esleut-elle
Et la plus saine et la plus belle,
Qui jà ne luy sera ostée;
Car par vérité se fut celle
Qui fut tousjours fresche et nouvelle,
D'aymer Dieu et d'en estre aymée;
Car jusqu'au cueur fut entamée,
Et si ardamment enflamée,
Que tous-jours ardoit l'estincelle;
Par quoi elle fut visitée
Et de Dieu premier confortée;
Car charité est trop ysnelle." [1]

41. The only law of *metre*, observed in this song, is that each line shall be octosyllabic:

Qui fut | tousjours | fresche et | nouvelle,
D'autre | ment vi | vret de | bien (ben) plaire.
Et pen | soit den | tendret | de taire.

But the reader must note that words which were two-syllabled in Latin mostly remain yet so in the French.

La *vi* | *e* de | Marthe | sa mie,

although *mie*, which is pet language, loving abbreviation of *amica* through *amie*, remains monosyllabic. But *vie* elides its *e* before a vowel:

Car Mar- | the me | nait vie | active
Et Ma- | ri-e | contemp | lative;

and custom endures many exceptions. Thus *Marie* may be three-syllabled as above, or answer to *mie* as a dissyllable; but *vierge* is always, I think, dissyllabic, *vier-ge*, with even stronger accent on the *-ge*, for the Latin *-go*.

Then, secondly, of quantity, there is scarcely any fixed

[1] ["Le Testament de Jean de Meung," lines 977–1018, appended to *Le Roman de la Rose*.]

law. The metres may be timed as the minstrel chooses—fast or slow—and the iambic current checked in reverted eddy, as the words chance to come.

But, thirdly, there is to be rich ryming and chiming, no matter how simply got, so only that the words jingle and tingle together with due art of interlacing and answering in different parts of the stanza, correspondent to the involutions of tracery and illumination. The whole twelve-line stanza is thus constructed with two rymes only, six of each, thus arranged:

A A B | A A B | B B A | B B A |

dividing the verse thus into four measures, reversed in ascent and descent, or *descant* more properly; and doubtless with correspondent phases in the voice-given, and duly accompanying, or following, music; Thomas the Rymer's own precept, that "tong is chefe in mynstrelsye," being always kept faithfully in mind.*

42. Here then you have a sufficient example of the pure chant of the Christian ages; which is always at heart joyful, and divides itself into the four great forms; Song of Praise, Song of Prayer, Song of Love, and Song of Battle; praise, however, being the keynote of passion through all the four forms; according to the first law which I have already given in the *Laws of Fésole;* "all great Art is Praise,"[1] of which the contrary is also true, all foul or miscreant Art is accusation, διαβολή: "She gave me of the tree and I did eat"[2] being an entirely museless expression on Adam's part, the briefly essential contrary of Love-song.

With these four perfect forms of Christian chant, of

* L. ii. 278.[3]

[1] [The title of Chapter i. in that book: Vol. XV. p. 351. Compare *Art of England*, § 58 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 305).]
[2] [Genesis iii. 12.]
[3] [Quoted from the Lincoln MS. of *True Thomas and the Queen of Elfland.*]

which we may take for pure examples the "Te Deum," the "Te Lucis Ante,"[1] the "Amor che nella mente,"* and the "Chant de Roland,"[2] are mingled songs of mourning, of Pagan origin (whether Greek or Danish), holding grasp still of the races that have once learned them, in times of suffering and sorrow; and songs of Christian humiliation or grief, regarding chiefly the sufferings of Christ, or the conditions of our own sin: while through the entire system of these musical complaints are interwoven moralities, instructions, and related histories, in illustration of both, passing into Epic and Romantic verse, which gradually, as the forms and learnings of society increase, becomes less joyful, and more didactic, or satiric, until the last echoes of Christian joy and melody vanish in the "Vanity of Human Wishes."[3]

43. And here I must pause for a minute or two to separate the different branches of our inquiry clearly from one another. For one thing, the reader must please put for the present out of his head all thought of the progress of "civilization"—that is to say, broadly, of the substitution of wigs for hair, gas for candles, and steam for legs. This is an entirely distinct matter from the phases of policy and religion. It has nothing to do with the British

* "Che nella mente mia *ragiona.*" Love—you observe, the highest *Reasonableness*, instead of French *ivresse*,[4] or even Shakespearian "mere folly";[5] and Beatrice as the Goddess of Wisdom in this third song of the *Convito*, to be compared with the Revolutionary Goddess of Reason; remembering of the whole poem chiefly the line:—

"Costei penso chi mosse l'universo."

(See Lyell's *Canzoniere*, p. 104.[6])

[1] [The hymn "Te lucis ante terminum," sung at Compline, the Hour following Vespers.]

[2] [Compare, on this "ancient and glorious French song," Vol. XXIII. p. 116 *n.*]

[3] [For another reference to Johnson's imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, see below, p. 314.]

[4] [See above, § 22, p. 286.]

[5] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7 (song).]

[6] [*The Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri, Italian and English*, translated by Charles Lyell, 1835. For the song from the *Convito* here quoted by Ruskin, see p. 98 of Lyell.]

Constitution, or the French Revolution, or the unification of Italy. There are, indeed, certain subtle relations between the state of mind, for instance, in Venice, which makes her prefer a steamer to a gondola, and that which makes her prefer a gazetteer to a duke;[1] but these relations are not at all to be dealt with until we solemnly understand that whether men shall be Christians and poets, or infidels and dunces, does not depend on the way they cut their hair, tie their breeches, or light their fires. Dr. Johnson might have worn his wig in fulness conforming to his dignity, without therefore coming to the conclusion that human wishes were vain; nor is Queen Antoinette's civilized hair-powder, as opposed to Queen Bertha's savagely loose hair, the cause of Antoinette's laying her head at last in scaffold dust, but Bertha in a pilgrim-haunted tomb.[2]

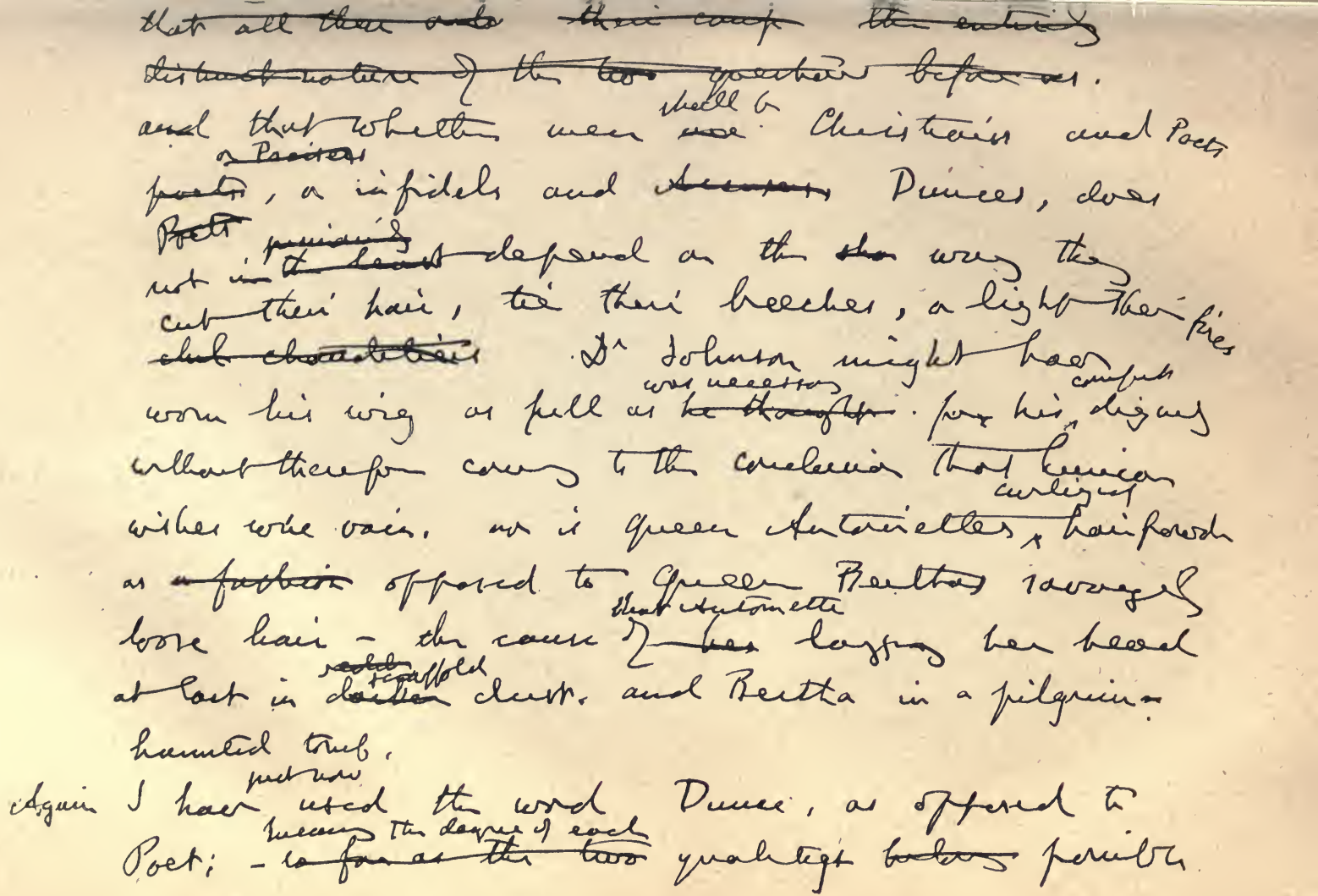
44. Again, I have just now used the words "poet" and "dunce," meaning the degree of each quality possible to average human nature. Men are eternally divided into the two classes of poet (believer, maker, and praiser) and dunce (or unbeliever, unmaker, and dispraiser). And in process of ages they have the power of making faithful and formative creatures of themselves, or unfaithful and *de*-formative. And this distinction between the creatures who, blessing, are blessed, and evermore *benedicti*, and the creatures who, cursing, are cursed, and evermore *maledicti*, is one going through all humanity; antediluvian in Cain and Abel, diluvian in Ham and Shem. And the question for the public of any given period is not whether they are a constitutional or unconstitutional vulgus, but whether they are a benignant or malignant vulgus.[3] So also, whether it is

[1] [See Ruskin's references in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 42, to the *Rinnovamento* ("Gazette of the people of Venice"), and his reflections there upon Past and Present in Venice (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 93 *seq.*).]

[2] [Ruskin may be thinking either of the English Bertha (*Pleasures of England*, § 23) or of the Swiss (*ibid.*, § 101): see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 433, 493. The former, the wife of Ethelbert, was, according to tradition, buried in a tomb in St. Martin's Church, Canterbury. The tomb of the Swiss Bertha is shown in the church at Payerne: see *Præterita*, iii. § 40.]

[3] [For the reference to Horace, see Vol. XVII. p. 228.]

And here I must pause for a ~~moment~~ minute or two, to separate the different branches of our enquiry clearly from one another. For one thing the reader must please put for the present out of his head ~~We have for one quite separate the price of study~~ distinct, all thought of the progress of Civilization; — (that is to say broadly the ~~introduction~~ substitution of wigs + ~~gas~~ for hair — ~~coal for wood~~ — gas for candles; ~~and gunpowder for short swords~~. and steam for legs.) This is an entirely ~~separate~~ distinct matter from the ~~progress~~ phases of policy, and religion. It has nothing to do with the British Constitution; — or the French Revolution — or the unification of Italy. ~~There may be and to say our knowledge~~ indeed, there are certain subtle relations between the state of mind in Venice, — for instance — which makes her prefer a steamer to a gondola, and that ~~that~~ which makes her prefer a gazetteer to a duke. But these relations are ~~of quite inexplicably~~



A Page of the MS. (First Draft) of "Fiction, Fair and Foul" (§ 43)

Between pp. 312, 313

indeed the gods who have given any gentleman the grace to despise the rabble, depends wholly on whether it is indeed the rabble, or he, who are the malignant persons.

45. But yet again. This difference between the persons to whom Heaven, according to Orpheus, has granted "the hour of delight,"* and those whom it has condemned to the hour of detestableness, being, as I have just said, of all times and nations,—it is an interior and more delicate difference which we are examining in the gift of *Christian*, as distinguished from unchristian, song. Orpheus, Pindar, and Horace are indeed distinct from the prosaic rabble, as the bird from the snake; but between Orpheus and Palestrina, Horace and Sidney, there is another division, and a new power of music and song given to the humanity which has hope of the Resurrection.

This is the root of all life and all rightness in Christian harmony, whether of word or instrument; and so literally, that in precise manner as this hope disappears, the power of song is taken away, and taken away utterly. When the Christian falls back out of the bright hope of the Resurrection, even the Orpheus song is forbidden him.[1] Not to have known the hope is blameless: one may sing, unknowing, as the swan, or Philomela. But to have known and fall away from it, and to declare that the human wishes, which are summed in that one—"Thy kingdom come"[2]—are vain! The Fates ordain there shall be no singing after that denial.

46. For observe this, and earnestly. The old Orphic song, with its dim hope of yet once more Eurydice,—the Philomela song—granted after the cruel silence,—the

* ὥραν τῆς τέρψιος—Plato, *Laws*, ii., Steph. 669. "Hour" having here nearly the power of "Fate" with added sense of being a daughter of Themis.

[1] [Compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 25, and *Art of England*, § 15 (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 101, 276).]

[2] [See, however, for a less literal aspect of these words, the seventh of the *Letters on the Lord's Prayer* (above, p. 201).]

Halcyon song—with its fifteen days of peace,[1] were all sad, or joyful only in some vague vision of conquest over death. But the Johnsonian vanity of wishes is on the whole satisfactory to Johnson—accepted with gentlemanly resignation by Pope,[2]—triumphantly and with bray of penny trumpets and blowing of steam-whistles, proclaimed for the glorious discovery of the civilized ages, by Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Adam Smith, and Co. There is no God, but have we not invented gunpowder?—who wants a God, with that in his pocket?* There is no Resurrection, neither angel nor spirit;[3] but have we not paper and pens, and cannot every blockhead print his opinions, and the Day of Judgment become Republican, with everybody for a judge, and the flat of the universe for the throne? There is no law, but only gravitation and congelation, and we are stuck together in an everlasting hail, and melted together in everlasting mud, and great was the day in which our worships were born. And there is no Gospel, but only,

* "Gunpowder is one of the greatest inventions of modern times, *and what has given such a superiority to civilized nations over barbarous*"! (*Evenings at Home*—fifth evening.[4]) No man can owe more than I both to Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth; and I only wish that in the substance of what they wisely said, they had been more listened to. Nevertheless, the germs of all modern conceit and error respecting manufacture and industry, as rivals to Art and to Genius, are concentrated in *Evenings at Home* and *Harry and Lucy*[5]—being all the while themselves works of real genius, and prophetic of things that have yet to be learned and fulfilled. See for instance the paper, "Things by their Right Names," following the one from which I have just quoted ("The Ship"), and closing the first volume of the old edition of the *Evenings*.[6]

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[1] [For other reference to the legend of Orpheus singing "such notes as warbled to the string drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek" and gained promise of his lost Enrydice, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 13 (Vol. XIX. p. 66); to the legend of Philomela, betrayed by Tereus and bereft of her tongue, and afterwards transformed into the nightingale, there is a slight and passing reference in Vol. XXV. p. 175; and for the song of the Halcyon, see *Eagle's Nest*, Vol. XXII. pp. 250 *seq.*]

[2] [For another reference to Pope in a similar sense, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 50 (Vol. XX. p. 233).]

[3] [Acts xxiii. 8.]

[4] [See vol. i. p. 141 in the edition of 1792.]

[5] [For another reference to Miss Edgeworth in the same sense, see Vol. XXIX. p. 395 *n.* For Mrs. Barbauld's *Evenings at Home*, see Vol. XXVI. p. 114.]

[6] [Vol. i. pp. 150–152: the point of the paper is that *war* is *murder*.]

whatever we've got, to get more, and, wherever we are, to go somewhere else. And are not these discoveries, to be sung of, and drummed of, and fiddled of, and generally made melodiously indubitable in the eighteenth-century song of praise?

47. The Fates will not have it so. No word of song is possible, in that century, to mortal lips. Only polished versification, sententious pentameter and hexameter, until, having turned out its toes long enough without dancing, and pattered with its lips long enough without piping, suddenly Astræa returns to the earth,[1] and a Day of Judgment of a sort, and there bursts out a song at last again, a most curtly melodious triplet of Amphisbænic ryme. "*Ça ira.*"[2]

Amphisbænic,[3] fanged in each ryme with fire, and obeying Ercildoune's precept, "Tong is chefe of mynstrelsye,"[4] to the syllable.—Don Giovanni's hitherto fondly chanted "Andiam, andiam," become suddenly impersonal and prophetic: IT shall go, and you also. A cry—before it is a song, then song and accompaniment together—perfectly done; and the march "towards the field of Mars. The two hundred and fifty thousand—they to the sound of stringed music—preceded by young girls with tricolour streamers, they have shouldered soldier-wise their shovels and picks, and with one throat are singing *Ça ira.*"*

* Carlyle, *French Revolution* (Chapman, 1869), vol. ii. p. 70; conf. p. 25, and the *Ça ira* at Arras, vol. iii. p. 276.[5]

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[1] [See Virgil, *Eclogues*, iv. 6 (referred to also in Vol. XXXIII. p. 120): "Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna"—Virgo being Astræa, the goddess of Justice; hence Dryden's *Astræa Redux* of another day of judgment "of a sort"—the return of King Charles.]

[2] [See further, below, § 60; and compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 7 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 129).]

[3] [For this word, see also *Fors*, Letter 35 (Vol. XXVII. p. 657): "Such double-ends as may be discoverable in Amphisbænas": the fabled serpents, headed at each end.]

[4] [See above, p. 310.]

[5] [The references in vol. ii. are to Book i. ch. xi. (somewhat altered); Book i. ch. vi.; and in vol. iii., Book v. ch. iii.]

Through all the springtime of 1790, from Brittany to Burgundy, on most plains of France, under most city walls, there march and constitutionally wheel to the Ça-ira-ing mood of fife and drum—our clear glancing phalanxes;—the song of the two hundred and fifty thousand, virgin-led, is in the long light of July.

48. Nevertheless, another song is yet needed, for phalanx, and for maid. For, two springs and summers having gone —amphisbænic,—on the 28th of August, 1792,

"Dumouriez rode from the camp of Maulde, eastwards to *Sedan*. . . .
"And Longwi has fallen basely, and Brunswick and the Prussian king will beleaguer Verdun, and Clairfait and the Austrians press deeper in over the northern marches, Cimmerian Europe behind. And on that same night Dumouriez assembles council of war at his lodgings in Sedan. Prussians here, Austrians there, triumphant both. With broad highway to Paris and little hindrance—*we* scattered, helpless here and there—what to advise?" *

The generals advise retreating, and retreating, till Paris be sacked at the latest day possible. Dumouriez, silent, dismisses *them*,—keeps only, with a sign, Thouvenot. Silent thus, when needful, yet having voice, it appears, of what musicians call tenor quality, of a rare kind. Rubini-esque, even, but scarcely producible to fastidious ears at opera. The seizure of the forest of Argonne follows—the cannonade of Valmy. The Prussians do not march on Paris *this* time, the autumnal hours of fate pass on—*ça ira*—and on the 6th of November, Dumouriez meets the Austrians also:—

"Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged—at and around Jemappes, its green heights fringed and maned with red fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when he rushes up in person, speaks a prompt word or two, and then, with clear tenor-pipe, uplifts the hymn of the Marseillaise, ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining, or say some forty thousand in all, for every heart leaps up at the sound; and so, with rhythmic march melody, they rally, they advance, they rush death-defying, and like the fire whirlwind sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action."

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, iii. 26.[1]

[1] [Book i. (of vol. iii.) ch. iii. (slightly compressed).]

Thus, through the lips of Dumouriez, sings Tyrtæus Rouget de Lisle,* "Aux armes—marchons." Iambic measure with a witness! in what wide strophe here beginning —in what unthought-of antistrophe returning to that council chamber in Sedan!

49. While these two great songs were thus being composed, and sung, and danced to in cometary cycle, by the French nation, here in our less giddy island there rose, amidst hours of business in Scotland and of idleness in England, three troubadours of quite different temper. Different also themselves, but not opponent; forming a perfect chord, and adverse all the three of them alike to the French musicians, in this main point—that while the *Ça ira* and *Marseillaise* were essentially songs of blame and wrath, the British bards wrote, virtually, always songs of praise, though by no means psalmody in the ancient keys. On the contrary, all the three are alike moved by a singular antipathy to the priests, and are pointed at with fear and indignation by the pietists, of their day;—not without latent cause. For they are all of them, with the most loving service, servants of that world which the Puritan and monk alike despised; and, in the triple chord of their song, could not but appear to the religious persons around them as respectively and specifically the praisers—Scott of the world, Burns of the flesh, and Byron of the devil.

To contend with this carnal orchestra, the religious world, having long ago rejected its Catholic Psalms as antiquated and unscientific, and finding its Puritan melodies sunk into faint jar and twangle from their native trumpet-tone, had nothing to oppose but the innocent, rather than religious, verses of the school recognized as that of the English Lakes; very creditable to them; domestic at once and refined; observing the errors of the world outside of the Lakes with a pitying and tender indignation, and arriving in lacustrine seclusion at many valuable principles

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, iii. 106 [Book ii. ch. iv.], the last sentence altered in a word or two.

of philosophy, as pure as the tarns of their mountains, and of corresponding depth.*

50. I have lately seen, and with extreme pleasure, Mr. Matthew Arnold's arrangement of Wordsworth's poems;[1] and read with sincere interest his high estimate of them. But a great poet's work never needs arrangement by other hands; and though it is very proper that Silver How should clearly understand and brightly praise its fraternal Rydal Mount,[2] we must not forget that, over yonder, are the Andes, all the while.

Wordsworth's rank and scale among poets were determined by himself, in a single exclamation:

> "What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
> Mount Skiddaw?"[3]

Answer his question faithfully, and you have the relation between the great masters of the Muse's teaching and the pleasant fingerer of his pastoral flute among the reeds of Rydal.

Wordsworth is simply a Westmoreland peasant, with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen or Scotsmen inherit; and no sense of humour: but gifted (in this singularly) with vivid sense of natural beauty, and a pretty turn for reflections, not always acute, but, as far as they reach, medicinal to the fever of the restless and corrupted life around him. Water to parched lips may be better than Samian wine,[4] but do not let us therefore

* I have been greatly disappointed, in taking soundings of our most majestic mountain pools, to find them, in no case, verge on the unfathomable.

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[1] [*Poems of Wordsworth Chosen and Edited* (with a Preface) *by Matthew Arnold*, "Golden Treasury Series," 1879.]

[2] [Dr. Arnold, it will be remembered, had built himself a house at Fox How (for which Ruskin confuses Silver How), about half a mile from Rydal Mount. Matthew Arnold, as a young man, saw much of Wordsworth at Rydal Mount (see Clough's *Life and Letters*, pp. 96–97).]

[3] [The poem of 1801 beginning, "Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side."]

[4] [*Don Juan*, iii. 86 ("The Isles of Greece").]

confuse the qualities of wine and water. I much doubt there being many inglorious Miltons in our country churchyards;[1] but I am very sure there are many Wordsworths resting there, who were inferior to the renowned one only in caring less to hear themselves talk.

With an honest and kindly heart, a stimulating egoism, a wholesome contentment in modest circumstances, and such sufficient ease, in that accepted state, as permitted the passing of a good deal of time in wishing that daisies could see the beauty of their own shadows,[2] and other such profitable mental exercises, Wordsworth has left us a series of studies of the graceful and happy shepherd life of our lake country, which to me personally, for one, are entirely sweet and precious; but they are only so as the mirror of an existent reality in many ways more beautiful than its picture.

51. But the other day I went for an afternoon's rest into the cottage of one of our country people of old statesman class; cottage lying nearly midway between two village churches, but more conveniently for downhill walk towards one than the other. I found, as the good housewife made tea for me, that nevertheless she went up the hill to church. "Why do not you go to the nearer church?" I asked. "Don't you like the clergyman?" "Oh no, sir," she answered, "it isn't that; but you know I couldn't leave my mother." "Your mother! she is buried at H—— then?" "Yes, sir; and you know I couldn't go to church anywhere else."

That feelings such as these existed among the peasants, not of Cumberland only, but of all the tender earth that gives forth her fruit for the living, and receives her dead to peace, might perhaps have been, to our great and endless comfort, discovered before now, if Wordsworth had

[1] [For other quotations from Gray's *Elegy*, see Vol. XII. p. 378; Vol. XXII. p. 393; Vol. XXIII. p. 28; and Vol. XXV. pp. 73, 136, 250.]

[2] [With the reference here to Wordsworth's piece ("So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive"), compare Vol. III. p. 177 *n.*, and the passage from *Præterita* there noted.]

been content to tell us what he knew of his own villages and people, not as the leader of a new and only correct school of poetry, but simply as a country gentleman of sense and feeling, fond of primroses,[1] kind to the parish children, and reverent of the spade with which Wilkinson had tilled his lands:[2] and I am by no means sure that his influence on the stronger minds of his time was anywise hastened or extended by the spirit of tunefulness under whose guidance he discovered that heaven rhymed to seven, and Foy to boy.[3]

52. Tuneful nevertheless at heart, and of the heavenly choir, I gladly and frankly acknowledge him; and our English literature enriched with a new and a singular virtue in the aerial purity and healthful rightness of his quiet song;—but *aerial* only,—not ethereal; and lowly in its privacy of light.

A measured mind, and calm; innocent, unrepentant; helpful to sinless creatures and scatheless, such of the flock as do not stray. Hopeful at least, if not faithful; content with intimations of immortality[4] such as may be in skipping of lambs, and laughter of children—incurious to see in the hands the print of the Nails.[5]

A gracious and constant mind; as the herbage of its native hills, fragrant and pure;—yet, to the sweep and the shadow, the stress and distress, of the greater souls of men, as the tufted thyme to the laurel wilderness of Tempe,—as the gleaming euphrasy to the dark branches of Dodona.

(I am obliged to defer the main body of this paper to next month,—revises penetrating all too late into my lacustrine seclusion;[6] as chanced also unluckily with the preceding paper, in which the reader will perhaps

[1] [See *Peter Bell*, part i. stanza 12.]
[2] [See the piece of 1804 ("To the Spade of a Friend") beginning, "Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his land."]
[3] [See "We are Seven" and "The Idiot Boy."]
[4] [For Ruskin's numerous references to Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, see pp. 156, 325, 349, and General Index.]
[5] [John xx. 25.]
[6] [See above, § 49.]

kindly correct the consequent misprints,[1] § 32, l. 4, of "scarcely" to "securely," and § 33 (Crans), "full," with comma, to "fall," without one; noticing besides that *Redgauntlet* has been omitted in the list, § 27; and that the reference to note * should not be at the word "imagination," § 26, sixth line from end, but at the word "trade," § 27, l. 4. My dear old friend, Dr. John Brown, sends me, from Jamieson's *Dictionary*, the following satisfactory end to one of my difficulties:—"Coup the crans."[2] The language is borrowed from the "cran," or trivet on which small pots are placed in cookery, which is sometimes turned with its feet uppermost by an awkward assistant. Thus it signifies to be *completely* upset.)

[1] [Corrected in *On the Old Road*, and in this edition. Ruskin's references, here altered, were to pages and lines in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

[2] [See above, p. 300.]

III *

[BYRON]

"Parching summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal well;
Rains, that make each brook a torrent,
Neither sully it, nor swell." [1]

53. So was it year by year, among the unthought-of hills. Little Duddon and child Rotha [2] ran clear and glad; and laughed from ledge to pool, and opened from pool to mere, translucent, through endless days of peace.

But eastward, between her orchard plains, Loire locked her embracing dead in silent sands; dark with blood rolled Isar; glacial-pale, Beresina-Lethe,[3] by whose shore the weary hearts forgot their people, and their father's house.[4]

Nor unsullied, Tiber; nor unswoln, Arno and Aufidus;[5]

* *Nineteenth Century*, September 1880.

[1] [Wordsworth: *Inscriptions*, 1828 (iv. "Near the spring of the Hermitage").]

[2] [See Wordsworth's *To Rotha Quillinan*, his granddaughter, named after the stream that flows into Windermere from Grasmere and Rydal.]

[3] [The allusions are here to—(1) The *Noyades* at Nantes on the Loire (1793): "Women and men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands; and flung in: this they call *Mariage Republicain*" (Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book v. ch. iii.). (2) The battle of Hohenlinden (Bavaria), December 1800, in which the French under Moreau defeated the Austrians with heavy loss. Ruskin doubtless was thinking of Campbell's poem on the battle—quoted in Vol. XXXI. p. 360—

"And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly"

—the Isar (twenty miles distant) being by poetic licence brought in sight of the field. The reference would, however, also fit the battle near Landshut on the Isar, where the French under Davoust defeated the Austrians (April 1809). (3) The battle on the banks of the Beresina (November 1812), in which the "grand army" of Napoleon was overwhelmed on the retreat from Moscow. Byron refers to the Retreat in the first stanza of *Mazeppa*.]

[4] [Psalms xlv. 10.]

[5] [The allusions here seem less precise, referring generally to the bloodshed in Napoleon's campaigns in Italy; Ruskin continuing his comparison by mentioning two of its most famous rivers, and then the Aufidus (Ofanto), famous in classical

and Euroclydon high on Helle's wave;[1] meantime, let our happy piety glorify the garden rocks with snowdrop circlet, and breathe the spirit of Paradise, where life is wise and innocent.[2]

Maps many have we, now-a-days clear in display of earth constituent, air current, and ocean tide. Shall we ever engrave the map of meaner research, whose shadings shall content themselves in the task of showing the depth, or drought,—the calm, or trouble, of Human Compassion?

54. For this is indeed all that is noble in the life of Man, and the source of all that is noble in the speech of Man.[3] Had it narrowed itself then, in those days, out of all the world, into this peninsula between Cockermouth and Shap?

Not altogether so; but indeed the *Vocal* piety seemed conclusively to have retired (or excursed?) into that mossy hermitage, above Little Langdale.[4] The *Un*vocal piety, with the uncomplaining sorrow, of Man, may have a somewhat wider range, for aught we know: but history disregards those items; and of firmly proclaimed and sweetly canorous religion, there really seemed at that juncture none to be reckoned upon, east of Ingleborough, or north of Criffel.[5] Only under Furness Fells, or by Bolton Priory,

poetry for its swift and violent course (Horace, *Odes*, iii. 30, 10; iv. 9, 2—quoted by Ruskin in Vol. XVII. p. 547; Vol. XXVI. p. 555; and, above, p. 237). Next he passes to the Dardanelles, where the British fleet (as the ally of Russia against Napoleon) was threatening Constantinople.]

[1] [See the beginning of canto ii. of Byron's *Bride of Abydos* (1813): "The winds were high on Helle's wave," etc.]

[2] [See Wordsworth's piece of 1803:—

> "Who fancied what a pretty sight
> This Rock would be if edged around
> With living snow-drops? circlet bright! . . .
> It is the Spirit of Paradise
> That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
> That gives to all the self-same bent
> When life is wise and innocent"—

often referred to by Ruskin: see Vol. XI. p. 153; Vol. XVII. p. 422; Vol. XXV. p. xxxviii.; and below, p. 487.]

[3] [On this subject compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92 (Vol. XXIX. p. 454), and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [The reference is to Wordsworth's "Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell."]

[5] [Ruskin takes the mountain Criffel, because it is just south of Burns's home (Dumfries), and Burns is one of the three minstrels in the "carnal orchestra" named above (§ 49).]

it seems we can still write Ecclesiastical Sonnets, stanzas on the force of Prayer, Odes to Duty, and complimentary addresses to the Deity upon His endurance for adoration.[1] Far otherwise, over yonder, by Spezzia Bay, and Ravenna Pineta, and in ravines of Hartz.[2] There, the softest voices speak the wildest words; and Keats discourses of Endymion, Shelley of Demogorgon, Goethe of Lucifer, and Bürger of the Resurrection of Death unto Death[3]—while even Puritan Scotland and Episcopal Anglia produce for us only these three minstrels[4] of doubtful tone, who show but small respect for the "unco guid," put but limited faith in gifted Gilfillan, and translate with unflinching frankness the *Morgante Maggiore*.*

55. Dismal the aspect of the spiritual world, or at least the sound of it, might well seem to the eyes and ears of Saints (such as we had) of the period—dismal in angels'

* "It must be put by the original, stanza for stanza, and verse for verse; and you will see what was permitted in a Catholic country and a bigoted age to Churchmen, on the score of Religion—and so tell those buffoons who accuse me of attacking the Liturgy.

"I write in the greatest haste, it being the hour of the Corso, and I must go and buffoon with the rest. My daughter Allegra is just gone with the Countess G. in Count G.'s coach and six. Our old Cardinal is dead, and the new one not appointed yet—but the masquing goes on the same." (Letter to Murray, 355th in Moore, dated Ravenna, Feb. 7, 1820.) "A dreadfully moral place, for you must not look at anybody's wife, except your neighbour's."

[1] [Here the references are to the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets; The Force of Prayer, or The Founding of Bolton Priory;* the *Ode to Duty;* and the following passage in the *Excursion,* Book iv. :—

> "Thou, Thou alone
> Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits,
> Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves:
> For adoration Thou endur'st."]

[2] [The references here must not be pressed too literally; for Keats wrote *Endymion* before leaving England for Italy; Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* was written at Rome, and not, like several of his pieces, at Spezzia.]

[3] [In the ballad of Lenore, whose dead lover takes horse and rides with her to Death. See again, below, § 60 (p. 330); for another reference to the ballad, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 334.]

[4] [The reference is to the three named in § 49 (p. 317)—to Burns and his *Address to the Unco Guid;* Scott, for whose "gifted Gilfillan" (in *Waverley,* ch. xxxiv.), see below, §§ 113, 119; and Byron (whose translation of the first canto of *The Morgante Maggiore di Messer Luigi Pulci* was written at Ravenna in 1820).]

eyes also assuredly! Yet is it possible that the dismalness in angelic sight may be otherwise quartered, as it were, from the way of mortal heraldry; and that seen, and heard, of angels,[1]—again I say—hesitatingly—*is* it possible that the goodness of the Unco Guid, and the gift of Gilfillan, and the word of Mr. Blattergowl,[2] may severally not have been the goodness of God, the gift of God, nor the word of God: but that in the much blotted and broken efforts at goodness, and in the careless gift which they themselves despised,* and in the sweet ryme and murmur of their unpurposed words, the Spirit of the Lord had, indeed, wandering, as in chaos days on lightless waters, gone forth in the hearts and from the lips of those other three strange prophets, even though they ate forbidden bread by the altar of the poured-out ashes, and even though the wild beast of the desert found them, and slew.[3]

This, at least, I know, that it had been well for England, though all her other prophets, of the Press, the Parliament, the Doctor's chair, and the Bishop's throne, had fallen silent; so only that she had been able to understand with her heart here and there the simplest line of these, her despised.

56. I take one at mere chance:

"Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?" †

Well, I don't know; Mr. Wordsworth certainly did, and observed, with truth, that its clouds took a sober colouring in consequence of his experiences.[4] It is much if, indeed,

* See, quoted *infra* [p. 329], the mock, by Byron, of himself and all other modern poets, *Juan*, canto iii. stanza 80, and compare canto xiv. stanza 8. In reference of future quotations the first numeral will stand always for canto; the second for stanza; the third, if necessary, for line.

† *Island*, ii. 16, where see context.

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[1] [1 Timothy iii. 16.]

[2] [See above, p. 307, and below, p. 382.]

[3] [For the Bible words and allusions in this sentence, see Genesis i. 2; 1 Kings xiii. 3, 9, 19, 24.]

[4] [Again a reference to the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*:—

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."]

this sadness be unselfish, and our eyes *have* kept loving watch o'er Man's Mortality. I have found it difficult to make any one now-a-days believe that such sobriety can be; and that Turner saw deeper crimson than others in the clouds of Goldau.[1] But that any should yet think the clouds brightened by Man's *Im*mortality instead of dulled by his death,—and, gazing on the sky, look for the day when every eye must gaze also—for behold, He cometh with clouds[2]—this it is no more possible for Christian England to apprehend, however exhorted by her gifted and guid.

57. "But Byron was not thinking of such things!"—He, the reprobate! how should such as he think of Christ?

Perhaps not wholly as you or I think of Him. Take, at chance, another line or two, to try:

> "Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter;*
> If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
> Just now, behaved as in the Holy Land."

* *Juan*, viii. 9; but, by your Lordship's quotation, Wordsworth says "instrument,"—not "daughter."[3] Your Lordship had better have said "Infant" and taken the Woolwich authorities to witness:[4] only Infant would not have rymed.

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[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 438).]

[2] [Revelation i. 7.]

[3] [Byron, however, was quite correct, Ruskin being misled by Wordsworth's subsequent revision (see below, p. 369). Byron's note on the passage in *Don Juan* was as follows:—

> "(*Thanksgiving Ode*, January 18, 1816, stanza xii. 20–23)
>
> "But Thy* most dreaded instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
> Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter."
>
> * "To wit, the Deity's: this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms. What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?"

Byron's criticism went home, and Wordsworth, in the latest edition of his poems, revised by himself (1845), altered the lines thus:—

> "But Man is Thy most awful instrument,
> In working out a pure intent;
> Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
> And for Thy righteous purpose they prevail."

For another reference by Ruskin to the passage, see *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 33 *n.* (Vol. XXXIII. p. 146).]

[4] [For the "Woolwich Infant," see *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. XXVII. pp. 43, 140, 142, 266; Vol. XXVIII. p. 153.]

Blasphemy, cry you, good reader? Are you sure you understand it? The first line I gave you was easy Byron —almost shallow Byron; these are of the man in his depth, and you will not fathom them, like a tarn[1]—nor in a hurry.

"Just now behaved as in the Holy Land." How *did* Carnage behave in the Holy Land then? You have all been greatly questioning, of late, whether the sun, which you find to be now going out, ever stood still.[2] Did you in any lagging minute, on those scientific occasions, chance to reflect what he was bid stand still *for?* or if not—will you please look—and what also, going forth again as a strong man to run his course,[3] he saw, rejoicing?

"Then Joshua passed from Makkedah unto Libnah—and fought against Libnah. And the Lord delivered it and the king thereof into the hand of Israel, and he smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein."

And from Lachish to Eglon, and from Eglon to Kirjath-Arba, and Sarah's grave in the Amorites' land,

"and Joshua smote all the country of the hills and of the south—and of the vale and of the springs, and all their kings: he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed—as the Lord God of Israel commanded."[4]

58. Thus, "it is written":[5] though you perhaps do not so often hear *these* texts preached from, as certain others about taking away the sins of the world.[6] I wonder how the world would like to part with them! hitherto it has always preferred parting first with its life—and God has taken it at its word. But Death is not *His* Begotten Son,[7]

[1] [See above, § 49 *n.* (p. 318).]
[2] [See Ruskin's paper on "Miracles," above, p. 117.]
[3] [Psalms xix. 5: see both the Bible and the Prayer-book versions.]
[4] [Joshua x. 29, 30, 40.]
[5] [Matthew ii. 5, etc.]
[6] [For instance, John i. 29; iii. 17.]
[7] [The MS. here reads differently:—

"But Death is not His daughter, for all that; not even the death of the innocent in battle carnage—how much less that

'whose *threatened* sting
Turns Life to terror—even though in its sheath.'

A very notable piece of theology, you will please observe, and a sound; instead of the blasphemy you took it for.

"The real blasphemy is in picking out the texts of the Bible that

for all that; nor is the death of the innocent in battle carnage His "instrument for working out a pure intent," as Mr. Wordsworth puts it; but Man's instrument for working out an impure one, as Byron would have you to know. Theology perhaps less orthodox, but certainly more reverent;—neither is the Woolwich Infant a Child of God; neither does the iron-clad *Thunderer* utter thunders of God—which facts if you had had the grace or sense to learn from Byron, instead of accusing him of blasphemy, it had been better at this day for *you*, and for many a savage soul also, by Euxine shore, and in Zulu and Afghan lands.[1]

59. It was neither, however, for the theology, nor the use, of these lines that I quoted them; but to note this main point of Byron's own character. He was the first great Englishman who felt the cruelty of war, and, in its cruelty, the shame. Its guilt had been known to George Fox—its folly shown practically by Penn.[2] But the *compassion* of the pious world had still for the most part been shown only in keeping its stock of Barabbases unhanged if possible: and, till Byron came, neither Kunersdorf, Eylau, nor Waterloo,[3] had taught the pity and the pride of men that

> "The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore." *

* *Juan*, viii. 3; compare 14, and 63, with all its lovely context 61–68: then 82, and afterwards slowly and with thorough attention, the Devil's speech, beginning, "Yes, Sir, you forget" in scene 2 of "The Deformed

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please yourself—and saying that God couldn't have meant the others, or really, he is not the God you took Him for; and you must evolve a better one out of *your* moral consciousness, forsooth. 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any *graven* Image. No;—but perhaps an *Un*graven one, always on æsthetic principles, maybe—an improvement on the Unideal God. It was not, however . . ."

On the picking out of Bible texts, see Vol. XXVII. p. 650.]

[1] [To the South African and Afghan wars, Ruskin often refers in a like sense: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 224 *n*. But of the Crimean War he was at the time a supporter: see the passage about "the skeleton of the Euxine" in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 410–417).]

[2] [For another reference to Fox, the Quaker, see Vol. XXVII. p. 573; to Penn's settlement in Pennsylvania, Ruskin does not elsewhere refer.]

[3] [For another reference to the battle of Kunersdorf, see *A Knight's Faith*, ch. xii. (Vol. XXXI. p. 479). For the slaughter at Eylau and Waterloo, see "Modern Warfare" in *Arrows of the Chace*, below, p. 523.]

Such pacific verse would not indeed have been acceptable to the Edinburgh volunteers on Portobello sands.[1] But Byron can write a battle song too, when it is *his* cue to fight. If you look at the introduction to the "Isles of Greece," namely the 85th and 86th stanzas of the 3rd canto of *Don Juan*, you will find—what will you *not* find, if only you understand them! "He" in the first line, remember, means the typical modern poet.

"Thus usually, when he was asked to sing,
He gave the different nations something national.
'Twas all the same to him—'God save the King'
Or 'Ça ira' according to the fashion all;
His muse made increment of anything
From the high lyric down to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six-canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's—(see what says de Staël)
In Italy, he'd ape the 'Trecentisti';
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye."

60. Note first here, as we did in Scott,[2] the concentrating and foretelling power. The "God save the Queen" in England, fallen hollow now, as the "Ça ira" in France —not a man in France knowing where either France or "that" (whatever "that" may be) is going to; nor the Queen of England daring, for her life, to ask the tiniest Englishman to do a single thing he doesn't like;[3]—nor any salvation, either of Queen or Realm, being any more possible to God, unless under the direction of the Royal

Transformed": then Sardanapalus's, Act i. scene 2, beginning, "He is gone, and on his finger bears my signet," and finally the "Vision of Judgment," stanzas 3 to 5.

[1] [Which Scott had joined on the enrolment of the Edinburgh Light Horse in 1797: see Lockhart, vol. i. ch. viii. (ed. 1).]

[2] [See above, p. 305.]

[3] [Compare *Letters on the Lord's Prayer* (above, p. 220).]

Society: then, note the estimate of height and depth in poetry, swept in an instant, "high lyric to low rational." Pindar to Pope (knowing Pope's height, too, all the while, no man better[1]); then, the poetic power of France—resumed in a word—Béranger; then the cut at *Marmion*, entirely deserved, as we shall see,[2] yet kindly given, for everything he names in these two stanzas is the best of its kind; then Romance in Spain on—the *last* war, (*present* war not being to Spanish poetical taste); then, Goethe the real heart of all Germany, and last, the aping of the Trecentisti which has since consummated itself in Pre-Raphaelitism! that also being the best thing Italy has done through England, whether in Rossetti's "blessed damozels" or Burne-Jones's "days of creation." Lastly comes the mock at himself[3]—the modern English Greek—(followed up by the "degenerate into hands like mine" in the song itself); and then—to amazement, forth he thunders in his Achilles-voice. We have had one line of him in his clearness—five of him in his depth—sixteen of him in his play. Hear now but these, out of his whole heart:—

> "What,—silent yet? and silent *all?*
> Ah no, the voices of the dead
> Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
> And answer, 'Let *one* living head,
> But one, arise—we come—we come:'
> —'Tis but the living who are dumb."

Resurrection, this, you see like Bürger's; but not of death unto death.[4]

61. "Sound like a distant torrent's fall." I said the *whole* heart of Byron was in this passage. First its compassion, then its indignation, and the third element, not yet examined, that love of the beauty of this world in

[1] [See Byron's vindication of Pope in his "Reply to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*," vol. iv. p. 489 in his *Letters and Journals*, ed. 1900; and for Ruskin's own appreciation of him, see Vol. XVI. p. 446.]

[2] [See below, p. 347.]

[3] [See above. p. 325.]

[4] [See above, p. 324.]

which the three—unholy—children, of its Fiery Furnace[1] were like to each other; but Byron the widest-hearted. Scott and Burns love Scotland more than Nature itself: for Burns the moon must rise over Cumnock Hills,[2]—for Scott, the Rymer's glen divide the Eildons;[3] but, for Byron, Loch-na-Gar *with Ida*, looks o'er Troy, and the soft murmurs of the Dee and the Bruar change into voices of the dead on distant Marathon.[4]

Yet take the parallel from Scott, by a field of homelier rest:—

> "And silence aids—though the steep hills
> Send to the lake a thousand rills;
> In summer tide, so soft they weep,
> The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
> Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
> So stilly is the solitude.
>
> Nought living meets the eye or ear,
> But well I ween the dead are near;
> For though, in feudal strife, a foe
> Hath laid our Lady's Chapel low,
> Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
> The peasant rests him from his toil,
> And, dying, bids his bones be laid
> Where erst his simple fathers prayed."[5]

[1] [Daniel iii.]

[2] [See the lines from Burns's *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, quoted in Vol. III. p. 652.]

[3] [It was Michael Scott, the wizard, who "cleft Eildon Hills in three": see *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii. stanza 13, and Scott's note there. Among the Eildons is Scott's "The Rymer's Glen," the traditional scene of Thomas of Ercildoune's interview with the Queen of Faerie: see Lockhart, i. 110, v. 236, and vii. 286 (ed. 1869).]

[4] [Here Ruskin first quotes from Byron himself:—

> "He who first met the Highland's swelling blue
> Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
> Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
> And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace . . .
> The infant rapture still survived the boy,
> And Loch na Garr with Ida looked o'er Troy."

(*The Island*, 1823, canto ii. stanza 12.) He then applies the sentiment of the lines to the pathos which Byron puts into his descriptions of Marathon (*Childe Harold*, canto ii. 88 *seq.*, and *Don Juan*, canto iii.: "The mountains look on Marathon," etc.). For Byron's love of Lachin y Gair (or Loch na Garr), see the poem in *Hours of Idleness*, and compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 382.]

[5] [Introduction to canto ii. of *Marmion*.]

And last take the same note of sorrow—with Burns's finger on the fall of it:

> "Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens,
> Ye hazly shaws and briery dens,
> Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens
> Wi' toddlin' din,
> Or foamin' strang wi' hasty stens
> Frae lin to lin." [1]

62. As you read, one after another, these fragments of chant by the great masters, does not a sense come upon you of some element in their passion, no less than in their sound, different, specifically, from that of "Parching summer hath no warrant"?[2] Is it more profane, think you—or more tender—nay, perhaps, in the core of it, more true?

For instance, when we are told that

> "Wharfe, as he moved along,
> To matins joined a mournful voice," [3]

is this disposition of the river's mind to pensive psalmody quite logically accounted for by the previous statement, (itself by no means rhythmically dulcet,) that

> "The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
> And strangled by a merciless force"?

Or, when we are led into the improving reflection,

> "How sweet were leisure, could it yield no more
> Than 'mid this wave-washed churchyard to recline,
> From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine!" [4]

—is the divinity of the extract assured to us by its being made at leisure, and in a reclining attitude—as compared with the meditations of otherwise active men, in an erect one? Or are we perchance, many of us, still erring

[1] [*Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson.*]
[2] [See above, § 53 (p. 322).]
[3] [Wordsworth, *The Force of Prayer:* quoted also in *Modern Painters,* vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 305).]
[4] [No. 31 of *The River Duddon: a Series of Sonnets.* In the second of the lines here quoted, Wordsworth wrote "that," not "this."]

somewhat in our notions alike of Divinity and Humanity, poetical extraction, and moral position?

63. On the chance of its being so, might I ask hearing for just a few words more of the school of Belial?

Their occasion, it must be confessed, is a quite unjustifiable one. Some very wicked people—mutineers, in fact—have retired, misanthropically, into an unfrequented part of the country, and there find themselves safe indeed, but extremely thirsty. Whereupon Byron thus gives them to drink:—

> "A little stream came tumbling from the height
> And straggling into ocean as it might.
> Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray
> And gushed from cliff to crag with saltless spray,
> Close on the wild wide ocean,—yet as pure
> And fresh as Innocence; and more secure.
> Its silver torrent glittered o'er the deep
> As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
> While, far below, the vast and sullen swell
> Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell." *

Now, I beg, with such authority as an old workman may take concerning his trade, having also looked at a waterfall or two in my time, and not unfrequently at a wave, to assure the reader that here *is* entirely first-rate literary work. Though Lucifer himself had written it, the thing is itself good, and not only so, but unsurpassably good, the closing line being probably the best concerning the sea yet written by the race of the sea-kings.

64. But Lucifer himself *could* not have written it; neither any servant of Lucifer.[1] I do not doubt but that

* *Island*, iii. 3, and compare, of shore surf, the "slings its high flakes, shivered into sleet" of stanza 7.[2]

[1] [In place of this brief sentence, the MS. has:—

"I tell you this, mind you, in my old name and faculty of 'author of *Modern Painters*'—having looked at a waterfall or two in my time, and not unfrequently at a wave, and got some things fairly well said, though I say it, concerning both; and on such standing, or reclination, do farther certify you that neither I in my weakness, nor Byron in his might, could either of us have said one right word of these lovely and mighty things, but that we both of us had in our hearts reverence for the Laws of God and pity for the creatures of earth."]

[2] [For an additional passage, giving an analysis of these lines, see below, p. 396.]

most readers were surprised at my saying, in the close of my first paper, that Byron's "style" depended in any wise on his views respecting the Ten Commandments.[1] That so all-important a thing as "style" should depend in the least upon so ridiculous a thing as moral sense: or that Allegra's father, watching her drive by in Count G.'s coach and six,[2] had any remnant of so ridiculous a thing to guide,—or check,—his poetical passion, may alike seem more than questionable to the liberal and chaste philosophy of the existing British public. But, first of all, putting the question of who writes or speaks aside, do you, good reader, *know* good "style" when you get it?[3] Can you say, of half-a-dozen given lines taken anywhere out of a novel, or poem, or play, That is good, essentially, in style, or bad, essentially? and can you say why such half-dozen lines are good, or bad?

65. I imagine that in most cases, the reply would be given with hesitation; yet if you will give me a little patience, and take some accurate pains, I can show you the main tests of style in the space of a couple of pages.

I take two examples of absolutely perfect, and in manner highest, *i.e.* kingly, and heroic, style: the first example in expression of anger, the second of love.

(1) "We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."[4]

[1] [See above, p. 302.]
[2] [See above, p. 324 *n.*]
[3] [The first draft has a different passage here:—

"What is meant by style in the constant sense of exact scholarship is literally the pillar and ground of the Truth; that is to say, it is the method of language by which any true thing may be most clearly both uttered and established; and it is so necessarily and by law of destiny this, that the farther reversed necessity follows—namely, that whether in painting, sculpture, or literature, ONLY A TRUE THING CAN BE WELL SAID. I have put this sentence in capitals, being the sum of what concerning all the arts of my life has been all spent in learning, though hitherto wasted in asserting to a general public which had established its faith not only in the expediency, but the pleasantness and artistic loveliness, of Lies."]

[4] [*King Henry V.*, Act i. sc. 2: compare *Elements of Prosody*, § 41 (Vol. XXXI. p. 371). The lines are referred to also in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 244).]

(2) "My gracious Silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laughed, had I come coffin'd home
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear
And mothers that lack sons."[1]

66. Let us note, point by point, the conditions of greatness common to both these passages, so opposite in temper.

(A.) Absolute command over all passion, however intense; this the first-of-first conditions, (see the King's own sentence just before, "We are no tyrant, but a Christian King, Unto *whose grace* our passion is as subject As are our wretches fettered in our prisons"); and with this self-command, the supremely surveying grasp of every thought that is to be uttered, before its utterance; so that each may come in its exact place, time, and connection. The slightest hurry, the misplacing of a word, or the unnecessary accent on a syllable, would destroy the "style" in an instant.

(B.) Choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language, to express the thing meant: these few words being also arranged in the most straightforward and intelligible way; allowing inversion only when the subject can be made primary without obscurity: (thus, "his present, and your pains, we thank you for" is better than "we thank you for his present and your pains," because the Dauphin's gift is by courtesy put before the Ambassador's pains; but "when to these balls our rackets we have matched" would have spoiled the style in a moment, because—I was going to have said, ball and racket are of equal rank, and therefore only the natural order proper; but also here the natural order is the desired one, the English racket to have precedence of the French ball. In the fourth line the "in France" comes first, as announcing the most important resolution of action; the "by God's grace" next, as the only condition rendering resolution possible; the detail of issue follows with the strictest limit in the final word. The King does not say

[1] [*Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. 1: compare *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 227).]

"danger," far less "dishonour," but "hazard" only; of *that* he is, humanly speaking, sure.

67. (C.) Perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; slowly in the degree of their importance, with omission however of every word not absolutely required; and natural use of the familiar contractions of final dissyllable. Thus "play a set shall strike" is better than "play a set *that* shall strike," and "match'd" is kingly short —no necessity of metre could have excused "matched" instead. On the contrary, the three first words, "We are glad," would have been spoken by the king more slowly and fully than any other syllables in the whole passage, first pronouncing the kingly "we" at its proudest, and then the "are" as a continuous state, and then the "glad," as the exact contrary of what the ambassadors expected him to be.*

(D.) Absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats. The king *cannot* speak otherwise than he does—nor the hero. The words not merely come to them, but are compelled to them. Even lisping numbers "come,"[1] but mighty numbers are ordained, and inspired.

(E.) Melody in the words, changeable with their passion, fitted to it exactly, and the utmost of which the language is capable—the melody in prose being Eolian and variable—in verse, nobler by submitting itself to stricter law. I will enlarge upon this point presently.

(F.) Utmost spiritual contents in the words; so that each carries not only its instant meaning, but a cloudy companionship of higher or darker meaning according to the passion—nearly always indicated by metaphor: "play a set"

* A modern editor—of whom I will not use the expressions which occur to me—finding the "we" a redundant syllable in the iambic line, prints, "we're."[2] It is a little thing—but I do not recollect, in the forty years of my literary experience, any piece of editor's retouch quite so base. But I don't read the new editions much: that must be allowed for.

[1] [Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot: Prologue to the Satires,* line 127.]
[2] [See *The Works of Shakespeare,* edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, 1875.]

—sometimes by abstraction—(thus in the second passage "silence" for silent one) sometimes by description instead of direct epithet ("coffined" for dead) but always indicative of there being more in the speaker's mind than he has said, or than he can say, full though his saying be. On the quantity of this attendant fulness depends the majesty of style; that is to say, virtually, on the quantity of contained thought in briefest words, such thought being primarily loving and true: and this the sum of all—that nothing can be well said, but with truth, nor beautifully, but by love.

68. These are the essential conditions of noble speech in prose and verse alike, but the adoption of the form of verse, and especially rymed verse, means the addition to all these qualities of one more; of music, that is to say, not Eolian merely, but Apolline; a construction or architecture of words fitted and befitting, under external laws of time and harmony.

When Byron says "rhyme is of the rude,"* he means

* *Island,* ii. 5. I was going to say, "Look to the context," but am fain to give it here; for the stanza, learned by heart, ought to be our school-introduction to the literature of the world.

> "Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,
> Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
> In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
> Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
> Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
> But yields young history all to harmony;
> A boy Achilles, with the centaur's lyre
> In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
> For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
> Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
> Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
> Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
> Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
> Than all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
> Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
> For sages' labours or the student's dream;
> Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil—
> The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil,
> Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude,
> But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,
> Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever rise
> Lands which no foes destroy or civilize,
> Exist; and what can our accomplish'd art
> Of verse do more than reach the awaken'd heart?"

that Burns needs it,—while Henry the Fifth does not, nor Plato, nor Isaiah—yet in this need of it by the simple, it becomes all the more religious: and thus the loveliest pieces of Christian language are all in ryme—the best of Dante, Chaucer, Douglas, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Sidney.

69. I am not now able to keep abreast with the tide of modern scholarship; (nor, to say the truth, do I make the effort, the first edge of its waves being mostly muddy, and apt to make a shallow sweep of the shore refuse:) so that I have no better book of reference by me than the confused essay on the antiquity of ryme at the end of Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*.[1] I cannot however conceive a more interesting piece of work, if not yet done, than the collection of sifted earliest fragments known of rymed song in European languages. Of Eastern I know nothing; but, this side Hellespont, the substance of the matter is all given in King Canute's impromptu

"Gaily" (or is it sweetly?—I forget which, and it's no matter[2]) "sang the monks of Ely,
As Knut the king came sailing by;"

much to be noted by any who make their religion lugubrious, and their Sunday the eclipse of the week.[3] And observe further, that if Milton does not ryme, it is because his faculty of Song was concerning Loss, chiefly; and he has little more than faculty of Croak, concerning Gain; while Dante, though modern readers never go further with him than into the Pit,[4] is stayed only by Casella in the ascent to the Rose of Heaven.[5] So, Gibbon can write in *his* manner the Fall of Rome; but Virgil, in *his* manner,

[1] ["Essay on the Antiquity of Rime in Europe," vol. iii. pp. 652–660 in Sharon Turner's *History of England*, 1836 (vols. i.–iii. being the *History of Anglo-Saxons*). There is an interesting essay on the origin of rhymed verse in the Introduction to Archbishop Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*.]

[2] [It is "merrily"; for the original lines in Anglo-Saxon, see the Ely Chronicle given at vol. iii. p. 505 of Thomas Gale's *Historiæ Britannicæ, Saxonicæ, Anglo-Danicæ Scriptores*, xv., 1691. For Ruskin's early note of the lines, see *Præterita*, i. § 205.]

[3] [See *Præterita*, i. § 21 (Vol. XXXV.).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 101 and *n.*, and Vol. XXVII. p. 410.]

[5] [*Purgatorio*, ii. 107 *seq.*: see Vol. XV. p. 205 *n.*, and Vol. VII. p. 432.]

the rise of it; and finally Douglas, in *his* manner, bursts into such rymed passion of praise both of Rome and Virgil, as befits a Christian Bishop, and a good subject of the Holy See:—

"Master of Masters—sweet source, and springing well,
Wide where over all rings thy heavenly bell;
. . . . . .
Why should I then with dull forehead and vain,
With rude ingene, and barane, emptive brain,
With bad harsh speech, and lewit barbare tongue
Presume to write, where thy sweet bell is rung,
Or counterfeit thy precious wordis dear?
Na, na—not so; but kneel when I them hear. . . .
But farther more—and lower to descend
Forgive me, Virgil, if I thee offend;
Pardon thy scolar, suffer him to ryme
Since *thou* wast but ane mortal man sometime."[1]

"Before honour is humility."[2] Does not clearer light come for you on that law after reading these nobly pious words? And note you *whose* humility? How is it that the sound of the bell comes so instinctively into his chiming verse? This gentle singer is the son of—Archibald Bell-the-Cat![3]

70. And now perhaps you can read with right sympathy the scene in *Marmion* between his father and King James:—

"His hand the monarch sudden took—
'Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive,
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old
I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true:'
And while the king his hand did strain
The old man's tears fell down like rain."[4]

I believe the most infidel of scholastic readers can scarcely but perceive the relation between the sweetness,

[1] [From the Preface of Bishop Douglas's translation of the *Æneid* (as quoted above, p. 300 *n.*), p. 3 (lines 12, 13, 23–28) and p. 11 (lines 41–44).]
[2] [Proverbs xv. 33.]
[3] [Gawin Douglas, third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus (1449–1514), who declared to his confederates that he would bell the cat—*i.e.*, kill the Earl of Mar, the hated favourite of James III.]
[4] [Canto v. stanza 16.]

simplicity, and melody of expression in these passages, and the gentleness of the passions they express, while men who are not scholastic, and yet are true scholars, will recognize further in them that the simplicity of the educated is lovelier than the simplicity of the rude. Hear next a piece of Spenser's teaching how rudeness itself may become more beautiful even by its mistakes, if the mistakes are made lovingly:—

"Ye shepherds' daughters that dwell on the green,
Hye you there apace;
Let none come there but that virgins been
To adorn her grace:
And when you come, whereas she in place,
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace
Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waste,
For more fineness, with a taudry lace.

Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine
With gylliflowers;
Bring coronatiöns, and sops in wine,
Worn of paramours;
Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies;
The pretty paunce
And the chevisaunce
Shall match with the fair flowre-delice."*

71. Two short pieces more only of master song, and we have enough to test all by:—

(1) "No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed,
No more, at yearly festivals,
We cowslip balls
Or chains of columbines shall make,
For this or that occasion's sake.
No, no! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in thy winding-sheet with thee."†

* *Shepherd's Calendar.* "Coronatiön," loyal-pastoral for Carnation; "sops in wine," jolly-pastoral for double pink; "paunce," thoughtless pastoral for pansy; "chevisaunce," I don't know (not in Gerarde[1]); "flowre-delice"—pronounce dellice—half made up of "delicate" and "delicious."

† Herrick, *Dirge for Jephthah's Daughter.*

[1] ["Not identified; Dr. Prior has suggested the wall-flower" (*New English Dictionary*).]

(2) "Death is now the phœnix nest,
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:
Truth and beauty buried be." *

72. If now, with the echo of these perfect verses in your mind, you turn to Byron, and glance over, or recall to memory, enough of him to give means of exact comparison, you will, or should, recognize these following kinds of mischief in him. First, if any one offends him—as for instance Mr. Southey, or Lord Elgin[1]—"his manners have not that repose that marks the caste,"[2] etc. *This* defect in his Lordship's style, being myself scrupulously and even painfully reserved in the use of vituperative language, I need not say how deeply I deplore.†

Secondly. In the best and most violet-bedded bits of his work there is yet, as compared with Elizabethan and earlier verse, a strange taint; and indefinable—evening flavour of Covent Garden, as it were;—not to say, escape of gas in the Strand. That is simply what it proclaims itself—London air. If he had lived all his life in Green-head Ghyll, things would of course have been different. But it was his fate to come to town—modern town—like Michael's son;[3] and modern London (and Venice) are answerable for the state of their drains, not Byron.

Thirdly. His melancholy is without any relief whatsoever; his jest sadder than his earnest; while, in Elizabethan work, all lament is full of hope, and all pain of balsam.

Of this evil he has himself told you the cause in a

* *Passionate Pilgrim.*

† In this point compare the *Curse of Minerva* with the *Tears of the Muses.*[4]

[1] [For Byron on Southey, see, *e.g.*, *Don Juan*, i. 222, x. 13; and on Elgin, the *Curse of Minerva.*]

[2] [Tennyson: *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*]

[3] [See Wordsworth's *Michael* (compare Vol. IV. p. 393), of which the scene is laid "up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll."]

[4] [To the *Curse of Minerva*, there is a reference in Vol. XIV. p. 160. For Ruskin's numerous references to Spenser, see the General Index.]

single line, prophetic of all things since and now. "Where *he* gazed, a gloom pervaded space." *

So that, for instance, while Mr. Wordsworth, on a visit to town, being an exemplary early riser, could walk, felicitous, on Westminster Bridge, remarking how the city now did like a garment wear the beauty of the morning;[1] Byron, rising somewhat later, contemplated only the garment which the beauty of the morning had by that time received for wear from the city: and again, while Mr. Wordsworth, in irrepressible religious rapture, calls God to witness that the houses seem asleep, Byron, lame demon as he was, flying smoke-drifted, unroofs the houses at a glance, and sees what the mighty cockney heart of them contains in the still lying of it, and will stir up to purpose in the waking business of it,

> "The sordor of civilization, mixed
> With all the passions which Man's fall hath fixed." †

73. Fourthly, with this steadiness of bitter melancholy, there is joined a sense of the material beauty, both of inanimate nature, the lower animals, and human beings, which in the iridescence, colour-depth, and morbid (I use the word deliberately) mystery and softness of it,—with other qualities indescribable by any single words, and only to be analysed

* "He,"—Lucifer; (*Vision of Judgment*, 24). It is precisely because Byron was *not* his servant,[2] that he could see the gloom. To the Devil's true servants, their Master's presence brings both cheerfulness and prosperity; with a delightful sense of their own wisdom and virtue; and of the "progress" of things in general:—in smooth sea and fair weather,—and with no need either of helm touch, or oar toil: as when once one is well within the edge of Maelstrom.

† *Island*, ii. 4; perfectly orthodox theology, you observe; no denial of the fall,—nor substitution of Bacterian birth for it. Nay, nearly Evangelical theology, in contempt for the human heart; but with deeper than Evangelical humility, acknowledging also what is sordid in its civilization.

[1] [Sonnet *Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802*:—

> "The City now doth, like a garment, wear
> The beauty of the morning . . .
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still."]

[2] [See above, p. 333.]

by extreme care,—is found, to the full, only in five men that I know of in modern times; namely, Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and myself,[1]—differing totally and throughout the entire group of us, from the delight in clear-struck beauty of Angelico and the Trecentisti; and separated, much more singularly, from the cheerful joys of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Scott, by its unaccountable affection for "Rokkes blak"[2] and other forms of terror and power, such as those of the ice-oceans, which to Shakespeare were only Alpine rheum;[3] and the Via Malas and Diabolic Bridges which Dante would have condemned none but lost souls to climb, or cross;[4]—all this love of impending mountains, coiled thunder-clouds, and dangerous sea, being joined in us with a sulky, almost ferine, love of retreat in valleys of Charmettes,[5] gulphs of Spezzia, ravines of Olympus, low lodgings in Chelsea, and close brushwood at Coniston.

74. And, lastly, also in the whole group of us, glows volcanic instinct of Astræan justice[6] returning not to, but up out of, the earth, which will not at all suffer us to rest any more in Pope's serene "whatever is, is right";[7] but holds, on the contrary, profound conviction that about ninety-nine hundredths of whatever at present is, is wrong: conviction making four of us, according to our several manners, leaders of revolution for the poor, and declarers of political doctrine monstrous to the ears of mercenary mankind; and driving the fifth, less sanguine, into mere painted-melody of lament over the fallacy of Hope and the implacableness of Fate.[8]

[1] [For Ruskin's kinship with Rousseau, see his letters in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxviii., lxii.; for Byron, as one of his masters, *Præterita*, i. §§ 163–174; and for his early sympathy with Shelley, Vol. I. p. 253 *n.* For Turner's sympathy with Byron, see Vol. XIII. p. 143, and Vol. XXXIII. p. 373.]

[2] [Chaucer, *Frankeleyns Tale*, line 131.]

[3] [*King Henry V.*, Act iii. sc. 5.]

[4] [On Dante's view of mountains, see Vol. V. p. 303.]

[5] [For Ruskin's visit to "Les Charmettes," the house near Chambéry occupied by Rousseau and Madame de Varens, see *Præterita*, ii. § 210.]

[6] [See above, p. 315.]

[7] [*Essay on Man*, Epistle I. (last line).]

[8] [For Turner's written *Fallacies of Hope*, from which he used to quote lines in order to point the moral of his pictures of "the implacableness of Fate," see Vol. VII. p. 386, and Vol. XII. p. 125.]

In Byron the indignation, the sorrow, and the effort are joined to the death: and they are the parts of his nature (as of mine also in its feebler terms), which the selfishly comfortable public have, literally, no conception of whatever; and from which the piously sentimental public, offering up daily the pure oblation of divine tranquillity, shrink with anathema not unembittered by alarm.

75. Concerning which matters I hope to speak further and with more precise illustration in my next paper;[1] but, seeing that this present one has been hitherto somewhat sombre, and perhaps, to gentle readers, not a little discomposing, I will conclude it with a piece of light biographic study, necessary to my plan, and as conveniently admissible in this place as afterwards;—namely, the account of the manner in which Scott—whom we shall always find, as aforesaid,[2] to be in salient and palpable elements of character, of the World, worldly, as Burns is of the Flesh, fleshly, and Byron of the Deuce, damnable,—spent his Sunday.

76. As usual, from Lockhart's farrago we cannot find out the first thing we want to know,—whether Scott worked after his week-day custom, on the Sunday morning. But, I gather, not; at all events his household and his cattle rested (L. iii. 108–109). I imagine he walked out into his woods, or read quietly in his study. Immediately after breakfast, whoever was in the house, "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at eleven, when I expect you all to attend" (vii. 305). Question of college and other externally unanimous prayers settled for us very briefly: "if you have no faith, have at least manners." He read the Church of England service, lessons and all, the latter, if interesting, eloquently (*ibid.*). After the service, one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons (vi. 188). After sermon, if the weather was fine, walk with his family, dogs included and guests, to *cold* picnic (iii. 109), followed by short extempore biblical novelettes; for he had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart, it having been his mother's last gift

[1] [See below, pp. 361–368.]

[2] [See above, § 49 (p. 317).]

to him (vi. 174). These lessons to his children in Bible history were always given, whether there was picnic or not. For the rest of the afternoon he took his pleasure in the woods with Tom Purdie, who also always "appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday after dinner was over, and drank long life to the laird and his lady and all the good company, in a quaigh of whisky or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy" (vi. 193). Whatever might happen on the other evenings of the week, Scott always dined at home on Sunday; and with old friends: never, unless inevitably, receiving any person with whom he stood on ceremony (v. 334). He came into the room rubbing his hands like a boy arriving at home for the holidays, his Peppers and Mustards gambolling about him, "and even the stately Maida grinning and wagging his tail with sympathy" (v. 335). For the usquebaugh of the less honoured weekdays, "at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards" (v. 339). In the evening, music being to the Scottish worldly mind indecorous, he read aloud some favourite author, for the amusement or edification of his little circle. Shakespeare it might be, or Dryden,—Johnson, or Joanna Baillie,—Crabbe, or Wordsworth. But in those days "Byron was pouring out his spirit fresh and full, and if a new piece from *his* hand had appeared, it was *sure to be read by Scott the Sunday evening afterwards;* and that with such delighted emphasis as showed how completely the elder bard had kept up his enthusiasm for poetry at pitch of youth, and all his admiration of genius, free, pure, and unstained by the least drop of literary jealousy" (v. 341).

77. With such necessary and easily imaginable varieties as chanced in having Dandie Dinmont or Captain Brown for guests at Abbotsford, or Colonel Mannering, Counsellor Pleydell, and Dr. Robertson in Castle Street,[1] such was

[1] [For the possible originals of Dandie Dinmont, see Lockhart, i. 267, and v. 131; Colonel Mannering is connected by Ruskin with one of Scott's Indian

Scott's habitual Sabbath: a day, we perceive, of eating the fat, (*dinner*, presumably not cold, being a work of necessity and mercy—thou also, even thou, Saint Thomas of Trumbull,[1] hast thine!) and drinking the sweet, abundant in the manner of Mr. Southey's cataract of Lodore,—"Here it comes, sparkling."[2] A day bestrewn with coronatiöns and sops in wine;[3] deep in libations to good hope and fond memory; a day of rest to beast, and mirth to man, (as also to sympathetic beasts that can be merry,) and concluding itself in an Orphic hour of delight,[4] signifying peace on Tweedside, and goodwill to men,[5] there or far away;—always excepting the French, and Boney.

"Yes, and see what it all came to in the end."

Not so, dark-virulent Minos-Mucklewrath;[6] the end came of quite other things; of *these*, came such length of days and peace[7] as Scott had in his Fatherland, and such immortality as he has in all lands.

78. Nathless, firm, though deeply courteous, rebuke, for his sometimes overmuch light-mindedness, was administered to him by the more grave and thoughtful Byron. For the Lord Abbot of Newstead knew his Bible by heart[8] as well as Scott, though it had never been given him by his mother as her dearest possession.[9] Knew it, and, what was

uncles (see Vol. XXVII. p. 581); Counsellor Pleydell was Andrew Crosbie (1733–1785), a noted Scottish advocate; "Dr. Robertson" must be a slip for "the colleague of Dr. Robertson" described in *Guy Mannering*, ch. xxxvii.]

[1] [For Tom Trumbull, or Tam Turnpenny, the sanctimonious hypocrite (*Redgauntlet*, chaps. 12–14), see below, § 113 (p. 382). Mr. Trumbull was in the habit, as he expressed it, "of sanctifying the liquor by a long grace."]

[2] [For a criticism of this poem, see below, p. 395.]

[3] [See above, p. 340.]

[4] [See above, p. 313.]

[5] [Luke ii. 14.]

[6] [The reference is to the mad preacher, Habakkuk Mucklewrath, called "Magor-Missabib," in *Old Mortality* (chaps. xxi., xxxi., xxxii., xxxiv.).]

[7] [Proverbs iii. 16, 17.]

[8] [See his letter to Murray of October 9, 1821 (vol. v. p. 391, Prothero's ed.): "Send me a common Bible, of a good legible print (bound in Russia). I *have* one, but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again), I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, because I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of those books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old, that is to say, the *Old* Testament, for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a *boy*, from the recollector's impression of that period at Aberdeen in 1796."]

[9] [See above, § 76.]

more, had thought of it, and sought in it what Scott had never cared to think, nor been fain to seek.

And loving Scott well, and always doing him every possible pleasure in the way he sees to be most agreeable to him—as, for instance, remembering with precision, and writing down the very next morning, every blessed word that the Prince Regent had been pleased to say of him before courtly audience,[1]—he yet conceived that such cheap ryming as his own *Bride of Abydos*, for instance, which he had written from beginning to end in four days,[2] or even the travelling reflections of Harold and Juan on men and women, were scarcely steady enough Sunday afternoon's reading for a patriarch-Merlin like Scott. So he dedicates to him a work of a truly religious tendency, on which for his own part he has done his best,—the drama of *Cain*. Of which dedication the virtual significance to Sir Walter might be translated thus:—Dearest and last of Border soothsayers, thou hast indeed told us of Black Dwarfs, and of White Maidens, also of Grey Friars, and Green Fairies;[3] also of sacred hollies by the well, and haunted crooks in the glen. But of the bushes that the black dogs rend in the woods of Phlegethon; and of the crooks in the glen, and the bickerings of the burnie where ghosts meet the mightiest of us; and of the black misanthrope, who is by no means yet a dwarfed one, and concerning whom wiser creatures than Hobbie Elliot may tremblingly ask "Gude guide us, what's yon?"[4] hast thou yet known, seeing that thou hast yet told, *nothing*.

Scott may perhaps have his answer. We shall in good time hear.[5]

[1] [See Byron's letter of July 6, 1812, in Lockhart, vol. iii. p. 399.]

[2] [See Byron's Journal, November 16, 1813: "I sent Lord Holland the proofs of the last *Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*. He won't like the latter, and I don't think that I shall long. It was written in four nights to distract my thoughts" (*Works of Byron: Letters and Journals*, 1898, vol. ii. p. 321).]

[3] [See *Glenfinlas*, stanzas 39, 41; and for the rest, chief *The Black Dwarf* and *The Monastery*.]

[4] ["Gude guide us, what's yon?" is not said by Hobbie Elliot, but by Edie Ochiltree (*Antiquary*, ch. xxv.). Ruskin confuses this and Hobbie's "Gude preserve us, Earnscliff, what can yon be?" (*Black Dwarf*, ch. ii.).]

[5] [The papers, however, came to an end before Ruskin dealt with this subject.]

IV[1]

[WORDSWORTH AND BYRON]

79. I FEAR the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* will get little thanks from his readers for allowing so much space in closely successive numbers to my talk of old-fashioned men and things. I have nevertheless asked his indulgence, this time, for a note or two concerning yet older fashions, in order to bring into sharper clearness the leading outlines of literary fact, which I ventured only in my last paper to secure in *silhouette*, obscurely asserting itself against the limelight of recent moral creed, and fiction manufacture.

The Bishop of Manchester, on the occasion of the great Wordsworthian movement in that city for the enlargement, adornment, and sale of Thirlmere, observed, in his advocacy of these operations, that very few people, he supposed, had ever seen Thirlmere.[2] His Lordship might have supposed, with greater felicity, that very few people had

[1] [*Nineteenth Century*, November 1880.]

[2] [The reference is to the speech by Dr. Fraser at the banquet held in Manchester on September 13, 1877, to celebrate the opening of the new Town Hall. The agitation against the proposed Manchester water-works at Thirlmere was then very active, and the Bishop, referring to it, said: "He thought there was no need for those carpings which dainty and witty gentlemen leading a pleasant club life in London indulged in at the expense of Manchester when they told them what a vulgar sort of people they were with their Town Hall and the like, and that it was a thing not to be heard of, their proposal to fetch a prime necessity of life from a Westmorland or Cumberland lake. He thought they had a right to stand up and claim their inheritance in England, and to say that the two millions of people had a right to draw a prime necessity of life from any portion of the country of England to which they could get lawful access. . . . He suspected that many went over the Lake District and came back without seeing Thirlmere." He also defended the scheme on the ground that it would make Thirlmere "twice as large" (see report in the *Manchester Guardian*, September 14). Ruskin refers to the same passage in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 84, where he speaks of the Bishop's "Thirlmere thirst" (Vol. XXIX. p. 290); and to the speech in other connexions at Vol. XXII. p. 515, and Vol. XXIX. p. 274. For his numerous references to the Thirlmere water-works, see General Index.]

ever read Wordsworth. My own experience in that matter is that the amiable persons who call themselves "Wordsworthian" have read—usually a long time ago—"Lucy Gray," "The April Mornings," a picked sonnet or two, and the "Ode on the Intimations,"[1] which last they seem generally to be under the impression that nobody else has ever met with: and my further experience of these sentimental students is, that they are seldom inclined to put in practice a single syllable of the advice tendered them by their model poet.

Now, as I happen myself to have used Wordsworth as a daily text-book from youth to age,[2] and have lived, moreover, in all essential points according to the tenor of his teaching, it was matter of some mortification to me, when, at Oxford, I tried to get the memory of Mr. Wilkinson's spade[3] honoured by some practical spadework at Ferry Hincksey,[4] to find that no other tutor in Oxford could see the slightest good or meaning in what I was about; and that although my friend Professor Rolleston[5] occasionally sought the shades of our Rydalian laurels[6] with expressions of admiration, his professorial manner of "from pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine"[7] was to fill the Oxford Museum with the scabbed skulls of plague-struck cretins.[8]

80. I therefore respectfully venture to intimate to my bucolic friends, that I know, more vitally by far than they, what *is* in Wordsworth, and what is not. Any man who chooses to live by his precepts will thankfully find in them a beauty and rightness, (*exquisite* rightness I called it, in

[1] [For references by Ruskin to "Lucy Gray," see Vol. XXXII. p. 136 *n.*, and Vol. XXXIII. p. 205; to "The April Mornings," Vol. XVIII. p. 296; and to the "Ode," above.]

[2] [For Ruskin's quotations from Wordsworth, constant throughout his books, see the General Index.]

[3] [See above, § 51 (p. 320).]

[4] [For an account of the Ruskin diggings, see Vol. XX. pp. xli.–xlv.]

[5] [For other references to him, see Vol. XXII. pp. 336, 518.]

[6] [See No. 1 of *Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833* ("Adieu, Rydalian Laurels").]

[7] [See above, § 62 (p. 332).]

[8] [Compare *The Storm-Cloud*, § 80 (above, p. 73).]

Sesame and Lilies,[1]) which will preserve him alike from mean pleasure, vain hope, and guilty deed: so that he will neither mourn at the gate of the fields which with covetous spirit he sold, nor drink of the waters which with yet more covetous spirit he stole, nor devour the bread of the poor in secret, nor set on his guest-table the poor man's lamb:[2]— in all these homely virtues and assured justices let him be Wordsworth's true disciple; and he will then be able with equanimity to hear it said, when there is need to say so, that his excellent master often wrote verses that were not musical, and sometimes expressed opinions that were not profound.[3]

And the need to say so becomes imperative, when the unfinished verse, and uncorrected fancy, are advanced by the affection of his disciples into places of authority where they give countenance to the popular national prejudices from the infection of which, in most cases, they themselves sprang.

81. Take, for example, the following three and a half lines of the 38th Ecclesiastical Sonnet:[4]—

> "Amazement strikes the crowd; while many turn
> Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
> With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
> From outraged Nature."

The first quite evident character of these lines is that they are extremely bad iambics,—as ill-constructed as they are unmelodious; the turning and burning being at the wrong ends of them, and the ends themselves put just when the sentence is in its middle.

But a graver fault of these three and a half lines is that the amazement, the turning, the burning, and the banning, are all alike fictitious; and foul-fictitious, calumniously conceived no less than falsely. Not one of the spectators of

[1] [Vol. XVIII. p. 124.]

[2] [The references here are to Proverbs ix. 17 (see also the Bishop of Manchester's speech about Thirlmere, p. 348 *n.*); Habakkuk iii. 14; and 2 Samuel xii. 4.]

[3] [Compare above, § 49 (pp. 317–318), and § 62 (p. 332) for an unmusical line.]

[4] [Headed "Scene in Venice."]

the scene referred to was in reality amazed—not one contemptuous, not one maledictory. It is only our gentle minstrel of the meres who sits in the seat of the scornful[1] —only the hermit of Rydal Mount who invokes the malison of Nature.

What the scene verily was, and how witnessed, it will not take long to tell; nor will the tale be useless: but I must first refer the reader to a period preceding, by nearly a century, the great symbolic action under the porch of St. Mark's.

82. The Protestant ecclesiastic, and infidel historian, who delight to prop their pride, or edge their malice, in unveiling the corruption through which Christianity has passed, should study in every fragment of authentic record which the fury of their age has left, the lives of the three queens of the Priesthood, Theodora, Marozia, and Matilda,[2] and the foundation of the merciless power of the Popes, by the monk Hildebrand. And if there be any of us who would satisfy with nobler food than the catastrophes of the stage, the awe at what is marvellous in human sorrow which makes sacred the fountain of tears in authentic tragedy, let them follow, pace by pace, and pang by pang, the humiliation of the fourth Henry at Canossa, and his death in the church he had built to the Virgin at Spires.

His antagonist, Hildebrand, died twenty years before him; captive to the Normans in Salerno, having seen the Rome in which he had proclaimed his princedom over all

[1] [Psalms i. 1.]

[2] ["During the Papacy of Sergius III. (904–911) rose into power the infamous Theodora, with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, the prostitutes who, in the strong language of historians, disposed for many years of the Papal tiara, and not content with disgracing by their own licentious lives the chief city of Christendom, actually placed their profligate paramours or base-born sons in the chair of St. Peter:" Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, Book v. ch. xi. (vol. iii. p. 288, small edition). For the scandal which the enemies of Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) attached to his alliance with Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, see *ibid.*, Book vii. ch. ii. (vol. iv. p. 65). The story of Henry IV.'s submission at Canossa (1077) may be read in the same chapter. The Emperor died (1106) not at Spires, but in his camp at Liège; his body remained unburied in the chapel of St. Afra, which he had built on the north side of the Cathedral of Spires. Five years later it was placed in the Cathedral.]

the earth, laid in her last ruin;[1] and for ever. Rome herself, since her desolation by Guiscard, has been only a grave and a wilderness*—what *we* call Rome, is a mere colony of the stranger in her "Field of Mars." This destruction of Rome by the Normans is accurately and utterly the end of her Capitoline and wolf-suckled power; and from that day her Leonine or Christian power takes its throne in the Leonine city, sanctified in tradition by its prayer of safety for the Saxon Borgo, in which the childhood of our own Alfred had been trained.[2]

And from this date forward, (recollected broadly as 1090, the year of the birth of St. Bernard,) no longer oppressed by the remnants of Roman death,—Christian faith, chivalry, and art possess the world, and recreate it, through the space of four hundred years—the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

And, necessarily, in the first of these centuries comes the main debate between the powers of Monk and Knight which was reconciled in this scene under the porch of St. Mark's.

83. That debate was brought to its crisis and issue by the birth of the new third elemental force of the State—the Citizen.[3] Sismondi's republican enthusiasm does not permit him to recognize the essential character of this power. He speaks always of the Republics and the liberties of Italy,

* *Childe Harold,* iv. 79; compare *Adonais,* and Sismondi, vol. i. p. 148.[4]

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[1] [Rome was taken by Henry IV. at Christmas 1083; and a few days later captured and pillaged by the Normans under Robert Guiscard. The Pope then withdrew "from the smoking ruins" under the protection of Guiscard, first to Monte Casino and afterwards to Salerno, where he died in 1085: see Milman, Book vii. ch. iii.]

[2] [For the references here, see *Pleasures of England,* § 105 and *n.* (Vol. XXXIII. p. 498).]

[3] [Compare *Val d'Arno,* ch. iii. (Vol. XXIII. pp. 46 *seq.*).]

[4] ["The Niobe of nations," etc. The next reference is to stanza xlix. of *Adonais*:—

"Go thou to Rome, at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city and the wilderness."

For the passage in Sismondi, see ch. vii. (vol. ii. p. 32, Paris ed. of 1826).]

as if a craftsman differed from a knight only in political privileges, and as if his special virtue consisted in rendering obedience to no master. But the strength of the great cities of Italy was no more republican than that of her monasteries, or fortresses. The Craftsman of Milan, Sailor of Pisa, and Merchant of Venice are all of them essentially different persons from the soldier and the anchorite:—but the city, under the banner of its *caroccio*,[1] and the command of its *podesta*, was disciplined far more strictly than any wandering military squadron by its leader, or any lower order of monks under their abbot. In the founding of civic constitutions, the Lord of the city is usually its Bishop:—and it is curious to hear the republican historian—who, however in judgment blind, is never in heart uncandid, prepare to close his record of the ten years' war of Como with Milan, with this summary of distress to the heroic mountaineers—that "they had lost their Bishop Guido, who was their soul."[2]

84. I perceive for quite one of the most hopeless of the many difficulties which Modernism finds, and will find, insuperable either by steam or dynamite, that of either wedging or welding into its own cast-iron head, any conception of a king, monk, or townsman of the twelfth and two succeeding centuries. And yet no syllable of the utterance, no fragment of the arts of the Middle Ages, far less any motive of their deeds, can be read even in the letter—how much less judged in spirit—unless, first of all, we can somewhat imagine all these three Living souls.

First, a king who was the best knight in his kingdom, and on whose own swordstrokes hung the fate of Christendom. A king such as Henry the Fowler, the first and third Edwards of England, the Bruce of Scotland, and this Frederic the First of Germany.[3]

[1] [See Sismondi, ch. vi. (vol. i. p. 380); and compare Vol. XXIV. p. 135.]

[2] [Sismondi, ch. vii. (vol. ii. p. 15). The "ten years' war" was 1118-1127.]

[3] [For references in a similar sense, see for Henry the Fowler, Vol. XVIII. pp. 517 *seq.*; and for Edward III., Vol. XXIII. p. 160, Vol. XXVII. p. 385. For various references to Frederic Barbarossa and Edward I., see the General Index.]

Secondly, a monk who had been trained from youth in greater hardship than any soldier, and had learned at last to desire no other life than one of hardship;—a man believing in his own and his fellows' immortality, in the aiding powers of angels, and the eternal presence of God; versed in all the science, graceful in all the literature, cognisant of all the policy of his age; and fearless of any created thing, on the earth or under it.

And, lastly, a craftsman absolutely master of his craft, and taking such pride in the exercise of it as all healthy souls take in putting forth their personal powers: proud also of his city and his people; enriching, year by year, their streets with loftier buildings, their treasuries with rarer possession; and bequeathing his hereditary art to a line of successive masters, by whose tact of race, and honour of effort, the essential skills of metal-work in gold and steel, of pottery, glass-painting, woodwork, and weaving, were carried to a perfectness never to be surpassed; and of which our utmost modern hope is to produce a not instantly detected imitation.

These three kinds of persons, I repeat, we have to conceive before we can understand any single event of the Middle Ages. For all that is enduring in them was done by men such as these. History, indeed, records twenty undoings for one deed, twenty desolations for one redemption; and thinks the fool and villain potent as the wise and true. But Nature and her laws recognize only the noble: generations of the cruel pass like the darkness of locust plagues; while one loving and brave heart establishes a nation.

85. I give the character of Barbarossa in the words of Sismondi, a man sparing in the praise of emperors:—

"The death of Frederic was mourned even by the cities which so long had been the objects of his hostility, and the victims of his vengeance. All the Lombards—even the Milanese—acknowledged his rare courage, his constancy in misfortune—his generosity in conquest.

"An intimate conviction of the justice of his cause had often rendered

him cruel, even to ferocity, against those who still resisted; but after victory he took vengeance only on senseless walls; and irritated as he had been by the people of Milan, Crema, and Tortona, and whatever blood he had shed during battle, he never sullied his triumph by odious punishments. In spite of the treason which he on one occasion used against Alessandria, his promises were in general respected; and when, after the peace of Constance, the towns which had been most inveterately hostile to him received him within their walls, they had no need to guard against any attempt on his part to suppress the privileges he had once recognized." [1]

My own estimate of Frederic's character would be scarcely so favourable; it is the only point of history on which I have doubted the authority even of my own master, Carlyle.[2] But I am concerned here only with the actualities of his wars in Italy, with the people of her cities, and the head of her religion.

86. Frederic of Suabia, direct heir of the Ghibelline rights, while nearly related by blood to the Guelph houses of Bavaria and Saxony, was elected Emperor almost in the exact middle of the twelfth century (1152). He was called into Italy by the voices of Italians. The then Pope, Eugenius III., invoked his aid against the Roman people under Arnold of Brescia. The people of Lodi prayed his protection against the tyrannies of Milan.

Frederic entered the plain of Verona in 1154, by the valley of the Adige,—ravaged the territory of Milan,—pillaged and burned Tortona, Asti, and Chieri,—kept his Christmas at Novara; marched on Rome,—delivered up Arnold to the Pope * (who, instantly killing him, ended for that time Protestant reforms in Italy)—destroyed Spoleto; and returned by Verona, having scorched his path through Italy like a level thunderbolt along the ground.[3]

* Adrian the Fourth. Eugenius died in the previous year.

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[1] [Ch. xii. (vol. ii. pp. 257–258).]

[2] [See *Friedrich*, Book ii. ch. v.: "Barbarossa, greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House. . . . A magnificent magnanimous man," etc.]

[3] [For the events summarised down to this point, see Sismondi, vol. ii. ch. ix. For the subsequent events down to the foundation of Alessandria (1168), § 88, *ibid.*, ch. x.]

Three years afterwards, Adrian died; and, chiefly, by the love and will of the Roman people, Roland of Siena was raised to the Papal throne, under the name of Alexander III. The conclave of cardinals chose another Pope, Victor III.; Frederic on his second invasion of Italy (1158) summoned both elected heads of the Church to receive judgment of their claims before *him*.

The Cardinals' Pope, Victor, obeyed. The people's Alexander, refused; answering that the successor of St. Peter submitted himself to the judgment neither of emperors nor councils.

The spirit of modern prelacy may perhaps have rendered it impossible for an English churchman to conceive this answer as other than that of insolence and hypocrisy. But a faithful Pope, and worthy of his throne, could answer no otherwise. Frederic of course at once confirmed the claims of his rival; the German bishops and Italian cardinals in council at Pavia joined their powers to the Emperor's, and Alexander, driven from Rome, wandered—unsubdued in soul—from city to city, taking refuge at last in France.

87. Meantime, in 1159, Frederic took and destroyed Crema, having first bound its hostages to his machines of war. In 1161, Milan submitted to his mercy, and he decreed that her name should perish. Only a few pillars of a Roman temple, and the church of St. Ambrose, remain to us of the ancient city. Warned by her destruction, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, and Venice, joined in the vow—called of the Lombard League—to reduce the Emperor's power within its just limits. And, in 1164, Alexander, under the protection of Louis VII. of France and Henry II. of England, returned to Rome, and was received at Ostia by its senate, clergy, and people.

Three years afterwards, Frederic again swept down on the Campagna; attacked the Leonine city, where the basilica of the Vatican, changed into a fortress and held by the Pope's guard, resisted his assault until, by the Emperor's order, fire was set to the Church of St. Mary of Pity.

The Leonine city was taken; the Pope retired to the Coliseum, whence, uttering once again his fixed defiance of the Emperor, but fearing treachery, he fled in disguise down the Tiber to the sea, and sought asylum at Benevento.

The German army encamped round Rome in August of 1167, with the sign before their eyes of the ruins of the church of Our Lady of Pity. The marsh-fever struck them —killed the Emperor's cousin, Frederic of Rothenburg, the Duke of Bavaria, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Bishops of Liége, Spire, Ratisbonne, and Verden, and two thousand knights; the common dead were uncounted. The Emperor gathered the wreck of his army together, retreated on Lombardy, quartered his soldiery at Pavia, and escaped in secret over the Mont Cenis with thirty knights.

88. No places of strength remained to him south of the Alps but Pavia and Montferrat; and to hold these in check, and command the plains of Piedmont, the Lombard League built the fortress city, which, from the Pope who had maintained through all adversity the authority of his throne and the cause of the Italian people, they named "Alessandria."

Against this bulwark the Emperor, still indomitable, dashed with his utmost regathered strength after eight years of pause,[1] and in the temper in which men set their souls on a single stake. All had been lost in his last war, except his honour—in this, he lost his honour also. Whatever may be the just estimate of the other elements of his character, he is unquestionably, among the knights of his time, notable in impiety. In the battle of Cassano, he broke through the Milanese vanguard to their *caroccio*, and struck down with his own hand its golden crucifix;[2]—two years afterwards its cross and standard were bowed before him—and in vain.* He fearlessly claims for himself right

* "All the multitudes threw themselves on their knees, praying mercy in the name of the crosses they bore: the Count of Blandrata took a cross from the enemies with whom he had served, and fell at the foot of the

[1] [The period between his attacks seems, however, to be 1168–1174.]
[2] [In 1160: see Sismondi, ch. ix. (vol. ii. p. 121).]

of decision between contending popes, and camps against the rightful one on the ashes of the Church of the Virgin.[1]

Foiled in his first assault on Alessandria, detained before it through the inundations of the winter, and threatened by the army of the League in the spring, he announced a truce to the besieged, that they might keep Good Friday. Then violating alike the day's sanctity and his own oath, he attacked the trusting city through a secretly completed mine. And, for a second time, the verdict of God went forth against him. Every man who had obtained entrance within the city was slain or cast from its ramparts;—the Alessandrines threw all their gates open—fell, with the broken fugitives, on the investing troops, scattered them in disorder, and burned their towers of attack. The Emperor gathered their remains into Pavia on Easter Sunday,—spared in his defeat by the army of the League.[2]

89. And yet, once more, he brought his cause to combat-trial. Temporising at Lodi with the Pope's legates, he assembled, under the Archbishops of Magdebourg and Cologne, and the chief prelates and princes of Germany, a seventh army; brought it down to Como across the Splügen, put himself there at its head, and in the early spring of 1176, the fifteenth year since he had decreed the effacing of the name of Milan, was met at Legnano by the spectre of Milan.

Risen from her grave, she led the Lombard League in this final battle. Three hundred of her nobles guarded her *caroccio;* nine hundred of her knights bound themselves—

throne, praying for mercy to them. All the court and the witnessing army were in tears—the Emperor alone showed no sign of emotion. Distrusting his wife's sensibility, he had forbidden her presence at the ceremony; the Milanese, unable to approach her, threw towards her windows the crosses they carried, to plead for them."—Sismondi (French edition), vol. ii. p. 127.

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[1] [Sismondi, ch. x. p. 161.]

[2] [For these events of 1174–1175, see Sismondi, ch. xi. (vol. ii. pp. 197–201); and for those in §§ 89, 90, *ibid.*, pp. 207–210.]

under the name of the Cohort of Death[1]—to win for her, or to die.

The field of battle is in the midst of the plain, now covered with maize and mulberry trees, from which the traveller, entering Italy by the Lago Maggiore, sees first the unbroken snows of the Rosa behind him, and the white pinnacles of Milan Cathedral in the south. The Emperor, as was his wont, himself led his charging chivalry. The Milanese knelt as it came;—prayed aloud to God, St. Peter, and St. Ambrose—then advanced round their *caroccio* on foot. The Emperor's charge broke through their ranks nearly up to their standard—then the Cohort of Death rode against him.

90. And all his battle changed before them into flight. For the first time in stricken field, the imperial standard fell, and was taken. The Milanese followed the broken host until their swords were weary; and the Emperor, struck fighting from his horse, was left, lost among the dead. The Empress, whose mercy to Milan he had forbidden, already wore mourning for him in Pavia, when her husband came, solitary and suppliant, to its gate.

The lesson at last sufficed; and Barbarossa sent his heretic bishops to ask forgiveness of the Pope, and peace from the Lombards.

Pardon and peace were granted—without conditions. "Cæsar's successor" had been the blight of Italy for a quarter of a century; he had ravaged her harvests, burnt her cities, decimated her children with famine, her young men with the sword; and, seven times over, in renewed invasion, sought to establish dominion over her, from the Alps to the rock of Scylla.

She asked of him no restitution;—coveted no province—demanded no fortress—of his land. Neither coward nor robber, she disdained alike guard and gain upon her frontiers: she counted no compensation for her sorrow; and set

[1] [Sismondi, vol. ii. p. 207. For another reference to the "Bandiera della Morte," see *Storm-Cloud*, § 15 (above, p. 20), and Vol. XXIV. pp. 456–457.]

no price upon the souls of her dead. She stood in the porch of her brightest temple—between the blue plains of her earth and sea, and, in the person of her spiritual father, gave her enemy pardon.

"Black demons hovering o'er his mitred head," think you, gentle sonnetteer of the daffodil-marsh?[1] And have Barbarossa's race been taught of better angels how to bear themselves to a conquered emperor,—or England, by braver and more generous impulses, how to protect his exiled son?

The fall of Venice, since that day, was measured by Byron in a single line:

"An Emperor tramples, where an emperor knelt."[2]

But what words shall measure the darker humiliation of the German pillaging his helpless enemy, and England leaving her ally under the savage's spear?[3]

91. With the clues now given, and an hour or two's additional reading of any standard historian he pleases, the reader may judge on secure grounds whether the truce of Venice and peace of Constance[4] were of the Devil's making: whereof whatever he may ultimately feel or affirm, this at least he will please note for positive, that Mr. Wordsworth, having no shadow of doubt of the complete wisdom of every idea that comes into his own head, writes down in dogmatic sonnet his first impression of black instrumentality in the business; so that his innocent readers, taking him for their sole master, far from caring to inquire into the thing more deeply, may remain even unconscious that it is disputable, and for ever incapable of conceiving either a Catholic's feeling, or a careful historian's hesitation,

[1] [For the reference to Wordsworth here, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. p. 84).]

[2] [*Childe Harold*, iv. 12. For other references to the passage, and the event described in it, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 28); Vol. XXIV. p. 410; and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 35 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 147).]

[3] [For other references to the Franco-German war, see the General Index. The French Prince Imperial, Eugène Louis Napoleon, had volunteered for service in the Zulu campaign of 1879; he and those with him were surprised on a reconnaissance, and while others escaped he was killed (June 1).]

[4] [At Venice, 1177; at Constance, June 25, 1183: see Sismondi, ch. xi. p. 230.]

touching the centrally momentous crisis of power in all the Middle Ages! Whereas Byron, knowing the history thoroughly, and judging of Catholicism with an honest and open heart, ventures to assert nothing that admits of debate, either concerning human motives or angelic presences; but binds into one line of massive melody the unerringly counted sum of Venetian majesty and shame.

92. In a future paper,[1] I propose examining his method of dealing with the debate, itself on a higher issue: and will therefore close the present one by trampling a few of the briars and thorns of popular offence out of our way.[2]

The common counts against Byron are in the main, three.

(I.) That he confessed—in some sort, even proclaimed defiantly (which is a proud man's natural manner of confession)*—the naughtiness of his life.

The hypocrisy† even of Pall Mall and Petit Trianon does not, I assume, and dares not, go so far as to condemn

* The most noble and tender confession is in Allegra's epitaph, "I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."

† Hypocrisy is too good a word for either Pall Mall or Trianon, being justly applied (as always in the New Testament), only to men whose false religion has become earnest, and a part of their being: so that they compass heaven and earth to make a proselyte.[3] There is no relation between minds of this order and those of common rogues. Neither Tartuffe nor Joseph Surface are hypocrites—they are simply impostors: but many of the most earnest preachers in all existing churches are hypocrites in the highest; and the Tartuffe-Squiredom and Joseph Surface-Masterhood of our

[1] [The series of papers was, however, interrupted by illness; and when it was resumed a year later, the next paper, which was the last, dealt with other topics.]

[2] [The MS. has here the following expansion of the last sentence of (I.):—

"The first thing you have got to do, in reading Byron to purpose, is to remember his motto, 'Trust Byron.' You always may; and the more, that he takes some little pleasure at first in offending you. But all he says is true, nevertheless, though what worst of himself there is to tell, he insists upon at once; and what good there may be, mostly leaves you to find out. To the end of his life, he had a schoolboy's love of getting into mischief: and a general instinct for never doing anything he was bid; which extends up even as far as the Commandments themselves. But he never either recommends *you* to break them, or equivocates in the smallest degree to himself about what they *are*.

"The counts . . ."]

[3] [Matthew xxiii. 15.]

the naughtiness itself? And that he *did* confess it, is precisely the reason for reading him by his own motto, "Trust Byron." You always may; and the common smooth-countenanced man of the world is guiltier in the precise measure of your higher esteem for him.

(II.) That he wrote about pretty things which ought never to be heard of.

In the presence of the exact proprieties of modern Fiction, Art, and Drama, I am shy of touching on the question of what should be mentioned, and seen—and should not. All that I care to say, here, is that Byron tells you of realities, and that their being pretty ones is, to my mind,—at the first (literally) blush of the matter, rather in his favour. If however you have imagined that he means you to think Dudu as pretty as Myrrha,* or even Haidée, whether in full dress or none, as pretty as Marina, it is your fault, not his.

93. (III.) That he blasphemed God and the King.

Before replying to this count, I must ask the reader's patience in a piece of very serious work, the ascertainment of the real and full meaning of the word Blasphemy.[1] It signifies simply "Harmful speaking"—Male-diction—or shortly "Blame"; and may be committed as much against a child or a dog, if you *desire* to hurt them, as against

virtuous England which build churches and pay priests to keep their peasants and hands peaceable, so that rents and per cents may be spent, unnoticed, in the debaucheries of the metropolis, are darker forms of imposture than either heaven or earth have yet been compassed by; and what they are to end in, heaven and earth only know. Compare again, *Island*, ii. 4, "the prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain," and *Juan*, viii. 25, 26.

* Perhaps some even of the attentive readers of Byron may not have observed the choice of the three names—Myrrha (bitter incense), Marina (sea lady), Angiolina (little angel)—in relation to the plots of the three plays.[2]

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[1] [Compare *The Storm-Cloud*, § 80 (above, p. 72).]

[2] [The plays of *Sardanapalus* (whose favourite is Myrrha); *The Two Foscari* (Marina, wife of young Foscari); and *Marino Faliero* (Angiolina, wife of the Doge). For Dudu, see *Don Juan*, vi. 40 *seq.*; and for Haidée, *ibid.*, ii. 112 *seq.* For another reference to Myrrha, Angiolina, and Marina, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 373).]

the Deity. And it is, in its original use, accurately opposed to another Greek word, "Euphemy," which means a reverent and loving manner of benediction—fallen entirely into disuse in modern sentiment and language.

Now the compass and character of essential Male-diction, so-called in Latin, or Blasphemy, so-called in Greek, may, I think, be best explained to the general reader by an instance in a very little thing, first translating the short pieces of Plato which best show the meaning of the word in codes of Greek morality:—

"These are the things then" (the true order of the Sun, Moon, and Planets), "oh my friends, of which I desire that all our citizens and youths should learn at least so much concerning the Gods of Heaven, as not to blaspheme concerning them, but to eupheme reverently, both in sacrificing, and in every prayer they pray."—*Laws*, VII. Steph. 821.

"And through the whole of life, beyond all other need for it, there is need of Euphemy from a man to his parents, for there is no heavier punishment than that of light and winged words," (to *them*)? "for Nemesis, the angel of Divine Recompense, has been throned Bishop over all men who sin in such manner."—IV. Steph. 717.

The word which I have translated "recompense" is more strictly that "heavenly Justice"[1]—the proper Light of the World, from which nothing can be hidden, and by which all who will may walk securely;[2] whence the mystic answer of Ulysses to his son, as Athena, herself invisible, walks with them, filling the chamber of the house with light, "This is the justice of the Gods who possess Olympus."[3] See the context in reference to which Plato quotes the line (*Laws*, X. Steph. 904[4]). The little story that I have to tell is significant chiefly in connection with the second passage of Plato above quoted.

[1] [See above, p. 315 *n.*]
[2] [John viii. 12.]
[3] [*Odyssey*, xix. 42.]
[4] ["And when the soul changes greatly, either for better or worse, by her own strong impulse or the strong influence of others, when she has communion with divine beauty and becomes divine, she is carried into another and better place, which is also divine and perfect in holiness; and when she has communion with evil, then she also changes the place of her life. For that is the justice of the Gods," etc. (Jowett's translation).]

94. I have elsewhere mentioned[1] that I was a homebred boy, and that as my mother diligently and scrupulously taught me my Bible and Latin Grammar, so my father fondly and devotedly taught me my Scott, my Pope, and my Byron.* The Latin grammar out of which my mother taught me was the 11th edition of Alexander Adam's—(Edinb.: Bell and Bradfute, 1823)—namely, that Alexander Adam, Rector of Edinburgh High School, into whose upper class Scott passed in October 1782, and who—previous masters having found nothing noticeable in the heavy-looking lad—*did* find sterling qualities in him, and "would constantly refer to him for dates, and particulars of battles, and other remarkable events alluded to in Horace, or *whatever other authors the boys were reading;* and called him the historian of his class" (L. i. 126). *That* Alex. Adam, also, who, himself a loving historian, remembered the fate of every boy at his school during the fifty years he had headed it, and whose last words—"It grows dark, the boys may dismiss,"[2] gave to Scott's heart the vision and the audit of the death of Elspeth of the Craigburn-foot.[3]

Strangely, in opening the old volume at this moment (I would not give it for an illuminated missal) I find, in its article on Prosody, some things extremely useful to me, which I have been hunting for in vain through Zumpt and

* I shall have lost my wits very finally when I forget the first time that I pleased my father with a couplet of English verse (after many a year of trials); and the radiant joy on his face as he declared, reading it aloud to my mother with emphasis half choked by tears,—that "it was as fine as anything that Pope or Byron ever wrote!"

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[1] [In the passages of autobiography in *Fors Clavigera*, afterwards incorporated in *Præterita:* see Vol. XXXV.]

[2] ["The Doctor was struck with palsy while teaching his class. He survived a few days, but becoming delirious before his dissolution, conceived he was still in school, and after some expressions of applause or censure, he said, 'But it grows dark—the boys may dismiss'—and instantly expired" (Sir Walter Scott's autobiographical chapter at the beginning of Lockhart's *Life*). Compare *Præterita*, ii. § 229.]

[3] [See *The Antiquary*, ch. xl.]

Matthiæ.[1] In all rational respects I believe it to be the best Latin Grammar that has yet been written.[2]

When my mother had carried me through it as far as the syntax, it was thought desirable that I should be put under a master: and the master chosen was a deeply and deservedly honoured clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Dale, mentioned in Mr. Holbeach's article, "The New Fiction" (*Contemporary Review* for February of this year[3]), together with Mr. Melvill,[4] who was our pastor after Mr. Dale went to St. Pancras.

95. On the first day when I went to take my seat in Mr. Dale's schoolroom, I carried my old grammar to him, in a modest pride, expecting some encouragement and honour for the accuracy with which I could repeat, on demand, some hundred and sixty close-printed pages of it.

But Mr. Dale threw it back to me with a fierce bang upon his desk, saying (with accent and look of seven-times-heated scorn), "That's a *Scotch* thing."[5]

Now, my father being Scotch, and an Edinburgh High School boy, and my mother having laboured in that book with me since I could read, and all my happiest holiday time having been spent on the North Inch of Perth,[6] these four words, with the action accompanying them, contained as much insult, pain, and loosening of my respect for my parents, love of my father's country, and honour for its worthies, as it was possible to compress into four syllables and an ill-mannered gesture. Which were therefore pure, double-edged and point-envenomed blasphemy. For to make a boy despise his mother's care, is the straightest way to make him also despise his Redeemer's voice; and to make him scorn his father and his father's house, the

[1] [Adam gives, first, a clear account of "Accent," "Verse," "Feet," "Different Kinds of Verse," etc., pp. 270–285; and then an account of English verse, pp. 286–290.]

[2] [So Ruskin says again, with no qualification, in *Præterita*, i. § 64.]

[3] [Vol. 37, p. 252.]

[4] [For the Rev. Henry Melvill, see *Præterita*, ii. § 157.]

[5] [See *Præterita*, i. § 92, for another reference to this incident.]

[6] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 63, and *Præterita*, i. § 70.]

straightest way to make him deny his God, and his God's Heaven.

96. I speak, observe, in this instance, only of the actual words and their effect; not of the feeling in the speaker's mind, which was almost playful, though his words, tainted with extremity of pride, were such light ones as men shall give account of at the Day of Judgment. The real sin of blasphemy is not in the saying, nor even in the thinking; but in the wishing which is father to thought and word: and the nature of it is simply in wishing evil to anything; for as the quality of Mercy is not strained,[1] so neither that of Blasphemy, the one distilling from the clouds of Heaven, the other from the steam of the Pit. He that is unjust in little is unjust in much, he that is malignant to the least is to the greatest, he who hates the earth which is God's footstool, hates yet more Heaven which is God's throne, and Him that sitteth thereon.[2] Finally, therefore, blasphemy is wishing ill to *any* thing; and its outcome is in Vanni Fucci's extreme "ill manners" —wishing ill to God.[3]

On the contrary, Euphemy is wishing well to everything, and its outcome is in Burns' extreme "good manners," wishing well to—

"Ah! wad ye tak a thought, and men'!"[4]

That is the supreme of Euphemy.

97. Fix then, first in your minds, that the sin of malediction, whether Shimei's individual,[5] or John Bull's national, is in the vulgar malignity, not in the vulgar diction, and then note further that the "phemy" or "fame" of the two words, blasphemy and euphemy, signifies broadly the bearing of *false* witness *against* one's neighbour[6] in the one case, and of *true* witness *for* him in

[1] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[2] [Luke xvi. 10; Isaiah lxvi. 1; Revelation vii. 15.]
[3] [*Inferno*, xxv. 1; compare Vol. XXVIII. pp. 764–765.]
[4] [*Address to the De'il.*]
[5] [2 Samuel xiii. 8.]
[6] [Exodus xx. 16.]

the other: so that while the peculiar province of the blasphemer is to throw firelight on the evil in good persons, the province of the euphuist (I must use the word inaccurately for want of a better) is to throw sunlight on the good in bad ones; such, for instance, as Bertram, Meg Merrilies, Rob Roy, Robin Hood,[1] and the general run of Corsairs, Giaours, Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Heretics; nay, even sisters of Rahab, and daughters of Moab and Ammon;[2] and at last the whole spiritual race of him to whom it was said, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?"[3]

98. And being thus brought back to our actual subject, I purpose, after a few more summary notes on the lustre of the electrotype language of modern passion,[4] to examine what facts or probabilities lie at the root both of Goethe's and Byron's imagination of that contest between the powers of Good and Evil, of which the Scriptural account appears to Mr. Huxley so inconsistent with the recognized laws of political economy; and has been, by the cowardice of our old translators, so maimed of its vitality, that the frank Greek assertion of St. Michael's not daring to blaspheme the devil,* is tenfold more mischievously deadened and

* Of our tingle-tangle-titmouse disputes in Parliament[5] like Robins in a bush, but not a Robin in all the house knowing his great A, hear again Plato: "But they, for ever so little a quarrel, uttering much voice, blaspheming, speak evil one of another,—and it is not becoming that in a city of well-ordered persons, such things should be—no; nothing of them nohow nowhere,—and let this be the one law for all—let nobody speak mischief of anybody (*μηδένα κακηγορείτω μηδείς*)."—*Laws*, Book xi. 934 E; and compare Book iv. 717.[6]

[1] [For other references to—Bertram, see below, § 117 (p. 386), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 34 (Vol. XXVII. p. 631); Meg Merrilies, *Ariadne Florentina*, § 211 (Vol. XXII. p. 444, with the other passages there noted), and Vol. XXXIII. p. 489. For Rob Roy, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XVIII. p. 115); and for him and Robin Hood (in *Ivanhoe*), Vol. XXVII. p. 243.]

[2] [See Joshua ii. 13; and 1 Kings xi. 1, 7.]

[3] [Genesis iv. 7.]

[4] [Here, again (compare p. 361 *n.*), Ruskin's scheme was not carried out.]

[5] [Compare *Love's Meinie*, § 135 (Vol. XXV. p. 128), and the other passages there noted.]

[6] [The references to these passages have hitherto been wrongly given; the first of them (the passage quoted by Ruskin) as "ii. 935"; the second (to which he only refers) as "iv. 117" (a page which does not exist). The first passage has been identified as shown above; the second is probably iv. 717.]

caricatured by their periphrasis of "durst not bring against him a railing accusation,"[1] than by Byron's apparently—and only apparently—less reverent description of the manner of angelic encounter for an inferior ruler of the people:—

> "Between His Darkness and His Brightness
> There passed a mutual glance of great politeness."[2]

PARIS, *September* 20, 1880.

POSTSCRIPT

99. I am myself extremely grateful, nor doubt a like feeling in most of my readers, both for the information contained in the first of the two following letters; and the correction of references in the second, of which, however, I have omitted some closing sentences which the writer will, I think, see to have been unnecessary.[3]

NORTH STREET, WIRKSWORTH,
August 2, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—When reading your interesting article in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and your quotation from Walter Scott, I was struck with the great similarity between some of the Scotch words and my native tongue (Norwegian). *Whigmaleerie*, as to the derivation of which you seem to be in some perplexity,[4] is in Norwegian *Vægmaleri*. *Væg*, pronounced "Vegg," signifying wall, and *Maleri* "picture," pronounced almost the same as in Scotch, and derived from *at male*, to paint. *Siccan* is in Danish *sikken*, used more about something comical than great, and scarcely belonging to the written language, in which *slig*, such, and *slig en*, such a one, would be the equivalent. I need not remark that as to the

[1] [Jude 9. The Greek is: *οὐκ ἐτόλμησε κρίσιν ἐπενεγκεῖν βλασφημιάς.* So, too, the Vulgate: "non est ausus judicium inferre blasphemiæ."]

[2] [*Vision of Judgment*, 35.]

[3] [Here, in the *Nineteenth Century*, the following paragraph followed (with references to pages and lines, here altered to sections):—

> "I find press corrections always irksome work, and in my last paper trust the reader's kindness to insert the words 'of metre' after 'necessity' in § 67, line 7; with commas after 'passion' and 'exactly' in lines 21, 22 of the same §; and correct 'rest' to 'nest' in § 71, line 11, and 'emotion' to 'oblation' in § 74, line 18."

The corrections were made in *On the Old Road*.]

[4] [See above, p. 298.]

written language Danish and Norwegian is the same, only the dialects differ.

Having been told by some English friends that this explanation would perhaps not be without interest to yourself, I take the liberty of writing this letter.—I remain yours respectfully,

THEA BERG.

INNER TEMPLE, *September* 9, 1880.

SIR,—In your last article on Fiction, Foul and Fair (*Nineteenth Century* September 1880) you have the following note:

"*Juan*, viii. 5" (it ought to be 9), "but by your Lordship's quotation, Wordsworth says 'instrument' not 'daughter.'"

Now in Murray's edition of Byron, 1837, octavo, his Lordship's quotation is as follows:—

> "But thy most dreaded instrument
> In working out a pure intent
> Is man arranged for mutual slaughter;
> Yea, Carnage is thy daughter."

And his Lordship refers you to "Wordsworth's Thanksgiving Ode."

I have no early edition of Wordsworth. In Moxon's, 1844, no such lines appear in the Thanksgiving Ode, but in the Ode dated 1815, and printed immediately before it, the following lines occur:—

> "But man is thy most awful instrument
> In working out a pure intent."

It is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that Wordsworth altered the lines after *Don Juan* was written.[1]—I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RALPH THICKNESSE.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

[1] [See on this subject, above, p. 326 *n.*]

V[1]

THE TWO SERVANTS

100. I HAVE assumed throughout these papers, that everybody knew what Fiction meant; as Mr. Mill assumed in his Political Economy, that everybody knew what wealth meant.[2] The assumption was convenient to Mr. Mill, and persisted in: but, for my own part, I am not in the habit of talking, even so long as I have done in this instance, without making sure that the reader knows what I am talking about; and it is high time that we should be agreed upon the primary notion of what Fiction is.

A feigned, fictitious, artificial, super-natural, put-together-out-of-one's-head, thing. All this it must be, to begin with. The best type of it being the most practically fictile—a Greek vase.[3] A thing which has two sides to be seen, two handles to be carried by, and a bottom to stand on, and a top to be poured out of, this, every right fiction *is*, whatever else it may be. Planned rigorously, rounded smoothly, balanced symmetrically, handled handily, lipped softly for pouring out oil and wine. Painted daintily at last with images of eternal things—

"For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair."[4]

101. Quite a different thing from a "cast,"—this work of clay in the hands of the potter, as it seemed good to

[1] [*Nineteenth Century*, October 1881, with the title, as above. The MS. has the date, "Amiens, St. Crispin's Day, 1880."]

[2] [See *Unto this Last*, Preface, § 2 (Vol. XVII. p. 18).]

[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92 (Vol. XXIX. p. 457).]

[4] [Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. The line is "For ever thou wilt love and she be fair." Mr. Wedderburn remembers pointing this out to Ruskin when reading the proof of this paper for him; but Ruskin left it, saying, "Never mind, they'll see I quoted from memory." Compare the anecdote below, p. 726.]

the potter to make it. Very interesting, a cast from life may perhaps be; more interesting, to some people perhaps, a cast from death;—most modern novels are like specimens from Lyme Regis, impressions of skeletons in mud.

"Planned rigorously"—I press the conditions again one by one—it must be, as ever Memphian labyrinth[1] or Norman fortress. Intricacy full of delicate surprise; covered way in secrecy of accurate purposes, not a stone useless, nor a word nor an incident thrown away.

"Rounded smoothly"—the wheel of Fortune revolving with it in unfelt swiftness; like the world, its story rising like the dawn, closing like the sunset, with its own sweet light for every hour.

"Balanced symmetrically"—having its two sides clearly separate, its war of good and evil rightly divided. Its figures moving in majestic law of light and shade.

"Handled handily"—so that, being careful and gentle, you can take easy grasp of it and all that it contains; a thing given into your hand henceforth to have and to hold. Comprehensible, not a mass that both your arms cannot get round; tenable, not a confused pebble heap of which you can only lift one pebble at a time.

"Lipped softly"—full of kindness and comfort: the Keats line indeed the perpetual message of it—"For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair." All beautiful fiction is of the Madonna, whether the Virgin of Athens or of Judah —Pan-Athenaic always.

And all foul fiction is *lèse majesté* to the Madonna and to womanhood. For indeed the great fiction of every human life is the shaping of its Love, with due prudence, due imagination, due persistence and perfection from the beginning of its story to the end; for every human soul, its Palladium. And it follows that all right imaginative work is beautiful, which is a practical and brief law concerning it. All frightful things are either foolish, or sick, visits of frenzy, or pollutions of plague.

[1] [Herodotus, ii. 148: see Vol. XXVII. p. 407.]

102. Taking thus the Greek vase at its best time, for the symbol of fair fiction: of foul, you may find in the great entrance-room of the Louvre, filled with the luxurious *orfèvrerie* of the sixteenth century, types perfect and innumerable:[1] Satyrs carved in serpentine, Gorgons platted in gold, Furies with eyes of ruby, Scyllas with scales of pearl; infinitely worthless toil, infinitely witless wickedness; pleasure satiated into idiocy, passion provoked into madness, no object of thought, or sight, or fancy, but horror, mutilation, distortion, corruption, agony of war, insolence of disgrace, and misery of Death.

It is true that the ease with which a serpent, or something that will be understood for one, can be chased or wrought in metal, and the small workmanly skill required to image a satyr's hoof and horns, as compared to that needed for a human foot or forehead, have greatly influenced the choice of subject by incompetent smiths; and in like manner, the prevalence of such vicious or ugly story in the mass of modern literature is not so much a sign of the lasciviousness of the age, as of its stupidity, though each react on the other, and the vapour of the sulphurous pool becomes at last so diffused in the atmosphere of our cities, that whom it cannot corrupt, it will at least stultify.

103. Yesterday, the last of August, came to me from the Fine Art Society, a series of twenty black and white scrabbles* of which I am informed in an eloquent preface that the author was a Michael Angelo of the glebe, and that his shepherds and his herdswomen are akin in dignity and grandeur to the prophets and Sibyls of the Sistine.

Glancing through the series of these stupendous productions, I find one peculiarly characteristic and expressive of

* *Jean François Millet.* Twenty Etchings and Woodcuts reproduced in Facsimile, and Biographical Notice by William Ernest Henley. London, 1881.[2]

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[1] [Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 246 *n.*]

[2] [Ruskin's quotations in §§ 104, 106 are from pp. 4, 5, 7 of Henley's Preface.]

modern picture-making and novel-writing,—called "Hauling" or more definitely "Paysan rentrant du Fumier," which represents a man's back, or at least the back of his waistcoat and trowsers, and hat, in full light, and a small blot where his face should be, with a small scratch where its nose should be, elongated into one representing a chink of timber in the background.

Examining the volume farther, in the hope of discovering some trace of reasonable motive for the publication of these works by the Society, I perceive that this Michael Angelo of the glebe had indeed natural faculty of no mean order in him, and that the woful history of his life contains very curious lessons respecting the modern conditions of Imagination and Art.

104. I find in the first place, that he was a Breton peasant; his grandmother's godson, baptized in good hope, and

"christened Jean, after his father, and François after the Saint of Assisi, his godmother's patron. It was under her care and guidance and those of his uncle, the Abbé Charles, that he was reared; and the dignified and laborious earnestness of these governors of his was a chief influence in his life, and a distinguishing feature in his character. The Millet family led an existence almost patriarchal in its unalterable simplicity and diligence; and the boy grew up in an environment of toil, sincerity and devoutness. He was fostered upon the Bible, and the great book of nature. . . . When he woke, it was to the lowing of cattle and the song of birds; he was at play all day, among 'the sights and sounds of the open landscape; and he slept with the murmur of the spinning-wheel in his ears, and the memory of the evening prayer in his heart. . . . He learned Latin from the parish priest, and from his uncle Charles; and he soon came to be a student of Virgil, . . . and while yet young in his teens began to follow his father out into the fields, and thenceforward, as became the eldest boy in a large family, worked hard at grafting and ploughing, sowing and reaping, scything and shearing and planting, and all the many duties of husbandmen. Meanwhile, he had taken to drawing . . . copied everything he saw, and produced not only studies but compositions also; until at last his father was moved to take him away from farming, and have him taught painting."

105. Now all this is related concerning the lad's early life by the prefatory and commenting author, as if expecting the general reader to admit that there had been some advantage for him in this manner of education:—that

simplicity and devoutness are wholesome states of mind; that parish curés and uncle Abbés are not betrayers or devourers of youthful innocence—that there is profitable reading in the Bible, and something agreeably soothing—if no otherwise useful—in the sound of evening prayer. I may observe also in passing, that his education, thus far, is precisely what, for the last ten years, I have been describing as the most desirable for all persons intending to lead an honest and Christian life: (my recommendation that peasants should learn Latin[1] having been, some four or five years ago, the subject of much merriment in the pages of *Judy* and other such nurses of divine wisdom in the public mind.) It however having been determined by the boy's father that he should be a painter, and that art being unknown to the Abbé Charles and the village Curé (in which manner of ignorance, if the infallible Pope did but know it, he and his *now* artless shepherds stand at a fatal disadvantage in the world as compared with monks who could illuminate with colour as well as word)—the simple young soul is sent for the exalting and finishing of its artistic faculties to Paris.

106. "Wherein," observes my prefatory author, "the romantic movement was in the full tide of prosperity."[2]

Hugo had written *Notre Dame*, and Musset had published *Rolla* and the *Nuits;* Balzac the *Lys dans la Vallée;* Gautier the *Comédie de la Mort;* Georges Sand *Léone Léoni*, and a score of wild and eloquent novels more; and under the instruction of these romantic authors, his landlady, to whom he had entrusted the few francs he possessed, to dole out to him as he needed, fell in love with him, and finding he could not, or would not, respond to her advances, confiscated the whole deposit, and left him penniless. The preface goes on to tell us how, not feeling himself in harmony with these forms of Romanticism, he takes to the study of the Infinite, and Michael Angelo; how he learned

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 27).]
[2] [The following lines are summarised from Henley's Preface, p. 7.]

to paint the Heroic Nude; how he mixed up for imitation the manners of Rubens, Ribera, Mantegna, and Correggio; how he struggled all his life with neglect, and endured with his family every agony of poverty; owed his butcher and his grocer, was exposed to endless worry and annoyance from writs and executions; and when first his grandmother died, and then his mother, neither deathbed was able to raise the money that would have carried him from Barbizon to Gruchy.

The work now laid before the public by the Fine Art Society is to be considered, therefore—whatever its merits or defects may be—as an expression of the influence of the Infinite and Michael Angelo on a mind innocently prepared for their reception. And in another place I may take occasion[1] to point out the peculiar adaptability of modern etching to the expression of the Infinite, by the multitude of scratches it can put on a surface without representing anything in particular; and to illustration of the majesty of Michael Angelo by preference of the backs and legs of people to their faces.

107. But I refer to the book in this paper, partly indeed because my mind is full of its sorrow, and I may not be able to find another opportunity of saying so; but chiefly, because the author of the preface has summed the principal authors of depraved Fiction in a single sentence;[2] and I want the reader to ask himself why, among all the forms of the picturesque which were suggested by this body of literary leaders, none were acceptable by, none helpful to, the mind of a youth trained in purity and faith.

He will find, if he reflect, that it is not in romantic, or any other healthy aim, that the school detaches itself from those called sometimes by recent writers "classical"; but first by Infidelity, and an absence of the religious element so total that at last it passes into the hatred of

[1] [The occasion, however, was not found.]
[2] [That is, the one quoted from in § 106, above.]

priesthood which has become characteristic of Republicanism; and secondly, by the taint and leprosy of animal passion idealised as a governing power of humanity, or at least used as the chief element of interest in the conduct of its histories. It is with the *Sin* of Master Anthony that Georges Sand (who is the best of them) overshadows the entire course of a novel meant to recommend simplicity of life—and by the weakness of Consuelo that the same authoress thinks it natural to set off the splendour of the most exalted musical genius.[1]

I am not able to judge of the degree of moral purpose, or conviction, with which any of the novelists wrote. But I am able to say with certainty that, whatever their purpose, their method is mistaken, and that no good is ever done to society by the pictorial representation of its diseases.

108. All healthy and helpful literature sets simple bars between right and wrong; assumes the possibility, in men and women, of having healthy minds in healthy bodies, and loses no time in the diagnosis of fever or dyspepsia in either; least of all in the particular kind of fever which signifies the ungoverned excess of any appetite or passion. The "dulness" which many modern readers inevitably feel, and some modern blockheads think it creditable to allege, in Scott, consists not a little in his absolute purity from every loathsome element or excitement of the lower passions; so that people who live habitually in Satyric or hircine conditions of thought find him as insipid as they would a picture of Angelico's. The accurate and trenchant separation between him and the common railroad-station novelist is that, in his total method of conception, only lofty character is worth describing at all; and it becomes interesting, not by its faults, but by the difficulties and accidents of the fortune through which it passes, while, in the railway novel, interest is obtained with the vulgar reader for the vilest

[1] [For another reference to *Consuelo*, see above, § 22 (p. 286). *Consuelo* (1844), like *Lucretia Floriani* (1847), was inspired by Chopin, whose declining health Madame Dudevant tended for some years with motherly care.]

character, because the author describes carefully to his recognition the blotches, burrs and pimples in which the paltry nature resembles his own. *The Mill on the Floss* is perhaps the most striking instance extant of this study of cutaneous disease. There is not a single person in the book of the smallest importance to anybody in the world but themselves, or whose qualities deserved so much as a line of printer's type in their description. There is no girl alive, fairly clever, half educated, and unluckily related, whose life has not at least as much in it as Maggie's, to be described and to be pitied. Tom is a clumsy and cruel lout, with the making of better things in him (and the same may be said of nearly every Englishman at present smoking and elbowing his way through the ugly world his blunders have contributed to the making of); while the rest of the characters are simply the sweepings out of a Pentonville omnibus.*

109. And it is very necessary that we should distinguish this essentially Cockney literature,—developed only in the London suburbs, and feeding the demands of the rows of similar brick houses, which branch in devouring cancer round every manufacturing town,—from the really romantic literature of France. Georges Sand is often immoral; but she is always beautiful, and in the characteristic novel I have named, *Le Péché de Mons. Antoine*,[1] the five principal characters, the old Cavalier Marquis,—the Carpenter,—M. de Chateaubrun,—Gilberte,—and the really passionate and generous lover, are all as heroic and radiantly ideal as

* I am sorry to find that my former allusion to the boating expedition in this novel[2] has been misconstrued by a young authoress of promise into disparagement of her own work; not supposing it possible that I could only have been forced to look at George Eliot's by a friend's imperfect account of it.

[1] [For another reference to this book, see Vol. XXIX. p. 588.]

[2] [See above, §§ 17, 22 (pp. 282, 286). Ruskin's criticism, there and here, of George Eliot, who had recently died (December 22, 1880), was made matter of complaint by a correspondent, to whom he replied in an interesting letter (October 2, 1881), now included in *Arrows of the Chace* (below, p. 558). The work of the "young authoress" was *Robert Forrester*, by Mary Thompson (Longmans, 1875).]

Scott's Colonel Mannering, Catherine Seyton, and Roland Graeme;[1] while the landscape is rich and true with the emotion of years of life passed in glens of Norman granite and beside bays of Italian sea. But in the English Cockney school, which consummates itself in George Eliot, the personages are picked up from behind the counter and out of the gutter; and the landscape, by excursion train to Gravesend, with return ticket for the City-road.

110. But the second reason for the dulness of Scott to the uneducated or miseducated reader lies far deeper; and its analysis is related to the most subtle questions in the Arts of Design.

The mixed gaiety and gloom in the plan of any modern novel fairly clever in the make of it, may be likened, almost with precision, to the patchwork of a Harlequin's dress, well spangled; a pretty thing enough, if the human form beneath it be graceful and active. Few personages on the stage are more delightful to me than a good Harlequin; also, if I chance to have nothing better to do, I can still read my Georges Sand or Alfred de Musset with much contentment, if only the story end well.

But we must not dress Cordelia or Rosalind in robes of triangular patches, covered with spangles, by way of making the *coup d'œil* of them less dull; and so the story-telling of Scott is like the robe of the Sistine Zipporah—embroidered only on the edges with gold and blue, and the embroidery involving a legend written in mystic letters.[2]

And the interest and joy which he intends his reader to find in his tale, are in taking up the golden thread here and there in its intended recurrence—and following, as it rises again and again, his melody through the disciplined and unaccented march of the fugue.

111. Thus the entire charm and meaning of the story

[1] [For other references to Colonel Mannering, see above, p. 346; and to Catherine Seyton and Roland Graeme (*Abbot*), p. 285.]

[2] [For the embroidery on the robe in this painting by Botticelli, see Vol. XXII. p. 427, and Vol. XXIII. p. 276. Ruskin's study of the figure is given as the frontispiece to Vol. XXIII.]

of *The Monastery* depend on the degree of sympathy with which we compare the first and last incidents of the appearance of a character, whom perhaps not one in twenty readers would remember as belonging to the dramatis personæ—Stawarth Bolton.

Childless, he assures safety in the first scene of the opening tale to the widow of Glendinning and her two children—the elder boy challenging him at the moment, "I will war on thee to the death, when I can draw my father's sword."[1] In virtually the last scene, the grown youth, now in command of a small company of spearmen in the Regent Murray's service, is on foot, in the first pause after the battle at Kennaquhair, beside the dead bodies of Julian Avenel and Christie, and the dying Catherine:*—

Glendinning forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a trampling of horse, and the cry of St. George for England, which the English soldiers still continued to use. His handful of men, for most of the stragglers had waited for Murray's coming up, remained on horseback, holding their lances upright, having no command either to submit or resist.

"There stands our captain," said one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster's troop.

"Your captain! with his sword sheathed, and on foot in the presence of his enemy? a raw soldier, I warrant him," said the English leader. "So! ho! young man, is your dream out, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?"

"Neither," answered Halbert Glendinning, with great tranquillity.

"Then throw down thy sword and yield thee," answered the Englishman.

"Not till I can help myself no otherwise," said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

"Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?" demanded the English captain.

"To the noble Earl of Murray."

"Then thou servest," said the Southron, "the most disloyal nobleman who breathes—false both to England and Scotland."

"Thou liest," said Glendinning, regardless of all consequences.

"Ha! art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since? I lie, do I? Wilt thou do battle with me on that quarrel?"

* I am ashamed to exemplify the miserable work of "review" by mangling and mumbling this noble closing chapter of *The Monastery*, but I cannot show the web of work, without unweaving it.

[1] [Chapter ii. The quotation which follows is from the last chapter but one.]

"With one to one, one to two, or two to five, as you list," said Halbert Glendinning; "grant me but a fair field."

"That thou shalt have. Stand back, my mates," said the brave Englishman. "If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go off free with his people."

"Long life to the noble captain!" cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel as if it had been a bull-baiting.

"He will have a short life of it, though," said the sergeant, "if he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any reason, or for no reason, with every man he meets, and especially the young fellows he might be father to. And here comes the warden, besides, to see the sword-play."

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his horsemen, just as his captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendinning, lost his sword.*

"Take it up for shame, old Stawarth Bolton," said the English warden; "and thou, young man, get you gone to your own friends, and loiter not here."

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendinning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate Catherine, who lay insensible of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her—insensible, as the second glance assured him, of all and for ever. Glendinning almost rejoiced when he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the hoofs of the war-horses, amongst which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and deface a senseless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half ashamed of the shout of laughter which rose on all sides, at seeing an armed man in such a situation assume such an unwonted and inconvenient burden.

"Shoulder your infant!" cried a harquebusier.

"Port your infant!" said a pikeman.

"Peace, ye brutes!" said Stawarth Bolton, "and respect humanity in others, if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my grey hairs, when I see him take care of that helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch-wolves, not born of women."

The infant thus saved is the heir of Avenel, and the intricacy and fateful bearing of every incident and word in the scene, knitting into one central moment all the clues to the plot of two romances, as the rich boss of a Gothic vault gathers the shaft mouldings of it, can only be felt by an entirely attentive reader; just as (to follow out the likeness on Scott's own ground) the willow-wreaths changed to stone of Melrose tracery[1] can only be caught in their

* With ludicrously fatal retouch in the later edition "was deprived of" his sword.

[1] [See above, p. 299.]

plighting by the keenest eyes. The meshes are again gathered by the master's own hand when the child now in Halbert's arms, twenty years hence, stoops over him to unlace his helmet,[1] as the fallen knight lies senseless on the field of Carberry Hill.*

112. But there is another, and a still more hidden method in Scott's designing of story, in which, taking extreme pains, he counts on much sympathy from the reader, and can assuredly find none in a modern student. The moral purpose of the whole, which he asserted in the preface to the first edition of *Waverley*,[2] was involved always with the minutest study of the effects of true and false religion on the conduct;—which subject being always touched with his utmost lightness of hand and stealthiness of art, and founded on a knowledge of the Scotch character and the human heart, such as no other living man possessed, his purpose often escapes first observation as completely as the inner feelings of living people do; and I am myself amazed, as I take any single piece of his work up for examination, to find how many of its points I had before missed or disregarded.

113. The groups of personages whose conduct in the Scott romance is definitely affected by religious conviction may be arranged broadly, as those of the actual world, under these following heads:—

(1.) The lowest group consists of persons who, believing in the general truths of Evangelical religion, accommodate

* Again I am obliged, by review necessity, to omit half the points of the scene.

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[1] [See *Monastery*, ch. xxxvi., and *Abbot*, ch. xxxvii.; but the battle is not Carberry Hill, near Musselburgh, where Lord Home defeated Queen Mary's forces in 1567, but the battle of Langside, near Glasgow, where Murray defeated them in 1568: see the last note but one to *The Monastery*.]

[2] [It is not clear what Ruskin had in his mind, as there was no "Preface" to *Waverley* until the *third* edition (1814), and that contains nothing to the point. The "General Preface" to the collected edition of all the "Waverley Novels" in 1829 has also nothing relevant. Ruskin may refer to chapter i. ("Introductory") of *Waverley*, in which Scott avows his intention of "throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors: those passions common to men in all stages of society."]

them to their passions, and are capable, by gradual increase in depravity, of any crime or violence. I am not going to include these in our present study. Trumbull (*Redgauntlet*), Trusty Tomkyns (*Woodstock*), Burley (*Old Mortality*), are three of the principal types.[1]

(2.) The next rank above these consists of men who believe firmly and truly enough to be restrained from any conduct which they clearly recognize as criminal, but whose natural selfishness renders them incapable of understanding the morality of the Bible above a certain point; and whose imperfect powers of thought leave them liable in many directions to the warping of self-interest or of small temptations.

Fairservice. Blattergowl. Kettledrummle. Gifted Gilfillan.[2]

(3.) The third order consists of men naturally just and honest, but with little sympathy and much pride, in whom their religion, while in the depth of it supporting their best virtues, brings out on the surface all their worst faults, and makes them censorious, tiresome, and often fearfully mischievous.

Richie Moniplies. Davie Deans. Mause Headrigg.[3]

(4.) The enthusiastic type, leading to missionary effort, often to martyrdom.

Warden, in *Monastery*. Colonel Gardiner. Ephraim Macbriar. Joshua Geddes.[4]

(5.) Highest type, fulfilling daily duty; always gentle, entirely firm, the comfort and strength of all around them; merciful to every human fault, and submissive without anger to every human oppression.

[1] [For other references to—Tam Trumbull, see above, p. 346; Burley, Vol. XXIII. p. 141, and below, p. 386.]

[2] [For other references to—Fairservice, see the following pages, and above, p. 295; the Rev. Dr. Blattergowl (*Antiquary*), above, pp. 307, 325, and below, p. 390; Gabriel Kettledrummle (*Old Mortality*), *Præterita*, ii. § 157 *n.*; and Mr. Gilfillan (*Waverley*), above, pp. 324, 325, and below, p. 389.]

[3] [For other references to—Moniplies, see the following pages; David Deans (*Heart of Midlothian*), below, p. 394; and Mause Headrigg (*Old Mortality*), *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 296) and *Præterita*, i. § 71 *n.*]

[4] [For other references to Colonel Gardiner (*Waverley*), see Vol. XVIII. p. 115 *n.*; and to Ephraim Macbriar (*Old Mortality*), Vol. XXVIII. p. 602 *n.* For Joshua Geddes, see *Redgauntlet*.]

Rachel Geddes. Jeanie Deans. Bessie Maclure, in *Old Mortality*—the Queen of all.[1]

114. In the present paper, I ask the reader's patience only with my fulfilment of a promise long since made,[2] to mark the opposition of the effects of an entirely similar religious faith in two men of inferior position, representing in perfectness the commonest types in Scotland of the second and third order of religionists here distinguished, Andrew Fairservice (*Rob Roy*), and Richie Moniplies (*Nigel*).[3]

The names of both the men imply deceitfulness of one kind or another—Fairservice, as serving fairly only in pretence; Moniplies, as having many windings, turns, and ways of escape. Scott's names are themselves so Moniplied that they need as much following out as Shakespeare's; and as their roots are pure Scotch, and few people have a good Scottish glossary beside them, or would use it if they had, the novels are usually read without any turning of the first keys to them. I did not myself know till very lately the root of Dandie Dinmont's name—"Dinmont," a two-year-old sheep; still less that of Moniplies, which I had been always content to take Master George Heriot's rendering of: "This fellow is not ill-named—he has more plies than one in his cloak."[4] (*Nigel*, i. 72.) In its first sense, it is the Scotch word for tripe, Moniplies being a butcher's son.[5]

115. Cunning, then, they both are, in a high degree—but Fairservice only for himself; Moniplies for himself and his friend, or, in grave business, even for his friend first.[6] But it is one of Scott's first principles of moral law that

[1] [For other references to Jeanie Deans (*Heart of Midlothian*), *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 31 (Vol. XXVII. p. 564, with the other passages there noted), and Vol. XXXIII. pp. 489, 506; and Bessie Maclure, Vol. XXVIII. p. 602 *n.*]

[2] [See above, § 29, p. 295.]

[3] [For other references to Richie, see Vol. XXV. p. 296; and to Andrew, Vol. V. p. 337, Vol. XVII. p. 520, Vol. XXV. p. 296, Vol. XXVIII. p. 603 *n.*, and *Præterita*, i. § 71 *n.*, iii. § 71 *n.*]

[4] [Compare *Proserpina*, i. ch. vii. § 9 (Vol. XXV. p. 296).]

[5] [Hence (to follow up Scott's "moniplied" name) he describes himself as of the house of Castle Collop (chap. 31), and at the end of the novel, the king, in knighting Richie, says, "Surge, carnifex—Rise, Sir Richard Moniplies of Castle Collop": see § 117, p. 386.]

[6] [See the passage quoted on the next page.]

cunning never shall succeed, unless definitely employed *against an enemy* by a person whose essential character is wholly frank and true; as by Roland against Lady Lochleven, or Mysie Happer against Dan of the Howlet-hirst;[1] but consistent cunning in the character always fails: Scott allows no Ulyssean hero.

Therefore the cunning of Fairservice fails always, and totally; but that of Moniplies precisely according to the degree of its selfishness: wholly, in the affair of the petition —("I am sure I had a' the fright and a' the risk," i. 73[2])— partially, in that of the carcanet. This he himself at last recognizes with complacency:—

"I think you might have left me," says Nigel in their parting scene (i. 286[3]), "to act according to my own judgment."

"Mickle better not," answered Richie; "mickle better not. We are a' frail creatures, and can judge better for ilk ither than in our own cases. And for me—even myself—I have always observed myself to be much more prudential in what I have done in your lordship's behalf, than even in what I have been able to transact for my own interest—whilk last, I have, indeed, always postponed, as in duty I ought."

"I do believe thou hast," answered Lord Nigel, "having ever found thee true and faithful."

And his final success is entirely owing to his courage and fidelity, not to his cunning.

To this subtlety both the men join considerable power of penetration into the weaknesses of character; but Fairservice only sees the surface-failings, and has no respect for any kind of nobleness; while Richie watches the gradual lowering of his master's character and reputation with earnest sorrow:—

"My lord," said Richie, "to be round with you, the grace of God is better than gold pieces, and, if they were my last words," he said, raising his voice, "I would say you are misled, and are forsaking the paths your honourable father trode in; and what is more, you are going—still under correction—to the devil with a dishclout, for ye are laughed at by them that lead you into these disordered by-paths" (i. 282).[4]

[1] [See *The Abbot*, chaps. xxxiv., xxxv.; and *The Monastery*, ch. xxviii.]

[2] [*Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. iv.; for the affair of the carcanet, see ch. xxxi.]

[3] [Ch. xiv. Ruskin's references are to Cadell's edition of the *Waverley Novels* in 48 volumes.]

[4] [Also ch. xiv., earlier in the same scene.]

116. In the third place, note that the penetration of Moniplies,—though, as aforesaid, more into faults than virtues,—being yet founded on the truth of his own nature, is undeceivable. No rogue can escape him for an instant; and he sees through all the machinations of Lord Glenvarloch's enemies from the first; while Fairservice, shrewd enough in detecting the follies of good people, is quite helpless before knaves, and is deceived three times over by his own chosen friends—first by the lawyer's clerk, Touthope (ii. 21), then by the hypocrite MacVittie, and finally by his true blue Presbyterian friend Lancie.[1]

In these first elements of character the men are thus broadly distinguished; but in the next, requiring analysis, the differences are much more subtle. Both of them have, in nearly equal degree, the peculiar love of doing or saying what is provoking, by an exact contrariety to the wishes of the person they are dealing with, which is a fault inherent in the rough side of uneducated Scottish character; but in Andrew, the habit is checked by his self-interest, so that it is only behind his master's back that we hear his opinion of him; and only when he has lost his temper that the inherent provocativeness comes out—(see the dark ride into Scotland).[2]

On the contrary, Moniplies never speaks but in praise of his *absent* master; but exults in mortifying him in direct colloquy: yet never indulges this amiable disposition except with a really kind purpose, and entirely knowing what he is about. Fairservice, on the other hand, gradually falls into an unconscious fatality of varied blunder and provocation; and at last causes the entire catastrophe of the story by bringing in the candles when he has been ordered to stay downstairs.[3]

117. We have next to remember that with Scott, Truth

[1] [See *Rob Roy*, chaps. xix.; xx., xxii.; and xxxviii.–ix. For Lancie, see below, p. 392.]
[2] [See chaps. xxi. and xviii.]
[3] [Chap. xxxviii.]

and Courage are one. He somewhat overvalued *animal* courage—holding it the basis of all other virtue—in his own words, "Without courage there can be no truth, and without truth no virtue."[1] He would, however, sometimes allow his villains to possess the basis, without the superstructure, and thus Rashleigh, Dalgarno, Balfour, Varney, and other men of that stamp are to be carefully distinguished from his erring *heroes*, Marmion, Bertram, Christie of the Clinthill, or Nanty Ewart,[2] in whom loyalty is always the real strength of the character, and the faults of life are owing to temporary passion or evil fate. Scott differs in this standard of heroism materially from Byron,* in whose eyes mere courage, with strong affections, are enough for admiration: while Bertram, and even Marmion, though loyal to his country, are meant only to be pitied—not honoured.[3] But neither Scott nor Byron will ever allow any grain of mercy to a coward; and the final difference, therefore, between Fairservice and Moniplies, which decides their fate in Scott's hands, is that between their courage and cowardice. Fairservice is driven out at the kitchen door, never to be heard of more, while Richie rises into Sir Richie of Castle-Collop—the reader may perhaps at the moment think by

* I must deeply and earnestly express my thanks to my friend Mr. Hale White for his vindication of Goethe's real opinion of Byron from the mangled representation of it by Mr. Matthew Arnold (*Contemporary Review*, August 1881).[4]

[1] [See above, p. 226.]

[2] [For other references to—Rashleigh Osbaldistone (*Rob Roy*), see *Præterita*, iii. § 71; Dalgarno (*Fortunes of Nigel*), *ibid.*, § 72; John Balfour of Burley (*Old Mortality*), § 113 (above, p. 382); Richard Varney (*Kenilworth*), *Præterita*, iii. § 71; and Nanty Ewart (*Redgauntlet*), *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 47 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 192). For other references to *Guy Mannering* (Bertram) and *The Monastery* (Christie of the Clinthill), see General Index.]

[3] [Compare "the shamed falcon of Marmion," Vol. XXXIII. p. 500.]

[4] [Mr. Hale White's paper is entitled "Byron, Goethe, and Mr. Matthew Arnold" (vol. 40, pp. 179–185). Arnold in the Preface to his Selections from Byron ("Golden Treasury Series," 1881) quotes Goethe as saying of Byron, "The moment he reflects, he is a child." Mr. Hale White, citing the context and comparing other passages in Goethe's conversations, argues that Arnold's use of the extract does not correctly represent Goethe's estimate of Byron's "faculty of thought in its widest sense." See Oxenford's *Eckermann Conversations*, vol. i. pp. 198, 129, 140, 205, 209, 290, 294; also the Stuttgart and Tübingen edition of Goethe, 1840, vol. xxxiii. pp. 157, 153.]

too careless grace on the King's part; which, indeed, Scott in some measure meant;—but the grotesqueness and often evasiveness of Richie's common manner make us forget how surely his bitter word is backed by his ready blow, when need is. His first introduction to us (i. 33[1]), is because his quick temper overcomes his caution,—

"I thought to mysel', 'Ye are owre mony for me to mell with; but let me catch ye in Barford's Park, or at the fit of the Vennel, I could gar some of ye sing another sang.' Sae, ae auld hirpling deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way and offer me a pig, as he said, just to pit my Scotch ointment in, and *I gave him a push, as but natural*, and the tottering deevil couped owre amang his ain pigs, and damaged a score of them. And then the reird * raise"—

while in the close of the events (ii. 365[2]), he wins his wife by a piece of hand-to-hand fighting, of the value of which his cool and stern estimate, in answer to the gay Templar, is one of the great sentences marking Scott's undercurrent of two feelings about war, in spite of his love of its heroism.

"Bravo, Richie," cried Lowestoffe, "why, man, there lies Sin struck down like an ox, and Iniquity's throat cut like a calf."

"I know not why you should upbraid me with my upbringing, Master Lowestoffe," answered Richie, with great composure; "but I can tell you, the shambles is not a bad place for training one to this work."

118. These then being the radical conditions of native character in the two men, wholly irrespective of their religious persuasion, we have to note what form their Presbyterian faith takes in each, and what effect it has on their consciences.

In Richie, it has little to do; his conscience being, in

* "Rcirde, rerde, Anglo-Saxon reord, lingua, sermo, clamour, shouting" (Douglas glossary).[3] No Scottish sentence in the Scott novels should be passed without examining every word in it; his dialect, as already noticed,[4] being always pure and classic in the highest degree, and his meaning always the fuller, the further it is traced.

[1] [Chapter ii., already quoted, above, p. 300.]

[2] [Chapter xxxvii.]

[3] [For other references to the glossary appended in 1710 to Bishop Gavin Douglas's *Virgil*, see above, p. 300 and *n.*]

[4] [See above, § 32, p. 297.]

the deep of it, frank and clear. His religion commands him nothing which he is not at once ready to do, or has not habitually done; and it forbids him nothing which he is unwilling to forego. He pleads no pardon from it for known faults; he seeks no evasions in the letter of it for violations of its spirit. We are scarcely therefore aware of its vital power in him, unless at moments of very grave feeling and its necessary expression:—

"Wherefore, as the letter will not avail you with him to whom it is directed, you may believe that Heaven hath sent it to *me*, who have a special regard for the writer—have besides, as much mercy and honesty within me as man can weel mak' his bread with, and am willing to aid any distressed creature, that is my friend's friend."[1]

So, again, in the deep feeling which rebukes his master's careless ruin of the poor apprentice—

"I say, then, as I am a true man, when I saw that puir creature come through the ha' at that ordinary, whilk is accurst (Heaven forgive me for swearing) of God and man, with his teeth set, and his hands clenched, and his bonnet drawn over his brows . . ." He stopped a moment, and looked fixedly in his master's face.[2]

—and again in saving the poor lad himself when he takes the street to his last destruction "with burning heart and bloodshot eye":—

"Why do you stop my way?" he said fiercely.

"Because it is a bad one, Master Jenkin," said Richie. "Nay, never start about it, man; you see you are known. Alack-a-day! that an honest man's son should live to start at hearing himself called by his own name."

"I pray you in good fashion to let me go," said Jenkin. "I am in the humour to be dangerous to myself, or to any one."

"I will abide the risk," said the Scot, "if you will but come with me. You are the very lad in the world whom I most wished to meet."*

* The reader must observe that in quoting Scott for illustration of particular points I am obliged sometimes to alter the succession and omit much of the context of the pieces I want, for Scott never lets you see his hand, nor get at his points without remembering and comparing far-away pieces carefully. To collect the evidence of any one phase of character, is like pulling up the detached roots of a creeper.

[1] [*Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. xxvi.]

[2] [Chapter xiv., in the scene where Richie parts from Nigel.]

"And you," answered Vincent, "or any of your beggarly countrymen, are the last sight I should ever wish to see. You Scots are ever fair and false."

"As to our poverty, friend," replied Richie, "that is as Heaven pleases; but touching our falsity, I'll prove to you that a Scotsman bears as leal and true a heart to his friend as ever beat in an English doublet."[1]

119. In these, and other such passages, it will be felt that I have done Richie some injustice in classing him among the religionists who have little sympathy! For all real distress, his compassion is instant; but his doctrinal religion becomes immediately to him a cause of failure in charity:—

"Yon divine has another air from powerful Master Rollock, and Mess David Black of North Leith, and sic like. Alack-a-day, wha can ken, if it please your lordship, whether sic prayers as the Southrons read out of their auld blethering black mess-book there, may not be as powerful to invite fiends, as a right red-het prayer warm from the heart may be powerful to drive them away; even as the evil spirit was driven by the smell of the fish's liver from the bridal chamber of Sara, the daughter of Raguel!"[2]

The scene in which this speech occurs is one of Scott's most finished pieces, showing with supreme art how far the weakness of Richie's superstitious formality is increased by his being at the time partially drunk!

It is on the other hand to be noted to his credit, for an earnest and searching Bible-reader, that he quotes the Apocrypha. Not so gifted Gilfillan,—

"But if your honour wad consider the case of Tobit——!"

"Tobit!" exclaimed Gilfillan with great heat; "Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I hae been mista'en in you, friend."[3]

Gilfillan and Fairservice are exactly alike, and both are distinguished from Moniplies in their scornfully exclusive dogmatism, which is indeed the distinctive plague-spot of the lower evangelical sect everywhere, and the worst blight of the narrow natures, capable of its zealous profession.

[1] [All from ch. xxxv. Ruskin, however, somewhat rearranges the passages, and now and again anglicizes the Scottish dialect.]

[2] [Chapter vii.]

[3] [*Waverley*, ch. xxxvi.; for Gilfillan, see above, p. 382.]

In Blattergowl, on the contrary, as his name implies, the *doctrinal* teaching has become mere Blather, Blatter, or patter—a string of commonplaces spoken habitually in performance of his clerical function, but with no personal or sectarian interest in them on his part.

"He said fine things on the duty o' resignation to the will of God—that did he";[1] but his own mind is fixed under ordinary circumstances only on the income and privilege of his position. Scott however indicates this without severity as one of the weaknesses of an established church, to the general principle of which, as to all other established and monarchic law, he is wholly submissive, and usually affectionate (see the description of Colonel Mannering's Edinburgh Sunday[2]), so that Blattergowl, *out of the pulpit*, does not fail in his serious pastoral duty, but gives real comfort by his presence and exhortation in the cottage of the Mucklebackits.[3]

On the other hand, to all kinds of Independents and Nonconformists (unless of the Roderick Dhu[4] type) Scott is adverse with all his powers; and accordingly, Andrew and Gilfillan are much more sternly and scornfully drawn than Blattergowl.

120. In all the three, however, the reader must not for an instant suspect what is commonly called "hypocrisy."[5] Their religion is no assumed mask or advanced pretence. It is in all a confirmed and intimate faith, mischievous by its error, in proportion to its sincerity (compare *Ariadne Florentina*, page 75,[6] paragraph 87), and although by his cowardice, petty larceny,* and low cunning, Fairservice is

* Note the "wee business of my ain," i. 213.[7]

[1] [*Antiquary*, ch. ix. (Miss Oldbuck to her brother); for example of "his mind fixed only on the income and privilege of his position," see ch. xix.]

[2] [Chapter xxxvii. Hence Ruskin's remark above, p. 346.]

[3] [*Antiquary*, ch. xxxi.]

[4] [For other references to whom, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 261, 629.]

[5] [Compare above, p. 361 *n.*]

[6] [In ed. 1: see now Vol. XXII. p. 354.]

[7] [See *Rob Roy*, ch. xiv., for the "wee bit business o' my ain" concerning some pears "that will never be missed" which Andrew was selling to a friend. Ruskin's reference is to the 48 vol. edition of the Waverley Novels already mentioned (above, p. 384 *n.*).]

absolutely separated into a different class of men from Moniplies—in his fixed religious principle and primary conception of moral conduct, he is exactly like him. Thus when, in an agony of terror, he speaks for once to his master with entire sincerity, one might for a moment think it was a lecture by Moniplies to Nigel:—

"O, Maister Frank, a' your uncle's follies and a' your cousins' pliskies, were nothing to this! Drink clean cap-out, like Sir Hildebrand; begin the blessed morning with brandy-sops like Squire Percy; swagger like Squire Thorncliffe; rin wud among the lasses like Squire John; gamble like Richard; win souls to the Pope and the deevil, like Rashleigh; rive, rant, *break the Sabbath*, and do the Pope's bidding, like them a' put thegither —but merciful Providence! tak' care o' your young bluid, and gang nae near Rob Roy,"[1]—

I said, one might for a moment think it was a Moniplies' lecture to Nigel. But not for two moments, if we indeed can think at all. We could not find a passage more concentrated in expression of Andrew's total character; nor more characteristic of Scott in the calculated precision and deliberate appliance of every word.

121. Observe first, Richie's rebuke, quoted above,[2] fastens Nigel's mind instantly on the *nobleness* of his father. But Andrew's to Frank fastens as instantly on the *follies* of his uncle and cousins.

Secondly, the sum of Andrew's lesson is—"do anything that is rascally, if only you save your skin." But Richie's is summed in "the grace of God is better than gold pieces."[3]

Thirdly, Richie takes little note of creeds, except when he is drunk,[4] but looks to conduct always; while Andrew clinches his catalogue of wrong with "doing the Pope's bidding" and Sabbath-breaking; these definitions of the unpardonable being the worst absurdity of all Scotch wickedness to this hour—everything being forgiven to people who go to church on Sunday, and curse the Pope.

[1] [*Rob Roy*, ch. xxix.]
[2] [See § 115; p. 384.]
[3] [See again, above, p. 384.]
[4] [*Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. vii.]

Scott never loses sight of this marvellous plague-spot of Presbyterian religion, and the last words of Andrew Fairservice are:—

"The villain Lancie! to betray an auld friend that sang aff the same psalm-book wi' him *every Sabbath* for twenty years,"[1]

and the tragedy of these last words of his, and of his expulsion from his former happy home—"a jargonelle pear-tree at one end of the cottage, a rivulet and flower plot of a rood in extent in front, a kitchen garden behind, and a paddock for a cow" (viii. 6, of the 1830 edition[2]) can only be understood by the reading of the chapter he quotes on that last Sabbath evening he passes in it—the 5th of Nehemiah.[3]

122. For—and I must again and again point out this to the modern reader, who, living in a world of affectation, suspects "hypocrisy" in every creature he sees—the very plague of this lower evangelical piety is that it is *not* hypocrisy; that Andrew and Lancie *do* both expect to get the grace of God by singing psalms on Sunday, whatever rascality they practise during the week. In the modern popular drama of *School*,*[4] the only religious figure is a dirty and malicious usher who appears first reading Hervey's *Meditations*,[5] and throws away the book as soon

* Its "hero" is a tall youth with handsome calves to his legs, who shoots a bull with a fowling-piece, eats a large lunch, thinks it witty to call Othello a "nigger," and, having nothing to live on, and being capable of doing nothing for his living, establishes himself in lunches and cigars for ever, by marrying a girl with a fortune. The heroine is an amiable governess, who, for the general encouragement of virtue in governesses, is rewarded by marrying a lord.

[1] [See ch. xxxix.; but these are not quite his last words, as two other speeches follow.]

[2] [That is, vol. viii. (containing *Rob Roy*, vol. ii.) of the edition noted above, p. 384 *n.* See ch. xviii.]

[3] [See, again, ch. xviii. He does not actually quote the chapter, but says that he has "just finished the fifth chapter of Nehemiah."]

[4] [By T. W. Robertson (1829–1871), author of *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, and other plays. *School* was first produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1869.]

[5] [The *Meditations among the Tombs* of James Hervey (1714–1758), at one time much admired; ridiculed by Dr. Johnson.]

as he is out of sight of the company. But when Andrew is found by Frank "perched up like a statue by a range of beehives in an attitude of devout contemplation," with "one eye watching the motions of the little irritable citizens, and the other fixed on a book of devotion,"[1] you will please observe, suspicious reader, that the devout gardener has no expectation whatever of Frank's approach, nor has he any design upon him, nor is he reading or attitudinising for effect of any kind on any person. He is following his own ordinary customs, and his book of devotion has been already so well used that "much attrition had deprived it of its corners, and worn it into an oval shape"; its attractiveness to Andrew being twofold—the first, that it contains doctrine to his mind; the second, that such sound doctrine is set forth under figures properly belonging to his craft. "I was e'en taking a spell o' worthy Mess John Quackleben's *Flower of a Sweet Savour sawn on the Middenstead of this World*" (note in passing Scott's easy, instant, exquisite invention of the name of author and title of book); and it is a question of very curious interest how far these sweet "spells" in Quackleben, and the like religious exercises of a nature compatible with worldly business (compare Luckie Macleary, "with eyes employed on Boston's *Crook in the Lot*, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning"—*Waverley*, i. 112[2])—do indeed modify in Scotland the national character for the better or the worse; or, not materially altering, do at least solemnize and confirm it in what good it may be capable of. My own Scottish nurse described in *Fors Clavigera* for April, 1873, page 13,[3] would, I doubt not, have been as faithful and affectionate without her little library of Puritan theology; nor were her minor faults, so far as I could see, abated by its exhortations; but I cannot but believe that her uncomplaining endurance of most painful disease, and steadiness

[1] [Chapter xvii. of *Rob Roy*.]
[2] [See ch. xi.]
[3] [In ed. 1; Letter 28: see now Vol. XXVII. p. 517.]

of temper under not unfrequent misapprehension by those whom she best loved and served, were in great degree aided by so much of Christian faith and hope as she had succeeded in obtaining, with little talk about it.

123. I knew however in my earlier days a right old Covenanter in my Scottish aunt's house,[1] of whom, with Mause Headrigg and David Deans, I may be able perhaps to speak further in my next paper.[2] But I can only now write carefully of what bears on my immediate work: and must ask the reader's indulgence for the hasty throwing together of materials intended, before my illness last spring, to have been far more thoroughly handled. The friends who are fearful for my reputation as an "écrivain" will perhaps kindly recollect that a sentence of *Modern Painters* was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in every word for perhaps an hour—perhaps a forenoon—before it was passed for the printer.[3] I rarely now fix my mind on a sentence, or a thought, for five minutes in the quiet of morning, but a telegram comes announcing that somebody or other will do themselves the pleasure of calling at eleven o'clock, and that there's two shillings to pay.

[1] [See *Præterita*, i. § 71. For other references to Mause Headrigg (*Old Mortality*) and David Deans (*Heart of Midlothian*), see above, p. 382.]

[2] [The present paper was, however, the last. The following words were added by Ruskin in his final revise.]

[3] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 2 (Vol. XXII. p. 302).]

APPENDIX

SOUTHEY AND BYRON

[Among the MS. of *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (see above, p. xxxv.) are some pages headed "Begins completed work, from last Paper." These were not included in the Papers in the *Nineteenth Century*. The passage is now added, as it deals more fully with a poem of Southey referred to above (§ 77, p. 346), and with some lines of Byron quoted with special commendation (§ 63, p. 333).]

You have first to ask of all poetry, Is it good song, to begin with; had the man who put it together an ear to his head, a measure in his mind? is there true music in him? is there true symmetry?

I take up, for example nearest my hand, a bit of verse which it is almost certain nowadays that every holiday tourist to the English lakes will have the privilege of reading, and, if of a conscientious turn of mind, will think it his duty to read—Mr. Southey's description of the Fall of Lodore.

I find that Mr. Southey opens it with the remark that "Here it comes sparkling," and I find also by the context that Mr. Southey supposes this observation to be metrical, and even to be equivalent to the proper dactyl and troche dimeter of "Little Jack—Horner—sat in the—corner."[1] But Little Jack was written by a bard who had song in him; whereas I farther perceive that Mr. Southey, using "Here it comes" for a dactyl in one line, to be answered by "There it lies" in the next, is animated by no Muse, nor Musæan spirit, but only by a wildly blundering itch for clatter; which, proceeding to tell us that the cataract

> "In this rapid race
> On which it is bent
> [It] reaches the place
> Of its steep descent,"

and collecting on that occasion every jingling word that can be gathered out of the dictionary, shakes them all out as a scullery-maid her dust-pan, achieving a series of diabolic discords, almost prophetic of the future arrival of the railway train and the subsequent clatter of the knives and forks at the Keswick table d'hote, with which the verses in question are hereafter for ever to be accompanied. But read a line or two farther for the sake of feeling what the false gallop of verse is in its extremity:

> "The cataract strong
> Then plunges along, . . .
> Collecting, projecting,
> Receding and speeding, . . .
> And dinning and spinning
> And dropping and hopping," etc., etc.

[1] [For another reference to the nursery rhyme, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 310.]

While every girl and boy of our young English travellers (such the will of popular education) must have this piece of disgrace to their language and landscape nailed into their tender memories,—how many of them—how many even of our present scholars, know this,—the loveliest description of a shore waterfall, probably in European literature?

[Here follow the ten lines from Byron's *Island*, quoted above, p. 333; the last line—"Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell"—being underlined.]

I have italicised the last line; one of those which can never be surpassed, never superseded; which are reached only in the perfect use of a great nation's language at its utmost power.

Now, observe, the perfectness of this metrical skill in this group of lines is shown by their reserves and irregularities, just as much as by their melodies. Byron will not put out his whole force till the last line, and for the noblest piece of his subject; restricting and partly thwarting the measure at first, he gives his closing diapason with the ease of one of those Atlantic waves itself. But through all the restriction his every word tells, in thought and accent together.

I know in a moment by his first couplet that he has watched the course of *high* waterfalls, and felt how their lost and far-thrown or far-wafted spray gathers itself, as if by half paralysed effort, together in tricklets here and runlets there, and "straggles"—(the sense of straggling touched as it were at the edge of the word)—on "as it may":—no channel for it now, but channel to be found from where it fell.

"Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray." The line breaks just as the stream does. Pope would have bounded or swung regularly to the end of his pentametre—"Its bounding crystal caught a livelier ray," or the like. But Byron breaks the cadence at its mid-instant and the line itself frolics—in cascade:—

"Yet as pure
And fresh as innocence—and more secure."

He cares for innocence, then, and fears for it, this immoral person.

"As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep."—Forced, this, you think? Well—yes; but forced by concentration. He has more in his mind than he can possibly get said—chiefly, the personification of the stream as a joyful and pure creature, that "down the rocks can leap along,"[1] like maid or chamois; and *with* this, the remembrance coming to him of the far-away star-like light of the flash of a cascade among really high mountains, seen as motionless. And I know at the glance from this line that he has been among high mountains, that he has seen chamois, that he has seen mountain-maids like Louisa, and that he cares for and loves them all, in their perfect life and purity—this immoral person. And he carries me back to many a glade, dashed with streamlet-dew, among the high pines;—but chiefly of all to a little hill garden above Lucerne where, after we had been (one of my chief friends with me) all day among somewhat rough Swiss peasants, suddenly a tame fawn met us,—and at the

[1] [See Wordsworth's *Louisa*, who "down the rocks can leap along Like rivulets in May."]

same instant we both called out the name of a young Irish girl—so deeply, so tenderly it was the image of her.

Observe finally,—with all this lovely investing light of feeling, Byron never loses sight of the absolute fact. What qualities are in the stream *like* girl or fawn, he sees intensely; he never forgets that it is but a stream after all. He will by no means let it change into a White Lady[1] or an Undine; nor shall it speak for itself, like the Talking Oak, or talking rivulet. What it *is*, he perfectly feels, perfectly shows—no more. And in like manner what everything Is. He is the truest, the sternest, Seer of the Nineteenth Century. No imagination dazzles him, no terror daunts, and no interest betrays.

SHELLEY AND BYRON

[In some notes in his diary (September 22, 1881)—"for opening of next paper in *19th Century*"—Ruskin had thought of comparing the same lines of Byron with Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* (for which, see also Vol. I. p. 158; Vol. II. p. 28; Vol. IV. pp. 150, 379; and *Præterita*, i. § 210).]

Take the verses already given of Byron for perfect—explaining about the "shy chamois' eye" (the sentinel-chamois) and my sight of the three flocks of them under Aiguille d'Argentière (Argentière—why? any silver ever found there?)—then, with the *perfectly* true, *perfectly* rhythmic Byron, compare Shelley's false, forced, foul

> "A sensitive plant in a *garden* grew,
> And the *young winds* fed it with *silver* dew!"

Sensitive plants can't grow in gardens![2] Winds don't bring dew, but only dead quiet can. Dew with a breeze is impossible. (The blockhead—and he thinks himself wiser than God, though he doesn't know the commonest law of evaporation!) Winds—why *young?* why old? and when old? Dew—why of *silver?* (why not of copper, if the mammon sun shines on it). Compare for opposition the blessed Dew of the Morning by Richter, just got from Germany, to be sent to Whitelands.[3] Then the bad rhythm—

> "A sen- | sitive plant | in a gar- | den grew,
> And the young | winds fed | it with sil- | ver dew"—

couldn't well be more chopped up or unmusical. Next *conf.*

> "And agarics | and fungi | with mil- | dew and mould
> Started | like mist from | the wet | ground cold."

(*Here the notes break off.*)

[1] [As by Scott in *The Monastery* (see above, p. 347); for other references to Tennyson's "talking rivulet" (*The Brook*), see Vol. XXVII. p. 325 *n.*, and General Index.]

[2] [But Shelley was writing of an Italian garden, at Pisa: see Dowden's *Life*, vol. ii. p. 318 *n.*]

[3] [See Ruskin's note on this design by Ludwig Richter in his Catalogue of the Ruskin Cabinet at Whitelands College: Vol. XXX. p. 349.]

10

USURY:

A REPLY AND A REJOINDER

(1880)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—In *Fors Clavigera* Ruskin challenged the Bishop of Manchester (at that time Dr. Fraser) to state his views on usury: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 243, and Vol. XXIX. p. 243.

This challenge was incidentally referred to in one of the *Letters on the Lord's Prayer and the Church* printed in the *Contemporary Review*, December 1879 (see above, p. 204). The Bishop, having seen this reference, wrote forthwith to Ruskin, who published his letter with a Rejoinder.

The first publication was in the *Contemporary Review*, February 1880, vol. 37, pp. 316–333. For a comic misprint, see below, p. 403 *n*.

The "Reply and Rejoinder" were reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. ii. pp. 202–238 (§§ 148–175); and again in the second edition of that book, 1899, vol. iii. pp. 206–244 (§§ 148–175). The sections have here been renumbered. Passages in § 21, hitherto printed in full-sized type, are now put in smaller print, as they are textual quotations. On p. 419, line 11 from the bottom, "hunting-grounds" has hitherto been misprinted "meeting-grounds."]

USURY:

A REPLY AND A REJOINDER

1. I HAVE been honoured by the receipt of a letter from the Bishop of Manchester, which, with his Lordship's permission, I have requested the editor of the *Contemporary Review* to place before the large circle of his readers, with a brief accompanying statement of the circumstances by which the letter has been called forth, and such imperfect reply as it is in my power without delay to render.

J. RUSKIN.

MANCHESTER, *December* 8, 1879.

DEAR SIR,—In a letter from yourself to the Rev. F. A. Malleson,[1] published in the *Contemporary Review* of the current month, I observe the following passage: "I have never yet heard so much as *one* (preacher) heartily proclaiming against all those 'deceivers with vain words,' that no 'covetous person, which is an idolater, hath *any* inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God'; and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them." I confess, for myself, that until I saw this passage in print a few days ago, I was unaware of the existence of such challenge, and therefore I could not answer it. It appears to have been delivered (A)[2] in No. 82 of a series of letters[3] which, under the title of *Fors Clavigera*, you have for some time been addressing to the working classes of England, but which, from the peculiar mode of their publication, are not easily accessible to the general reader and which I have only caught a glimpse of, on the library-table of the Athenæum Club, on the rare occasions when I am able to use my privileges as a member of that Society. I have no idea why I had the honour of being specially mentioned by name (B); but I beg to assure you that my silence did not arise from any discourtesy towards my challenger, nor from that discretion which, some people may think, is

[1] [See above, p. 204.]
[2] [The letters A, B, etc., inserted by Ruskin, refer to his comments below.]
[3] [See Vol. XXIX. pp. 243–244.]

usually the better part of episcopal valour, and which consists in ignoring inconvenient questions from a sense of inability to answer them; but simply from the fact that I was not conscious that your lance had touched my shield.

The question you have asked is just one of those to which Aristotle's wise caution applies: "We must distinguish and define such words, if we would know how far, and in what sense, the opposite views are true" (*Eth. Nic.*, ix. c. viii. § 3). What do you mean by "usury"? (c) Do you comprehend under it *any* payment of money as interest for the use of borrowed capital? or only exorbitant, inequitable, grinding interest, such as the money-lender, Fufidius, extorted?

> "Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat, atque
> Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget:
> Nomina sectatur modo sumta veste virili
> Sub patribus duris tironum. Maxime, quis non,
> Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit?"
>
> —*Hor. Sat.*, i. 2, 14–18.

Usury, in itself, is a purely neutral word, carrying with it, in its primary meaning, neither praise nor blame; and a "usurer" is defined in our dictionaries as "a person accustomed to lend money and take interest for it"—which is the ordinary function of a banker, without whose help great commercial undertakings could not be carried out; though it is obvious how easily the word may pass into a term of reproach, so that to have been "called a usurer" was one of the bitter memories that rankled most in Shylock's catalogue of his wrongs.

I do not believe that anything has done more harm to the practical efficacy of religious sanctions than the extravagant attempts that are frequently made to impose them in cases which they never originally contemplated, or to read into "ordinances," evidently "imposed for a time" —δικαιώματα μέχρι καιροῦ (Heb. ix. 10)—a law of eternal and immutable obligation. Just as we are told (D) not to expect to find in the Bible a scheme of physical science, so I do not expect to find there a scheme of political economy. What I do expect to find, in relation to my duty to my neighbour, are those unalterable principles of equity, fairness, truthfulness, honesty (E), which are the indispensable bases of civil society. I am sure I have no need to remind you that, while a Jew was forbidden by his law to take usury—*i.e.*, interest for the loan of money—from his brother, if he were waxen poor and fallen into decay with him, and this generous provision was extended even to strangers and sojourners in the land (Lev. xxv. 35–38), and the interesting story in Nehemiah (v. 1–13), tells us how this principle was recognized in the latest days of the commonwealth—still in that old law there is no denunciation of usury in general, and it was expressly permitted in the case of ordinary strangers * (Deut. xxiii. 20).

* In Proverbs xxviii. 8, "usury" is coupled with "unjust gain," and a pitiless spirit towards the poor, which shows in what sense the word is to be understood there, and in such other passages as Ps. xv. 5 and Ezek. xviii. 8, 9.

It seems to me plain also that our Blessed Lord's precept about "lending, hoping for nothing again" (Luke vi. 35), has the same, or a similar, class of circumstances in view, and was intended simply to govern a Christian man's conduct to the poor and needy, and "such as have no helper," and cannot, without a violent twist (F), be construed into a general law determining for ever and in all cases the legitimate use of capital. Indeed, on another occasion, and in a very memorable parable, the great Founder of Christianity recognizes, and impliedly sanctions, the practice of lending money at interest. "Thou oughtest," says the master, addressing his unprofitable servant, "thou oughtest"—ἔδει σε—"to have put my money to the exchangers; and then, at my coming, I should have received mine own *with usury*."

St. Paul, no doubt, denounces the covetous. (G) But who is the πλεονέκτης? Not the man who may happen to have money out on loan at a fair rate of interest; but, as Liddell and Scott give the meaning of the word, "one who has or claims *more than his share;* hence, greedy, grasping, selfish." Of such men, whose affections are wholly set on things of the earth, and who are not very scrupulous how they gratify them, it may, perhaps, not improperly be said (H) that they "have no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." But here, again, it would be a manifest "wresting" of the words to make them apply to a case which we have no proof that the Apostle had in contemplation when he uttered them. Rapacity, greed of gain, harsh and oppressive dealing, taking unfair advantage of our own superior knowledge and another's ignorance, shutting up the bowels of compassion towards a brother who we see has need—all these and the like things are forbidden by the very spirit of Christianity, and are manifestly "*not* according to the will of God," for they are all of them forms of injustice or wrong. But money may be lent at interest without one of these bad passions being brought into play, and in these cases I confess my inability to see where, either in terms or in spirit, such use of money is condemned either by the Christian code of charity, or by that natural law of conscience which we are told (I) is written on the hearts of men.

Let me take two or three simple instances by way of illustration. The following has happened to myself. All my life through—from the time when my income was not a tenth part of what it is now—I have felt it a duty, while endeavouring to discharge all proper claims, to live within that income, so to adjust my expenditure to it that there should be a margin on the right side. This margin, of course, accumulated, and reached in time, say, £1000. Just then, say, the London and North-Western Railway Company proposed to issue Debenture Stock, bearing four per cent. interest, for the purpose of extending the communications,[1] and so increasing the wealth, of the country. Whom in the world am I injuring—what conceivable wrong am I doing—where or how am I thwarting "the Will of God"—if I let the Company have my £1000, and have been receiving from them £40 a year for the use of it ever since? Unless the money had been forthcoming from some quarter or other, a work which was absolutely

[1] [In the *Contemporary Review*, "extending the communications" was misprinted "excommunications."]

necessary for the prosperity of the nation, and which finds remunerative employment (K) for an immense number of Englishmen, enabling them to bring up their families in respectability and comfort, would never have been accomplished. Will you tell me that this method of carrying out great commercial enterprises, sanctioned by experience (L) as the most, if not the only, practicable one, is "not according to the Will of God"?

Take another instance. In Lancashire a large number of cotton mills have been erected on the joint-stock principle with limited liability. The thing has been pushed too far probably, and at one time there was a good deal of unwholesome speculation in floating companies. But that is not the question before us; and the enterprises gave working men an opportunity of investing their savings, which was a great stimulus to thrift, and, so far, an advantage to the country. In a mill, which it would perhaps cost £50,000 to build and fit with machinery, the subscribed capital, which would be entitled to a division of profits after all other demands had been satisfied, would not amount probably to more than £20,000. The rest would be borrowed at rates of interest varying according to the conditions of the market. You surely would not maintain that those who lent their money for such a purpose, and were content with 5 or 6 per cent. for the use of it, thus enabling, in good times, the shareholders to realize 20 or 25 per cent. on their subscribed capital, were doing wrong either to the shareholders or any one else, or could in any sense be charged with acting "not according to the will of God"?

Take yet one case more. A farmer asks his landlord to drain his land. "Gladly," says his squire, "if you will pay me five per cent. on the outlay." In other words, "if you will let me share the increased profits to this extent." The bargain is agreeable to both sides; the productiveness of the land is largely increased; who is wronged? Surely such a transaction could not fairly be described as "not according to the will of God"; surely, unless the commerce and productive industries of the country are to be destroyed, and, with the destruction, its population is to be reduced to what it was in the days of Elizabeth, these and similar transactions—which can be kept entirely clear of the sin of covetousness, and rest upon the well-understood basis of mutual advantage, each and all being gainers by them—are not only legitimate, but inevitable (M). And now that I have taken up your challenge, and, so far as my ability goes, answered it, may I, without staying to inquire how far your charge against the clergy can be substantiated, that they "generally patronize and encourage all the iniquity of the world by steadily preaching away the penalties of it"[1] (N), be at least allowed to demur to your wholesale denunciation of the great cities of the earth, which you say "have become loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness, the smoke of their sin going up into the face of Heaven, like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano, whose ashes brake out in blains upon man and beast."[2] Surely, Sir, your righteous

[1] [This is a quotation from Ruskin's eighth letter on *The Lord's Prayer:* see above, p. 205.]

[2] [See again above, p. 205.]

indignation at evil has caused you to overcharge your language. No one can have lived in a great city, as I have for the last ten years, without being aware of its sins and its pollutions. But unless you can prevent the aggregation of human beings into great cities, these are evils which must necessarily exist; at any rate, which always have existed. The great cities of to-day are not worse than great cities always have been (o). In one capital respect, I believe they are better. There is an increasing number of their citizens who are aware of these evils, and who are trying their best, with the help of God, to remedy them. In Sodom there was but one righteous man who "vexed his soul" at the unlawful deeds that he witnessed day by day, on every side; and he, apparently, did no more than vex his soul. In Manchester, the men and women, of all ranks and persuasions, who are actively engaged in some Christian or philanthropic work, to battle against these gigantic evils, are to be reckoned by hundreds. Nowhere have I seen more conspicuous instances of Christian effort, and of single-hearted devotion to the highest interests of mankind. And though, no doubt, if these efforts were better organized, more might be achieved, and elements, which one could wish absent, sometimes mingle with and mar the work, still, a great city, even "with the smoke of its sin going up into the face of Heaven," is the noblest field of the noblest virtues, because it gives the amplest scope for the most varied exercise of them.

If you will teach us clergy how better to discharge our office as ministers of a Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness, we shall all owe you a deep debt of gratitude;[1] which no one will be more forward to acknowledge than, my dear Sir, yours faithfully and with much respect,

J. Manchester.

John Ruskin, Esq.

2. The foregoing letter, to which I would fain have given my undivided and unwearied attention, reached my hands, as will be seen by its date, only in the close of the year, when my general correspondence always far overpasses my powers of dealing with it, and my strength—such as now is left me—had been spent, nearly to lowest ebb, in totally unexpected business arising out of the threatened mischief at Venice.[2] But I am content that such fragmentary reply as, under this pressure, has been possible to me, should close the debate as far as I am myself concerned. The question at issue is not one of private interpretation; and the interests concerned are too vast to allow its decision to be long delayed.

[1] [For Ruskin's note on this passage, see § 23 (p. 421).]

[2] [In connexion with the "restoration" of St. Mark's: see Vol. XXIV. pp. 412–424.]

The Bishop will, I trust, not attribute to disrespect the mode of reply in the form of notes attached to special passages, indicated by inserted letters, which was adopted in *Fors Clavigera* in all cases of important correspondence,[1] as more clearly defining the several points under debate.

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3. (A) "The challenge appears to have been delivered." May I respectfully express my regret that your lordship should not have read the letter you have honoured me by answering? The number of *Fors* referred to does not deliver—it only reiterates—the challenge given in the *Fors* for January 1st, 1875, with reference to the prayer "Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites," in these following terms:—

"Who *are* the true Israelites, my Lord of Manchester, on your Exchange? Do they stretch their cloth, like other people?—have they any underhand dealings with the liable-to-be-damned false Israelites—Rothschilds and the like? or are they duly solicitous about those wanderers' souls? and how often, on the average, do your Manchester clergy preach from the delicious parable, savouriest of all Scripture to rogues (at least since the eleventh century, when I find it to have been specially headed with golden title in my best Greek MS.) of the Pharisee and Publican,—and how often, on the average, from those objectionable First and Fifteenth Psalms?"[2]

4. (B) "I have no idea why I had the honour of being specially mentioned by name." By diocese, my Lord; not name,[3] please observe; and for this very simple reason: that I have already fairly accurate knowledge of the divinity of the old schools of Canterbury, York, and Oxford; but I looked to your Lordship as the authoritative exponent of the more advanced divinity of the school of Manchester, with which I am not yet familiar.

5. (C) "What do you mean by usury?" What *I* mean

[1] [See, for instance, the correspondence with Mr. Frederic Harrison in Letter 67 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 662–664).]

[2] [Letter 49 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 243).]

[3] [See above, p. 204 *n.*]

by that word, my Lord, is surely of no consequence to any one but my few readers, and fewer disciples. What David and his Son meant by it I have prayed your Lordship to tell your flock, in the name of the Church which dictates daily to them the songs of the one,[1] and professes to interpret to them the commands of the other.

And although I can easily conceive that a Bishop at the court of the Third Richard might have paused in reply to a too curious layman's question of what was meant by "Murder"; and can also conceive a Bishop at the court of the Second Charles hesitating as to the significance of the word "Adultery"; and farther, in the present climacteric of the British Constitution, an elder of the Church of Glasgow debating within himself whether the Commandment which was severely prohibitory of Theft might not be mildly permissive of Misappropriation;[2]—at no time, nor under any conditions, can I conceive any question existing as to the meaning of the words τόκος, *fœnus*, *usura*, or usury: and I trust that your Lordship will at once acquit me of wishing to attach any other significance to the word than that which it was to the full intended to convey on every occasion of its use by Moses, by David, by Christ, and by the Doctors of the Christian Church, down to the seventeenth century.

Nor, even since that date, although the commercial phrase "interest" has been adopted in order to distinguish an open and unoppressive rate of usury from a surreptitious and tyrannical one, has the debate of lawfulness or unlawfulness ever turned seriously on that distinction. It is neither justified by its defenders only in its mildness, nor condemned by its accusers only in its severity. Usury in any degree is asserted by the Doctors of the early Church to be sinful, just as theft and adultery are asserted to be sinful, though neither may have been accompanied with

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 335.]

[2] [The reference is presumably to the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878: see, in a later volume, Ruskin's letter to Dr. John Brown of October 21, 1878.]

violence; and although the theft may have been on the most splendid scale, and the fornication of the most courtly refinement.

So also, in modern days, though the voice of the Bank of England in Parliament declares a loan without interest to be a monster,* and a loan made below the current rate of interest, a monster in its degree, the increase of dividends above that current rate is not, as far as I am aware, shunned by shareholders with an equally religious horror.

6. But—this strange question being asked—I give its simple and broad answer in the words of Christ: "The taking up that thou layedst not down";[1]—or, in explained and literal terms, usury is any money paid, or other advantage given, for the loan of anything which is restored to its possessor uninjured and undiminished. For simplest instance, taking a cabman the other day on a long drive, I lent him a shilling to get his dinner. If I had kept thirteen pence out of his fare, the odd penny would have been usury.

Or again. I lent one of my servants,[2] a few years ago, eleven hundred pounds, to build a house with, and stock its ground. After some years he paid me the eleven hundred pounds back. If I had taken eleven hundred pounds and a penny, the extra penny would have been usury.

I do not know whether by the phrase, presently after used by your Lordship, "religious sanctions," I am to understand the Law of God which David loved, and Christ fulfilled,[3] or whether the splendour, the commercial prosperity, and the familiar acquaintance with all the secrets of science and treasures of art, which we admire in the City of Manchester, must in your Lordship's view be considered as "cases" which the intelligence of the Divine Lawgiver

* Speech of Mr. J. C. Hubbard, M.P. for London, reported in *Standard* of 26th July, 1879.

[1] [Luke xix. 21.]
[2] [Mr. George Allen.]
[3] [Psalms cxix. 97; Matthew v. 17.]

could not have originally contemplated. Without attempting to disguise the narrowness of the horizon grasped by the glance of the Lord from Sinai,[1] nor the inconvenience of the commandments which Christ has directed those who love Him to keep,[2] am I too troublesome or too exigent in asking from one of those whom the Holy Ghost has made our overseers,[3] at least a distinct chart of the Old World as contemplated by the Almighty; and a clear definition of even the inappropriate tenor of the orders of Christ: if only that the modern scientific Churchman may triumph more securely in the circumference of his heavenly vision, and accept more gratefully the glorious liberty of the free-thinking children of God?

7. To take a definite, and not impertinent, instance, I observe in the continuing portion of your letter that your Lordship recognizes in Christ Himself, as doubtless all other human perfections, so also the perfection of an usurer; and that, confidently expecting one day to hear from His lips the convicting sentence, "Thou knewest that I was an austere man,"[4] your Lordship prepares for yourself, by the disposition of your capital no less than of your talents, a better answer than the barren, "Behold, there thou hast that is thine!"[5] I would only observe in reply, that although the conception of the Good Shepherd, which in your Lordship's language is "implied" in this parable, may indeed be less that of one who lays down his life for his sheep,[6] than of one who takes up his money for them, the passages of our Master's instruction, of which the meaning is not implicit, but explicit, are perhaps those which His simpler disciples will be safer in following. Of which I find, early in His teaching, this, almost, as it were, in words of one syllable:

[1] [Exodus xix., xx.]
[2] [John xiv. 15.]
[3] [For the literal meaning of "bishop" (ἐπίσκοπος), see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 25), and *Sesame and Lilies*, § 22 (Vol. XVIII. p. 72).]
[4] [Luke xix. 22; compare the examination of the verse in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 53 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 323).]
[5] [See Matthew xxv. 25.]
[6] [See John x. 11.]

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."[1]

There is nothing more "implied" in this sentence than the probable disposition to turn away, which might be the first impulse in the mind of a Christian asked to lend for nothing, as distinguished from the disciple of the Manchester school, whose principal care is rather to find, than to avoid, the enthusiastic and enterprising "him that would borrow of thee." We of the older tradition, my Lord, think that prudence, no less than charity, forbids the provocation or temptation of others into the state of debt, which some time or other we might be called upon, not only to allow the payment of without usury, but even altogether to forgive.

8. (D) "Just as we are told." Where, my Lord, and by whom? It is possible that some of the schemers in physical science, of whom, only a few days since, I heard one of the leading doctors explain to a pleased audience that serpents once had legs, and had dropped them off in the process of development,[2] may have advised the modern disciple of progress of a new meaning in the simple phrase, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go";[3] and that the wisdom of the serpent may henceforth consist, for true believers of the scientific Gospel, in the providing of meats for that spiritual organ of motion. It is doubtless also true that we shall look vainly among the sayings of Solomon for any expression of the opinions of Mr. John Stuart Mill; but at least this much of Natural science, enough for our highest need, we may find in the Scriptures—that by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth;—and this much of Political, that the Blessing of the Lord, *it* maketh rich—and He addeth no sorrow with it.[4]

[1] [Matthew v. 42.]

[2] [The reference is to a lecture by Huxley on December 1, 1879: see Vol. XXVI. pp. 269, 343.]

[3] [Genesis iii. 14.]

[4] [Psalms xxxiii. 6; Proverbs x. 22.]

9. (E) "What I do expect to find." Has your Lordship *no* expectations loftier than these, from severer scrutiny of the Gospel? As for instance, of some ordinance of Love, built on the foundation of Honesty?

10. (F) "Cannot without a violent twist." I have never myself found any person sincerely desirous of obeying the Word of the Lord, who had the least wish, or occasion, to twist it; nay, even those who study it only that they may discóver methods of pardonable disobedience, recognize the unturnable edge of its sword—and in the worst extremity of their need, strive not to avert, but to evade. The utmost deceivableness of unrighteousness cannot deceive itself into satisfactory misinterpretation; it is reduced always to a tremulous omission of the texts it is resolved to disobey. But a little while since, I heard an entirely well-meaning clergyman, taken by surprise in the course of family worship in the house of a wealthy friend, and finding himself under the painful necessity of reading the fifteenth Psalm, omit the first sentence of the closing verse.[1] I chanced afterwards to have an opportunity of asking him why he had done so, and received for answer, that the lowliness of Christian attainment was not yet "up" to that verse. The harmonies of iniquity are thus curiously perfect:—the economies of spiritual nourishment approve the same methods of adulteration which are found profitable in the carnal; until the prudent pastor follows the example of the well-instructed dairyman; and provides for his new-born babes the *in*sincere Milk of the Word, that they may *not* grow thereby.[2]

11. (G) "St. Paul, no doubt, denounces the covetous." Am I to understand your Lordship as considering this undeniable denunciation an original and peculiar view taken by the least of the Apostles—perhaps, in this particular opinion, not worthy to be called an Apostle?[3] The traditions of

[1] ["He that putteth not out his money to usury."]
[2] [See 1 Peter ii. 2.]
[3] [1 Corinthians xv. 9.]

my earlier days were wont to refer me to an earlier source of the idea; which does not, however, appear to have occurred to your Lordship's mind—else the reference to the authority of Liddell and Scott, for the significance of the noun πλεονέκτης, ought to have been made also for that of the verb ἐπιθυμέω.[1] And your Lordship's frankness in referring me to the instances of your own practice in the disposal of your income, must plead my excuse for what might have otherwise seemed impertinent—in noting that the blamelessness of episcopal character, even by that least of the Apostles, required in his first Epistle to Timothy, consists not merely in contentment with an episcopal share of Church property, but in being in no respect either αἰσχροκερδής[2]—a taker of gain in a base or vulgar manner, or φιλάργυρος—a "lover of silver," this latter word being the common and proper word for covetous, in the Gospels and Epistles; as of the Pharisees in Luke xvi. 14; and associated with the other characters of men in perilous times, 2 Timothy iii. 2, and its relative noun φιλαργυρία, given in sum for the root of *all* evil in 2 Timothy vi. 10, while even the authority of Liddell and Scott in the interpretation of πλεονεξία itself as only the desire of getting more than our share, may perhaps be bettered by the authority of the teacher, who, declining the appeal made to him as an equitable μεριστής (Luke xii. 14–46), tells his disciples to beware of covetousness, simply as the desire of getting more than we have got. "For a man's life consisteth not in the *abundance* of the things which he possesseth."

12. Believe me, my Lord, it is not without some difficulty that I check my natural impulse to follow you, as a scholar, into the interesting analysis of the distinctions which may be drawn between Rapacity and Acquisitiveness; between the Avarice, or the prudent care, of possession;

[1] [The verb meaning "to covet," used in the Commandments: see Exodus xx. 17 (οὐκ ἐπιθυμήσεις).]

[2] ["Given to filthy lucre": Titus i. 7.]

between the greed, and the modest expectation, of gain; between the love of money, which is the root of all evil,[1] and the commercial spirit, which is in England held to be the fountain of all good. These delicate adjustments of the balance, by which we strive to weigh to a grain the relative quantities of devotion which we may render in the service of Mammon and of God,[2] are wholly of recent invention and application; nor have they the slightest bearing either on the spiritual purport of the final commandment of the Decalogue, or on the distinctness of the subsequent prohibition of practical usury.

It must be remembered, also, how difficult it has become to define the term "filthy" with precision, in the present state, moral and physical, of the English atmosphere; and still more so, to judge how far, in that healthy element, a moderate and delicately sanctified appetite for gold may be developed into livelier qualms of hunger for righteousness. It may be matter of private opinion how far the lucre derived by your Lordship from commission on the fares and refreshments of the passengers by the North-Western may be odoriferous or precious, in the same sense as the ointment on the head of Aaron;[3] or how far that received by the Primate of England in royalties on the circulation of improving literature * may enrich—as with perfumes out of broken alabaster[4]—the empyreal air of Addington. But the higher class of labourers in the Lord's vineyard might surely, with true grace, receive, from the last unto the first, the reflected instruction so often given by the first unto the last, "Be content with your wages."[5]

* See the Articles of Association of the East Surrey Hall, Museum, and Library Company. (*Fors Clavigera,* Letter lxx.[6])

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[1] [1 Timothy vi. 10.]
[2] [See Matthew vi. 24.]
[3] [Psalms cxxxii. 3.]
[4] [See Matthew xxvi. 7.]
[5] [Luke iii. 14.]
[6] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 722.]

13. (H) "It may, perhaps, not improperly be said." The Bible Society will doubtless in future gratefully prefix this guarantee to their publications.

14. (I) "Which we are told." Can we then no more find for ourselves this writing on our hearts—or has it ceased to be legible?

15. (K) "Remunerative employment." I cannot easily express the astonishment with which I find a man of your Lordship's intelligence taking up the common phrase of "giving employment," as if, indeed, labour were the best gift which the rich could bestow on the poor. Of course, every idle vagabond, be he rich or poor, "gives employment" to some otherwise enough burdened wretch, to provide his dinner and clothes for him; and every vicious vagabond, in the destructive power of his vice, gives sorrowful occupation to the energies of resisting and renovating virtue. The idle child who litters its nursery and tears its frock, gives employment to the housemaid and sempstress; the idle woman, who litters her drawing-room with trinkets, and is ashamed to be seen twice in the same dress, is, in your Lordship's view, the enlightened supporter of the arts and manufactures of her country. At the close of your letter, my Lord, you, though in measured terms, indignantly dissent from my statement of the power of great cities for evil; and indeed I have perhaps been led, by my prolonged study of the causes of the Fall of Venice, into clearer recognition of some of these urban influences than may have been possible to your Lordship in the centre of the virtues and proprieties which have been blessed by Providence in the rise of Manchester. But the Scriptural symbol of the power of temptation in the hand of the spiritual Babylon—"all kings have been drunk with the wine of her Fornication"[1]—is perfectly literal in its exposition of the special influence of cities over a vicious, that is to say, a declining, people. They are the foci of its

[1] [Revelation xviii. 3.]

fornication, and the practical meaning is that the lords of the soil take the food and labour of the peasants, who are their slaves, and spend them especially in forms of luxury perfected by the definitely so-called "women of the *town*," who, whether East-cheap Doll, or West—much the reverse of cheap—Nell, are, both in the colour which they give to the Arts, and in the tone which they give to the Manners, of the State, a literal plague, pestilence and burden to it, quite otherwise malignant and maleficent than the poor country lassie who loses her snood among the heather. And when, at last, *real* political economy shall exhibit the exact sources and consequences of the expenditure of the great capitals of civilization on their own indulgences, your Lordship will be furnished, in the statistics of their most splendid and most impious pleasure, with record of precisely the largest existing source of "remunerative employment"—(if *that* were all the poor had to ask for), next after the preparation and practice of war. I believe it is, indeed, probable that "facility of intercourse"[1] gives the next largest quantity of occupation; and, as your Lordship rightly observes, to most respectable persons. And if the entire population of Manchester lost the use of its legs, your Lordship would similarly have the satisfaction of observing, and might share in the profits of providing, the needful machinery of porterage and stretchers. But observe, my Lord—and observe as a final and inevitable truth—that whether you lend your money to provide an invalided population with crutches, stretchers, hearses, or the railroad accommodation which is so often synonymous with the three, the *tax on the use* of these, which constitutes the shareholder's dividend, is a permanent burden upon them, exacted by avarice, and by no means an aid granted by benevolence.

16. (L) "Sanctioned by experience." The experience

[1] [Not an actual quotation from the Bishop's letter, but a paraphrase of his "extension of communications": see above, p. 403, and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 174).]

of twenty-three years, my Lord, and with the following result:—

"We have now had an opportunity of practically testing the theory. Not more than seventeen" (now twenty-three—I quote from a letter dated 1875) "years have passed since" (by the final abolition of the Usury laws) "all restraint was removed from the growth of what Lord Coke calls 'this pestilent weed,'" and we see Bacon's words verified—"the rich becoming richer, and the poor poorer, throughout the civilized world."

(Letter from Mr. R. Sillar, quoted in *Fors Clavigera*, No. 43.[1])

17. (M) "Inevitable." Neither "impossible" nor "inevitable" were words of old Christian Faith. But see the closing paragraph of my letter.

18. (N) Before you call on me to substantiate this charge, my Lord, I should like to insert after the words, "steadily preaching," the phrase, "and politely explaining"—with the Pauline qualification, "whether by word, or our epistle."[2]

19. (O) "The great cities of to-day are not worse than great cities always have been." I do not remember having said that they were, my Lord; I have never anticipated for Manchester a worse fate than that of Sardis or Sodom;[3] nor have I yet observed any so mighty works[4] shown forth in her by her ministers, as to make her impenitence less pardonable than that of Sidon or Tyre. But I used the particular expression which your Lordship supposes me to have overcharged in righteous indignation, "a boil breaking forth with blains on man and beast," because that particular plague was the one which Moses was ordered, in the Eternal Wisdom, to connect with the ashes of the Furnace[5]—literally, no less than spiritually, when he brought the Israelites forth out of Egypt, *from the midst of the Furnace of Iron*.[6] How literally, no less than in faith and hope,

[1] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 121.]
[2] [2 Thessalonians ii. 15.]
[3] [Revelation iii. 1–3; Genesis xix. 24.]
[4] [See Matthew xi. 21.]
[5] [Exodus ix. 8, 9.]
[6] [Deuteronomy iv. 20.]

the smoke of "the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt,"[1] has poisoned the earth, the waters, and the living creatures, flocks and herds, and the babes that know not their right hand from their left—neither Memphis,[2] Gomorrah, nor Cahors[3] are themselves likely to recognize: but, as I pause in front of the infinitude of the evil that I cannot find so much as thought to follow—how much less words to speak!—a letter is brought to me which gives what perhaps may be more impressive in its single and historical example, than all the general evidence gathered already in the pages of *Fors Clavigera*:[4]—

"I could never understand formerly what you meant about usury, and about its being wrong to take interest. I said, truly, then that I 'trusted you,' meaning I knew that in such matters you did not 'opine'[5]—and that innumerable things were within your horizon which had no place within mine.

"But as I did not understand I could only watch and ponder. Gradually I came to see a little—as when I read current facts about India—about almost every country, and about our own trade, etc. Then (one of several circumstances that could be seen more closely) among my mother's kindred in the north, I watched the ruin of two lives. They began married life together, with good prospects and sufficient means, in a lovely little nest among the hills, beyond the Rochdale smoke. Soon this became too narrow. 'A splendid trade,' more mills, frequent changes into even finer dwellings, luxurious living, ostentation, extravagance, increasing year by year, all, as now appears, made possible by usury—borrowed capital. The wife was laid in her grave lately, and her friends are *thankful*. The husband, with ruin threatening his affairs, is in a worse, and living, grave of evil habits.

"These are some of the loopholes through which light has fallen upon your words, giving them a new meaning, and making me wonder how I could have missed seeing it from the first. Once alive to it, I recognize the evil on all sides, and how we are entangled by it; and though I am still puzzled at one or two points, I am very clear about the principle—that usury is a deadly thing."

Yes; and deadly always with the vilest forms of destruction both to soul and body.

20. It happens strangely, my Lord, that although

[1] [Revelation xi. 8.]
[2] [Hosea ix. 6.]
[3] [For Cahors, the city of usurers, see Vol. XVII. pp. 220, 560.]
[4] [See the Index to *Fors*, under "Usury," Vol. XXIX. p. 671.]
[5] [See Letter 6, § 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 99).]

throughout the seven volumes of *Fors Clavigera*, I never have set down a sentence without chastising it first into terms which could be *literally* as well as in their widest bearing justified against all controversy, you could perhaps not have found in the whole book, had your Lordship read it for the purpose, any saying quite so literally and terrifically demonstrable as this which you have chanced to select for attack. For, in the first place, of all the calamities which in their apparently merciless infliction paralysed the wavering faith of mediæval Christendom, the "boil breaking forth into blains," in the black plagues of Florence and London, was the fatallest messenger of the fiends: and, in the second place, the broad result of the Missionary labours of the cities of Madrid, Paris, and London, for the salvation of the wild tribes of the New World, since the vaunted discovery of it, may be summed in the stern sentence —Death, by drunkenness and small-pox.

21. The beneficent influence of recent commercial enterprise in the communication of such divine grace, and divine blessing (not to speak of other more dreadful and shameful conditions of disease), may be studied to best advantage in the history of the two great French and English Companies, who have enjoyed the monopoly of clothing the nakedness of the Old World with coats of skins from the New.[1]

The charter of the English one, obtained from the Crown in 1670, was in the language of modern Liberalism —"wonderfully liberal": *—

"comprising not only the grant of the exclusive trade, but also of full territorial possession, to all perpetuity, of the vast lands within the watershed of Hudson's Bay. The Company at once established some forts along the shores of the great inland sea from which it derived its name, and opened a very lucrative trade with the Indians, *so that it never ceased paying*

* *The Polar World*, p. 342, Longmans, 1874.[2]

[1] [Compare *Love's Meinie*, § 132 (Vol. XXV. p. 125).]

[2] [Ruskin proceeds to quote pp. 343–346, with some omissions (now indicated by dots). For other references to the book by Dr. Hartwig, see Vol. XXV. p. 119.]

rich dividends to the fortunate shareholders, until towards the close of the last century. . . .

". . . Up to this time, with the exception of the voyage of discovery which Herne (1770–1771) made under its auspices to the mouth of the Coppermine River, it had done but little for the promotion of geographical discovery in its vast territory.

"Meanwhile, the Canadian (French) fur traders had become so hateful to the Indians, that these savages formed a conspiracy for their total extirpation. *Fortunately for the white men,* the small-pox broke out about this time among the red-skins, and swept them away as the fire consumes the parched grass of the prairies. Their unburied corpses were torn by the wolves and wild dogs, and the survivors were too weak and dispirited to be able to undertake anything against the foreign intruders. The Canadian fur traders now also saw the necessity of combining their efforts for their mutual benefit, instead of ruining each other by an insane competition; and consequently formed in 1783 a society which, under the name of the North-West Company of Canada, . . . ruled over the whole continent from the Canadian lakes to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1806 it even crossed the barrier and established its forts on the northern tributaries of the Columbia river. To the north it likewise extended its operations, encroaching more and more upon the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, which, roused to energy, now also pushed on its posts further and further into the interior, and established, in 1812, a colony on the Red River to the south of Winnipeg Lake, thus driving, as it were, a sharp thorn into the side of its rival. But a power like the North-West Company, which had no less than 50 agents, 70 interpreters, and 1120 'voyageurs' in its pay, and whose chief managers used to appear at their annual meetings at Fort William, on the banks of Lake Superior, with all the pomp and pride of feudal barons, was not inclined to tolerate this encroachment; and thus, after many quarrels, a regular war broke out between the two parties, which, after two years' duration, led to the expulsion of the Red River colonists, and the murder of their governor Semple. This event took place in the year 1816, and is but one episode of the bloody feuds which continued to reign between the two rival Companies until 1821.

"The dissensions of the fur traders had most deplorable consequences for the Red-skins; for both Companies, to swell the number of their adherents, lavishly distributed spirituous liquors—a temptation which no Indian can resist. The whole of the hunting-grounds of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca were but one scene of revelry and bloodshed. Already decimated by the small-pox, the Indians now became the victims of drunkenness and discord, and it was to be feared that if the war and its consequent demoralization continued, the most important tribes would soon be utterly swept away. . . .

"At length wisdom prevailed over passion, and the enemies came to a resolution which, if taken from the very beginning, would have saved them both a great deal of treasure and many crimes. Instead of continuing to swing the tomahawk, they now smoked the calumet, and amalgamated in 1821, under the name of 'Hudson's Bay Company,' and under the wing of the Charter.

"The British Government, as a dowry to the impoverished couple, presented them with a licence of exclusive trade throughout the whole of that territory which, under the name of the 'Hudson's Bay and North-West territories,' extends from Labrador to the Pacific, and from the Red River to the Polar Ocean."

22. "Such, my Lord, have been the triumphs of the modern Evangel of Usury, Competition, and Private Enterprise, in a perfectly clear instance of their action, chosen I hope with sufficient candour, since "History," says Professor Hind,[1] "does not furnish another example of an association of private individuals exerting a powerful influence over so large an extent of the earth's surface and administering their affairs with such consummate skill, and unwavering devotion to the original objects of their incorporation."

That original object being, of course, that poor naked America, having yet in a manner two coats, might be induced by these Christian merchants to give to him that had none?[2]

In like manner, may any Christian householder, who has two houses or perchance two parks, ever be induced to give to him that hath none? My temper and my courtesy scarcely serve me, my Lord, to reply to your assertion of the "inevitableness" that, while half of Great Britain is laid out in hunting-grounds for sport more savage than the Indian's, the poor of our cities must be swept into incestuous heaps, or into dens and caves which are only tombs disquieted, so changing the whiteness of Jewish sepulchres into the blackness of Christian ones, in which the hearts of the rich and the homes of the poor are alike as graves that appear not;[3]—only their murmur, that sayeth "it is not enough," sounds deeper beneath us every hour; nay, the whole earth, and not only the cities of it, sends forth that ghastly cry; and her fruitful plains

[1] [In the *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition*, vol. ii. p. 211. Quoted in *The Polar World*, p. 348.]

[2] [Luke iii. 11.]

[3] [Luke xi. 44. For the other Bible references in § 22, see Joshua xvii. 16; Genesis xiv. 10; Matthew xxvii. 33; Revelation xiv. 3; and see 1 Corinthians xv. 55.]

have become slime-pits, and her fair estuaries, gulfs of death; for *us*, the Mountain of the Lord has become only Golgotha, and the sound of the new song before the Throne is drowned in the rolling death-rattle of the nations, "Oh Christ; where is thy victory?"

These are thy glorious works, Mammon parent of Good,[1] —and this the true debate, my Lord of Manchester, between the two Angels of your Church,—whether the "Dreamland" of its souls be now, or hereafter,[2]—now, the firelight in the cave, or hereafter, the sunlight of Heaven.

23. How, my Lord, am I to receive, or reply to, the narrow concessions of your closing sentence?[3] The Spirit of Truth was breathed even from the Athenian Acropolis, and the Law of Justice thundered even from the Cretan Sinai;[4] but for *us*, He who said, "I am the Truth," said also, "I am the Way, and the Life";[5] and for *us*, He who reasoned of Righteousness, reasoned also of Temperance and Judgment to come.[6] Is this the sincere milk of the Word,[7] which takes the hope from the Person of Christ, and the fear from the charge of His apostle, and forbids to English heroism the perilous vision of Immortality?[8] God be with you, my Lord, and exalt your teaching to that quality of Mercy which, distilling as the rain from Heaven—not strained[9] as through channels from a sullen

[1] [See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 153.]

[2] [The reference here is to a sermon of the Bishop's cited in the Letter of *Fors Clavigera* to which the Bishop had been replying. In the sermon (on Immortality), the Bishop said that St. Paul while "'wading in the perilous depths' of anticipations of immortality, wisely brought his readers' thoughts back from *dreamland* to reality": see Vol. XXIX. p. 243. In "the firelight in the cave," Ruskin is referring to Plato's image of the cave in the *Republic*, vii. 514, 515: compare Vol. XX. p. 153.]

[3] [In which the Bishop said that if Ruskin would "teach us clergy how better to discharge our office of ministers of a Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness," they would owe him a deep debt of gratitude: see above, p. 405.]

[4] [The reference is to the Commandments of Minos, King of Crete; which Lycurgus is said to have studied before framing the Spartan code (Plutarch's *Lycurgus*, iv.).]

[5] [John xiv. 6.]

[6] [Acts xxiv. 25.]

[7] [See above, § 10 (p. 411).]

[8] [See, again, Vol. XXIX. p. 243.]

[9] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1 ("The quality of Mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven"); and Deuteronomy xxxii. 12 ("My speech shall distil . . . as small rain").]

reservoir—may soften the hearts of your people to receive the New Commandment, that they Love one another.[1] So, round the cathedral of your city, shall the merchant's law be just, and his weights true;[2] the table of the money-changer not overthrown,[3] and the bench of the money-lender unbroken.

And to as many as walk according to this rule, Peace shall be on them, and Mercy, and upon the Israel of God.[4]

24. With the preceding letter must assuredly end—for the present, if not for ever[5]—my own notes on a subject of which my strength no longer serves me to endure the stress and sorrow; but I may possibly be able to collect, eventually, into more close form, the already manifold and sufficient references scattered through *Fors Clavigera:* and perhaps to reprint for the St. George's Guild[6] the admirable compendium of British ecclesiastical and lay authority on the subject, collected by John Blaxton, preacher of God's Word at Osmington in Dorsetshire, printed by John Norton under the title of *The English Usurer*, and sold by Francis Bowman, in Oxford, 1634. A still more precious record of the fierce struggle of usury into life among Christians, and of the resistance to it by Venice and her "Anthony," * will be found in the dialogue "della Usura," of Messer Speron Sperone

* "The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

This is the Shakspearian description of that Anthony, whom, the modern British public, with its new critical lights, calls a "sentimentalist and

[1] [John xiii. 34.]
[2] [A reference to the inscription found by Ruskin on the first church in Venice: see Vol. XXI. pp. 268-269.]
[3] [Matthew xxi. 12.]
[4] [Galatians vi. 16.]
[5] [See, however, below, p. 443.]
[6] [These designs, however, were not carried out. For a collection of the principal passages on "usury" in *Fors*, see Vol. XXVII. p. xlvii.]

(Aldus, in Vinegia, MDXIII.[1]), followed by the dialogue "del Cathaio," between "Portia, sola, e fanciulla, fame, e cibo, vita, e morte, di ciascuno che la conosce," and her lover Moresini, which is the source of all that is loveliest in *The Merchant of Venice*. Readers who seek more modern and more scientific instruction may consult the able abstract of the triumph of usury, drawn up by Dr. Andrew Dickson White, President of Cornell University (*The Warfare of Science*, H. S. King & Co., 1877[2]), in which the victory of the great modern scientific principle, that two and two make five, is traced exultingly to the final overthrow of St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, Luther, and Bossuet, by "the establishment of the Torlonia family in Rome." A better collection of the most crushing evidence cannot be found than this, furnished by an adversary; a less petulant and pompous, but more earnest voice from America, *Usury the Giant Sin of the Age*, by Edward Palmer (Perth Amboys, 1865), should be read together with it.

25. In the meantime, the substance of the teaching of the *former* Church of England, in the great sermon against usury of Bishop Jewel, may perhaps not uselessly occupy one additional page of *The Contemporary Review*:[3]—

"Usury is a kind of lending of money, or corne, or oyle, or wine, or of any other thing, wherein, upon covenant and bargaine, we receive againe the whole principall which we delivered, and somewhat more, for

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speculator!"[4]—holding Shylock to be the real hero, and innocent victim of the drama.[5]

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[1] [In the edition of 1543, the dialogue "Della Usura" is at pp. 70 *seq.*, and that "Del Cathaio" on pp. 156 *seq.*]

[2] [For another reference to this book, see Vol. XXIX. p. 590. Ruskin's reference here is to pp. 122–133 of the book.]

[3] [For another reference to the sermon, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 53 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 340). The discourse occurs in *An Exposition upon the First Epistle to the Thessalonians*, iv. 6. See pp. 62–81 in vol. vii. of Jewel's *Works*, edited by R. W. Jelf, 1848.]

[4] [No doubt in some criticism of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum (1880): see below, p. 545.]

[5] [For *The Merchant of Venice* on usury, see *Munera Pulveris*, §§ 100, 134 (Vol. XVII. pp. 223, 257); *Val d'Arno*, § 277 (Vol. XXIII. p. 161); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. p. 98).]

the use and occupying of the same; as if I lend 100 pound, and for it covenant to receive 105 pound, or any other summe, greater then was the summe which I did lend: this is that which we call usury: such a kind of bargaining as no good man, or godly man, ever used. Such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgements have alwaies abhorred and condemned. It is filthy gaines, and a worke of darkenesse, it is a monster in nature: the overthrow of mighty kingdoms, the destruction of flourishing States, the decay of wealthy cities, the plagues of the world, and the misery of the people: it is theft, it is the murthering of our brethren, its the curse of God, and the curse of the people. This is Usury. By these signes and tokens you may know it. For wheresoever it raigneth all those mischiefes ensue.

"Whence springeth usury? Soone shewed. Even thence whence theft, murder, adultery, the plagues, and destruction of the people doe spring. All these are the workes of the divell, and the workes of the flesh. Christ telleth the Pharisees, You are of your father the divell, and the lusts of your father you will doe. Even so may it truely be sayd to the usurer, Thou art of thy father the divell, and the lusts of thy father thou wilt doe, and therefore thou hast pleasure in his workes. The divell entered into the heart of Judas, and put in him this greedinesse, and covetousnesse of gaine, for which he was content to sell his master. Judas's heart was the shop, the divell was the foreman to worke in it. They that will be rich fall into tentation and snares, and into many foolish and noysome lusts, which drowne men in perdition and destruction. For the desire of money is the roote of all evil. And St. John saith, Whosoever committeth sinne is of the Divell, 1 Joh. 3–8. Thus we see that the divell is the planter, and the father of usury.

"What are the fruits of usury? A. 1. It dissolveth the knot and fellowship of mankind. 2. It hardeneth man's heart. 3. It maketh men unnaturall, and bereaveth them of charity, and love to their dearest friends. 4. It breedeth misery and provoketh the wrath of God from heaven. 5. It consumeth rich men, it eateth up the poore, it maketh bankrupts, and undoeth many householders. 6. The poore occupiers are driven to flee, their wives are left alone, their children are hopelesse, and driven to beg their bread, through the unmercifull dealing of the covetous usurer.

"He that is an usurer, wisheth that all others may lacke and come to him and borrow of him; that all others may lose, so that he may have gaine. Therefore our old forefathers so much abhorred this trade, that they thought an usurer unworthy to live in the company of Christian men. They suffered not an usurer to be witnesse in matters of Law. They suffer him not to make a Testament, and to bestow his goods by will. When an usurer dyed, they would not suffer him to be buried in places appointed for the buriall of Christians. So highly did they mislike this unmercifull spoyling and deceiving our brethren.

"But what speak I of the ancient Fathers of the Church? There was never any religion, nor sect, nor state, nor degree, nor profession of men, but they have disliked it. Philosophers, Greekes, Latins, lawyers, divines, Catholikes, heretics; all tongues and nations have ever thought an usurer as dangerous as a theefe. The very sense of nature proves it to be so.

If the stones could speak they would say as much. But some will say all kindes of usury are not forbidden. There may be cases where usury may stand with reason and equity, and herein they say so much as by wit may be devised to paint out a foule and ugly idoll, and to shadow themselves in manifest and open wickednesse. Whatsoever God sayth, yet this or this kind of usury, say they, which is done in this or this sort, is not forbidden. It proffiteth the Commonwealth, it relieveth great numbers, the poore should otherwise perish, none would lend them. By like good reason, there are some that defend theft and murder; they say, there may be some case where it is lawful to kill or to steale; for God willed the Hebrews to rob the Ægyptians, and Abraham to kill his own sonne Isaac. In these cases the robbery and the killing of his sonne were lawfull. So say they. Even so by the like reason doe some of our countrymen maintayne concubines, curtizans, and brothel-houses, and stand in defence of open stewes. They are (say they) for the benefit of the country, they keepe men from more dangerous inconveniences; take them away, it will be worse. Although God say, there shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel, neither shall there be a whore-keeper of the sonnes of Israel: yet these men say all manner of whoredom is not forbidden. In these and these cases it is not amisse to alow it.

"As Samuel sayd to Saul, so may we say to the usurer, Thou hast devised cases and colours to hide thy shame, but what regard hath God to thy cases? What careth He for thy reasons? the Lord would have more pleasure, if when thou heareth His voyce thou wouldest obey Him. For what is thy device against the counsell, and ordinance of God? What bold presumption is it for a mortall man to controule the commandments of immortall God? And to weigh his heavenly wisdome in the ballance of humane foolishnesse? When God sayth, Thou shalt not take usury, what creature of God art thou which canst take usury? When God maketh it unlawfull, what art thou, oh man, that sayst, it is lawfull? This is a token of a desperate mind. It is found true in thee, that Paul sayd, the love of money is the root of all ill. Thou art so given over unto the wicked Mammon, that thou carest not to doe the will of God."

Thus far, the theology of Old England. Let it close with the calm law, spoken four hundred years before Christ, ἃ μὴ κατέθου, μὴ ἀνέλῃ.[1]

[1] [Plato, *Laws*, xi. 913 C.]

11

THE STUDY OF BEAUTY AND ART IN LARGE TOWNS

(1883)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This Paper was an Introduction to a pamphlet by Mr. Horsfall, with the following title-page:—

> The | Study of Beauty, | and | Art in Large Towns. | Two Papers | by | T. C. Horsfall, | With an Introduction | by | John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus-Christi College. | London | Macmillan and Co. | 1883. | Price Sixpence.

Octavo, pp. 47. Issued, "stabbed" and without wrappers. Ruskin's Introduction occupies pp. 3–10. The first of Mr. Horsfall's two papers was originally read at the Congress at Nottingham of the Social Science Association, and the second at the Manchester Field Naturalists' Society.

The Introduction was reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. pp. 689–695 (§§ 557–559); and again in the second edition of that work, 1899, vol. ii. pp. 321–329 (§§ 266–268).

The sections are now renumbered.]

THE STUDY OF BEAUTY AND ART IN LARGE TOWNS

[1883]

1. I HAVE been asked by Mr. Horsfall[1] to write a few words of introduction to the following papers. The trust is a frank one, for our friendship has been long and intimate enough to assure their author that my feelings and even practical convictions in many respects differ from his, and in some, relating especially to the subjects here treated of, are even opposed to his; so that my private letters (which, to speak truth, he never attends to a word of) are little more than a series of exhortations to him to sing—once for all—the beautiful Cavalier ditty of "Farewell, Manchester,"[2] and pour the dew of his artistic benevolence on less recusant ground. Nevertheless, as assuredly he knows much more of his own town than I do, and as his mind is evidently made up to do the best he can for it, the only thing left for me to do is to help him all I can in the hard task he has set himself, or, if I can't help, at least to bear witness to the goodness of the seed he has set himself to sow among thorns.[3] For, indeed, the principles on which he is working are altogether true and sound; and the definitions and defence of them, in this pamphlet, are among the most important pieces of Art teaching which I have ever met with in recent English literature; in past

[1] [For whom and his work in founding an Art Museum at Ancoats (Manchester) and Ruskin's correspondence with him, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 149, 195, 589–593.]
[2] [A Jacobite song, a favourite of Ruskin's: see *Præterita*, iii. § 80.]
[3] [Matthew xiii. 17.]

Art-literature there cannot of course be anything parallel to them, since the difficulties to be met and mischiefs to be dealt with are wholly of to-day. And in all the practical suggestions and recommendations given in the following pages I not only concur, but am myself much aided as I read them in the giving form to my own plans for the museum at Sheffield;[1] nor do I doubt that they will at once commend themselves to every intelligent and candid reader. But, to my own mind, the statements of principle on which these recommendations are based are far the more valuable part of the writings, for these are true and serviceable for all time, and in all places; while in simplicity and lucidity they are far beyond any usually to be found in essays on Art, and the political significance of the laws thus defined is really, I believe, here for the first time rightly grasped and illustrated.

2. Of these, however, the one whose root is deepest and range widest will be denied by many readers, and doubted by others, so that it may be well to say a word or two farther in its interpretation and defence—the saying, namely, that "faith cannot dwell in hideous towns," and that "familiarity with beauty is a most powerful aid to belief."[2] This is a curious saying, in front of the fact that the primary force of infidelity in the Renaissance times was its pursuit of carnal beauty, and that nowadays (at least, so far as my own experience reaches) more faith may be found in the back streets of most cities than in the fine ones. Nevertheless the saying is wholly true, first, because carnal beauty is not true beauty; secondly, because, rightly judged, the fine streets of most modern towns are more hideous than the back ones; lastly—and this is the point on which I must enlarge—because universally the first condition to the believing there is Order in Heaven is the Sight of Order upon Earth; Order, that is to say, not the result of physical law, but of some spiritual power prevailing over it,

[1] [For which, see Vol. XXX.]
[2] [See p. 22 of Mr. Horsfall's pamphlet.]

as, to take instances from my own old and favourite subject, the ordering of the clouds in a beautiful sunset, which corresponds to a painter's invention of them, or the ordering of the colours on a bird's wing, or of the radiations of a crystal of hoarfrost or of sapphire, concerning any of which matters men, so called of science, are necessarily and for ever silent, because the distribution of colours in spectra and the relation of planes in crystals are final and causeless facts, *orders*, that is to say, not *laws*. And more than this, the infidel temper which is incapable of perceiving this spiritual beauty has an instant and constant tendency to delight in the reverse of it, so that practically its investigation is always, by preference, of forms of death or disease and every state of disorder and dissolution, the affectionate analysis of vice in modern novels being a part of the same science.[1] And, to keep to my own special field of study—the order of clouds,—there is a grotesquely notable example of the connection between infidelity and the sense of ugliness in a paper in the last *Contemporary Review*,[2] in which an able writer, who signs Vernon Lee, but whose personal view or purpose remains to the close of the essay inscrutable, has rendered with considerable acuteness and animation the course of a dialogue between one of the common modern men about town who are the parasites of their own cigars and two more or less weak and foolish friends of hesitatingly adverse instincts: the three of them, however, practically assuming their own wisdom to be the highest yet attained by the human race; and their own diversion on the mountainous heights of it being by the aspect of a so-called "preposterous" sunset, described in the following terms:—

"A brilliant light, which seemed to sink out of the landscape all its reds and yellows, and with them all life; bleaching the yellowing cornfields and brown heath; but burnishing into demoniac[3] energy of colour the pastures and oak woods, brilliant against the dark sky, as if filled with green fire.

[1] [Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul;* above, pp. 268 *seq.*]

[2] ["The Responsibilities of Unbelief: a Conversation between Three Rationalists," *Contemporary Review*, May 1883, vol. 43.]

[3] [Compare *Art of England*, § 132 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 355).]

"Along the roadside the poppies, which an ordinary sunset makes flame, were quite extinguished, like burnt-out embers; the yellow hearts of the daisies were quite lost, merged into their shining white petals. And, striking against the windows of the old black and white chequered farm (a ghastly skeleton in this light), it made them not flare, nay, not redden in the faintest degree, but reflect a brilliant speck of white light. Everything was unsubstantial, yet not as in a mist, nay, rather substantial, but flat, as if cut out of paper and pasted on the black branches and green leaves, the livid, glaring houses, with roofs of dead, scarce perceptible red (as when an iron turning white-hot from red-hot in the stithy grows also dull and dim).

"'It looks like the eve of the coming of Antichrist, as described in mediæval hymns,' remarked Vere: 'the sun, before setting nevermore to rise, sucking all life out of the earth, leaving it but a mound of livid cinders, barren and crumbling, through which the buried nations will easily break their way when they arise.'"

As I have above said, I do not discern the purpose of the writer of this paper; but it would be impossible to illustrate more clearly this chronic insanity of infidel thought which makes all nature spectral; while, with exactly correspondent and reflective power, whatever *is* dreadful or disordered in external things reproduces itself in disease of the human mind affected by them.

3. The correspondent relations of beauty to morality are illustrated in the following pages in a way which leaves little to be desired, and scarcely any room for dissent; but I have marked for my own future reference the following passages, of which I think it will further the usefulness of the book that the reader should initially observe the contents and connection.

i. (P. 15, line 6–10[1]).—Our idea of beauty in all things depends on what we believe they ought to be and do.

ii. (P. 17, line 8–17[2]).—Pleasure is most to be found in safe and pure ways, and the greatest happiness of life is to have a great many *little* happinesses.

[1] ["Our idea of what beauty is in human beings, in pictures, in houses, in chairs, in animals, in cities, in everything, in short, which we know to have a use, in the main depends on what we believe that human beings, pictures, and the rest ought to be and do."]

[2] ["Every bank in every country lane, every bush, every tree, the sky by day and by night, every aspect of nature, is full of beautiful form or colour, or of both,

iii. (P. 24, line 10–30[1]).—The wonder and sorrow that in a country possessing an Established Church, no book exists which can be put into the hands of youth to show them the best things that can be done in life, and prevent their wasting it.

iv. (P. 28, line 21–36[2]).—There is every reason to believe that susceptibility to beauty can be gained through proper training in childhood by almost every one.

v. (P. 29, line 33–35[3]).—But if we are to attain to either a higher morality or a strong love of beauty, such attainment must be the result of a strenuous effort and a strong will.

for those whose eyes and hearts and brains have been opened to perceive beauty. Richter has somewhere said that man's *greatest* defect is that he has such a lot of *small* ones. With equal truth it may be said that the greatest happiness man can have is to have a great many little happinesses, and therefore a strong love of beauty, which enables almost every square inch of unspoiled country to give us pleasant sensations, is one of the best possessions we can have."]

[1] ["It must be evident to every one who watches life carefully that hardly any one reaches the objects which all should live for who does not strive to reach them, and that at present not one person in a hundred so much as knows what are the objects which should be sought in life. It is astounding, therefore, that in a country which possesses an Established Church, richly endowed universities, and even several professors of education, no book exists which can be put into the hands of every intelligent youth, and of every intelligent father and mother, showing what our wisest and best men believe are the best things which can be done in life, and what is the kind of training which makes the doing of these things most easy. It is often said that each of us can profit only by his own experience, but no one believes that. No one can see how many well-meaning persons mistake means for ends and drift into error and sin, simply because neither they nor their parents have known what course should be steered, and what equipment is needed, in the voyage of life,—no one can see this and doubt that a 'guide-book to life,' containing the results of the comparison of the experiences of even half-a-dozen able and sincere men, would save countless people from wasting their lives as most lives are now wasted."]

[2] ["That which is true with regard to music is true with regard to beauty of form and colour. Because a great many grown-up people, in spite of great efforts, find it impossible to sing correctly or even to perceive any pleasantness in music, it used to be commonly supposed that a great many people are born without the power of gaining love of, and skill in, music. Now it is known that it is a question of early training, that in every thousand children there are very few,—not, I believe, on an average, more than two or three,—who cannot gain the power of singing correctly and of enjoying music, if they are taught well in childhood while their nervous system can still easily form habits and has not yet formed the habit of being insensible to differences of sound. There is every reason to believe that susceptibility to beauty of form and colour can also be gained through proper training in childhood by almost every one."]

[3] ["In such circumstances as ours there is no such thing as 'a *wise* passiveness.' If we are to attain to a high morality or to strong love of beauty, attainment must be the result of strenuous effort, of strong will."]

vi. P. 41, line 16–22[1]).—Rightness of form and aspect must first be shown to the people in things which interest them, and about the rightness of appearance in which it is possible for them to care a great deal.

vii. (P. 42, line 1–10[2]).—And, therefore, rightness of appearance of the bodies, and the houses, and the actions of the people of these large towns, is of more importance than rightness of appearance in what is usually called art, and pictures of noble action and passion and of beautiful scenery are of far greater value than art in things which cannot deeply affect human thought and feeling.

The practical suggestions which, deduced from these principles, occupy the greater part of Mr. Horsfall's second paper, exhibit an untried group of resources in education; and it will be to myself the best encouragement in whatever it has been my hope to institute of Art School at Oxford if the central influence of the University may be found capable of extension by such means, in methods promoting the general happiness of the people of England.

BRANTWOOD, *28th June*, 1883.

[1] ["The principle I refer to is, that, as art is the giving of right or beautiful form, or of beautiful or right appearance, if we desire to make people take keen interest in art, if we desire to make them love good art, we must show it them when applied to things which themselves are very interesting to them, and about the rightness of appearance of which it is therefore possible for them to care a great deal."]

[2] ["Success in bringing the influence of art to bear on the masses of the population in large towns, or on any set of people who have to earn their bread and have not time to acquire an unhealthy appetite for nonsense verses or nonsense pictures, will certainly only be attained by persons who know that art is important just in proportion to the importance of that which it clothes, and who themselves feel that rightness of appearance of the bodies, and the houses, and the actions, in short of the whole life, of the population of those large towns which are now, or threaten soon to be, 'England,' is of far greater importance than rightness of appearance in all that which is usually called 'art,' and who feel, to speak of only the fine arts, that rightness of appearance in pictures of noble action and passion, and of beautiful scenery, love of which is almost a necessary of mental health, is of far greater importance than art can be in things which cannot deeply affect human thought and feeling."]

12

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING: A PREFACE

(1884)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This paper appeared in a book with the following title-page: —

> The | English School | of Painting. | By | Ernest Chesneau. | Translated by | L. N. Etherington. | With a Preface by Professor Ruskin. | Cassell & Company, Limited: | London, Paris, New York & Melbourne. | 1885. | [All rights reserved.]

Crown 8vo, pp. xliii. + 339. Ruskin's Preface occupied pp. vii.–xi.

The book was reprinted in a second edition in the same year.

The sections are now numbered. On p. 440, line 3, "of Turner" has been corrected to "of Turner's pictures."]

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING:

A PREFACE

1. I AM most happy in the privilege accorded to me by the author of this book[1] to introduce to the public of England —interested as they all are commercially, in the estimate of English Art formed by foreign States, and as they all ought to be, morally, in the impression which that art produces on the minds of its foreign purchasers—a piece of entirely candid, intimately searching, and delicately intelligent French criticism—mostly praise, indeed, but scrupulously weighed and awarded, of the entire range of English painting, from the days of Sir Joshua to our own.

Every nation is, in a certain sense, a judge of its own art, from whose decision there is no appeal. In the common sense of the phrase, it "knows what it likes," and is only capable of producing what it likes. But every well-educated nation also derives a more thrilling, though less intimate and constant, pleasure, from the just appreciation of the art of other climates and races. To take an extreme instance: how much vivid and refining pleasure have not we English taken in Chinese porcelain, just *because* we were incapable ourselves of making, with all the British genius we could concentrate upon that object, a single pattern of prettily-coloured cup and saucer.

2. Hitherto the action of all Governments in the encouragement of National Art has been resolutely wrong, in one or other of two opposite directions. Either they have endeavoured to protect their own clumsy workmen from

[1] [For earlier references to M. Chesneau, see Vol. III. pp. 633–634; Vol. XII. p. xlv.; Vol. XIII. p. lvi.; Vol. XIV. p. 263; and Vol. XV. p. 497.]

the competition of more dexterous neighbours by laying duties on foreign art—as at present the Americans, in a state of hitherto unprecedented egoism and stupidity, and formerly the English, at the time when my father, in constant mercantile relations with Spain, used to see the most superb fifteenth and sixteenth century Spanish plate dashed to pieces and beaten flat by the axes of the Custom House officers, lest it should perchance be bought by London citizens in preference to the articles offered by the goldsmiths of Cheapside—or else they have hoped to teach the native artist foreign tricks of trade, and filled—as now the universal repertory at Kensington—their museums and workrooms with miscellaneous types of unexplained design, from which the incapablest of their own craftsmen might filch absurdities enough to provoke demand when trade was slack, or content a fashion when taste was rabid.

3. We are still, I fear, a long way behind the time—but it will come—when governments will recognize and cultivate the essential genius of their people, aiding them, by wisely restricted collection and discriminate explanation of examples, to adopt whatever excellencies of method may assist them in their proper aims, and to take refined and sympathetic delight in skill which they cannot emulate.

After being for at least half a century paralysed by their isolation and self-sufficiency, the British schools of painting are now in the contrary danger of losing their national character in their endeavour to become sentimentally German, dramatically Parisian, or decoratively Asiatic. It is a singular delight to me to hear this acute and kindly Frenchman assuring us that we have some metal of our own, and interpreting to his own countrymen some of the insular merits of a school which hitherto has neither recommended itself by politeness, confirmed itself by correctness, nor distinguished itself by imagination.

4. My own concurrence with M. Chesneau's critical judgment respecting all pieces of art with which we have been alike acquainted, has been enough expressed in my terminal

lectures on the "Art of England."[1] My confidence in his power of analysing the characters of English art least known in France is sufficiently proved by my having commissioned him to write a life of Turner, prefaced by a history of previous landscape; to which I believe my own revision will have little to add in order to make it a just and sufficient record of my beloved Master.[2]

In his estimate of other really great painters, I am always disposed to follow M. Chesneau, as far as my knowledge permits. But I find him too ready to forgive the transgressions of minor genius, and to waste his own and the reader's time in the search for beauties of small account, and the descriptions of accidental and evanescent fancy. There are many painters named with praise in the following pages of whom there is really nothing noteworthy, except the local or temporary causes of their ever obtaining any public attention. But I hold myself on this the more bound in honour to invite public attention to the opinions of a critic who says the best that can be said of men whom I have myself treated with remorseless contumely, praying, however, the reader to observe that in these cases I have by no means changed or withdrawn from my own opinions, though I am glad to admit that art which is uninteresting to me may be useful and helpful to other people.

5. Of the illustrations of the volume I am not justified in speaking on the strength only of the imperfect states in which they have been submitted to me; but this much I can merely say of them, that they have been prepared with honest endeavour to represent as much of the character of the paintings as could be interpreted by woodcut, and not with the view of producing merely attractive or brilliant effects on their own independent terms. The renderings of Hogarth are in this respect both wonderful and exemplary; and those from Sir Joshua and Gainsborough are intelligent and accurate, so as really to represent the security of

[1] [See §§ 113, 114: Vol. XXXIII. pp. 342, 343.]
[2] [On this subject, see again Vol. XIII. p. lvi.]

those two painters from all rivalship in the English school. Scarcely any attempt has been made to obtain the characters of Turner's pictures,—but these must be themselves seen,—the reader who will not take the pains to visit them need not hope to be otherwise rightly informed about them, even by the most ingenious of critics and industrious of engravers. Much greater injustice, though inevitably, is done to the pre-Raphaelite pictures, which, as a rule, depend on their colour far more than Turner does; for Turner is essentially a chiaroscurist, while the best pre-Raphaelite work is like so much coloured glass.[1]

6. But in the meantime, I think M. Chesneau may be well satisfied in presenting the English public with a list, indexed by unaffected illustration, of the artists whose work deserves their recognition and memory; criticising that work with absolute frankness and willing admiration, and leaving the reader to perfect his knowledge by pilgrimage, now so easily accomplished, to the collections which gift and bequest are gradually rendering, not only in the metropolis, but in several of our great commercial centres, representative not only of the Art of England, but of the art and craftsmanship alike of the past and the present world.

J. Ruskin.

Oxford, *7th December*, 1884.

Ruskin added two notes to the text:—

Page 157. "*Turner did not always study nature.*"

"'Did not sufficiently adhere to it' would have been right. He studied nature more, and knew more of it, than all the other artists of all landscape schools put together.—J. R."

Page 246. "*There has been no artist in England possessing genius since the days of Turner.*"

"This is rather too hard upon us, my good French friend. There has not been, and will not be, another Turner, but we have had some clever fellows among us since, who could have made a good deal more of themselves if they had better minded what I said to them.—J. R."

[1] [For Turner as chiaroscurist, compare *Lectures on Art*, § 185 (Vol. XX. p. 174); for Rossetti's colour as "diffused through coloured glass," see *Art of England*, § 7 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 271).]

13

USURY AND THE ENGLISH BISHOPS: AN INTRODUCTION

(1885)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This piece first appeared in a quarto pamphlet with the following title-page:—

> Usury | its | Pernicious Effects on English Agriculture | An Allegory | Dedicated, without permission, to the | Bishops of | Manchester, Peterborough, and Rochester. | "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." | Prov. xxvii. 6. | London: A. Southey, 146, Fenchurch Street. | 1885. | Price Two Shillings.

Large 4to, pp. vi. + 25. Ruskin's Introduction occupied pp. i.–vi. The book itself was by R. G. Sillar (for whom, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 401).

Issued in cream-coloured paper wrappers, lettered on the front: "Usury | and | The English | Bishops. | Introduction | by | Professor Ruskin | 1885"—enclosed in a double-ruled frame.

A second edition was issued in the same year.

The Introduction was reprinted in *On the Old Road,* §§ 176–181; vol. ii. pp. 239–245 in the first edition of 1885; vol. iii. pp. 245–252 in the second edition of 1899.

The sections are now renumbered.]

USURY AND THE ENGLISH BISHOPS:

AN INTRODUCTION

1. In the wise, practical, and affectionate sermon, given from St. Mary's pulpit last autumn to the youth of Oxford, by the good Bishop of Carlisle,[1] his Lordship took occasion to warn his eagerly attentive audience, with deep earnestness, against the crime of debt; dwelling with powerful invective on the cruelty and selfishness with which, too often, the son wasted in his follies the fruits of his father's labour, or the means of his family's subsistence; and involved himself in embarrassments which, said the Bishop, "I have again and again known to cause the misery of all subsequent life."

The sin was charged, the appeal pressed, only on the preacher's undergraduate hearers. Beneath the gallery, the Heads of Houses sate, remorseless; nor from the pulpit was a single hint permitted that any measures could be rationally taken for the protection, no less than the warning, of the youth under their care. No such suggestion would have been received, if even understood, by any English congregation of this time;—a strange and perilous time, in which the greatest commercial people of the world have been brought to think Usury the most honourable and fruitful branch, or rather perennial stem, of commercial industry.

2. But whose the fault that English congregations are in this temper, and this ignorance? The saying of mine,*

* "Everything evil in Europe is primarily the fault of her Bishops."[2]

[1] [Ruskin's friend Dr. Harvey Goodwin, an occasional visitor at Brantwood.]

[2] [See "Notes on the Priest's Office" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Vol. XXXII. p. 118.]

which the author of this book quotes in the close of his introduction, was written by me with a meaning altogether opposite, and far more forcible, than that which it might seem to bear to a careless interpreter.* In the present state of popular revolt against all conception and manner of authority, but more especially spiritual authority, the sentence reads as if it were written by an adversary of the Church,—a hater of its Prelacy,—an advocate of universal liberty of thought and licence of crime: whereas the sentence is really written in the conviction (I might say knowledge, if I spoke without deference to the reader's incredulity) that the Pastoral Office must for ever be the highest, for good or evil, in every Christian land; and that when *it* fails in vigilance, faith, or courage, the sheep *must* be scattered, and neither King nor law avail any more to protect them against the fury of their own passions, nor any human sagacity against the deception of their own hearts.

3. Since, however, these things are instantly so, and the Bishops of England have now with one accord consented to become merely the highly salaried vergers of her Cathedrals, taking care that the choristers do not play at leapfrog in the Churchyard, that the Precincts are elegantly iron-railed from the profane parts of the town, and that the doors of the building be duly locked,[1] so that nobody may pray in it at improper times,—these things being so, may we not turn to the "every-man-his-own-Bishop" party, with its Bible Society, Missionary zeal, and right of infallible private interpretation, to ask at least for some small exposition to the inhabitants of their own country, of those Scriptures which they are so fain to put in the possession of others; and this the rather, because the popular familiar version of the New Testament among us, unwritten, seems to be now

* "I knew, in using it, perfectly well what you meant." (Note by Mr. Sillar.)

[1] [For Ruskin's complaints on this score, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 511.]

the exact contrary of that which we were once taught to be of Divine authority.

4. I place, side by side, the ancient and modern versions of the seven verses of the New Testament which were the beginning, and are indeed the heads, of all the teaching of Christ :—

Ancient	*Modern*
Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for their's is the kingdom of Heaven.	Blessed are the Rich in Flesh, for their's is the kingdom of Earth.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.	Blessed are they that are merry, and laugh the last.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.	Blessed are the proud, in that they *have* inherited the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger for righteousness, for they shall be filled.	Blessed are they which hunger for unrighteousness, in that they shall divide its mammon.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.	Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain money.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.	Blessed are the foul in heart, for they shall see no God.
Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.	Blessed are the War-makers, for they shall be adored by the children of men.

5. Who are the true "Makers of War," the promoters and supports of it, I showed long since in the note to the brief sentence of *Unto this Last*.[1] "It is entirely capitalists' (*i.e.*, Usurers') wealth * which supports unjust Wars." But

* "Cash," I should have said, in accuracy—not "wealth."

[1] [See § 76 *n.* : Vol. XVII. p. 103.]

to what extent the adoration of the Usurer, and the slavery consequent upon it, has perverted the soul or bound the hands of every man in Europe, I will let the reader hear, from authority he will less doubt than mine:—

"Financiers are the mischievous feudalism of the nineteenth century. A handful of men have invented distant, seductive loans, have introduced national debts in countries happily ignorant of them, have advanced money to unsophisticated Powers on ruinous terms, and then, by appealing to small investors all over the world, got rid of the bonds. Furthermore, with the difference between the advances and the sale of bonds, they caused a fall in the securities which they had issued, and, having sold at 80, they bought back at 10, taking advantage of the public panic. Again, with the money thus obtained, they bought up consciences, where consciences are marketable, and under the pretence of providing the country thus traded upon with new means of communication, they passed money into their own coffers. They have had pupils, imitators, and plagiarists; and at the present moment, under different names, the financiers rule the world, are a sore of society, and form one of the chief causes of modern crises.

"Unlike the Nile, wherever they pass they render the soil dry and barren. The treasures of the world flow into their cellars, and there remain. They spend one-tenth of their revenues; the remaining nine-tenths they hoard and divert from circulation. They distribute favours, and are great political leaders. They have not assumed the place of the old nobility, but have taken the latter into their service. Princes are their chamberlains, dukes open their doors, and marquises act as their equerries when they deign to ride.

"These new grandees canter on their splendid Arabs along Rotten Row, the Bois de Boulogne, the Prospect, the Prater, or Unter den Linden. The shopkeepers, and all who save money, bow low to these men, who represent their savings, which they will never again see under any other form. Proof against sarcasms, sure of the respect of the Continental Press, protecting each other with a sort of freemasonry, the financiers dictate laws, determine the fate of nations, and render the cleverest political combinations abortive. They are everywhere received and listened to, and all the Cabinets feel their influence. Governments watch them with uneasiness, and even the Iron Chancellor has his gilded Egeria, who reports to him the wishes of this the sole modern Autocrat."—*Letter from Paris Correspondent, "Times," 30th January,* 1885.

6. But to this statement, I must add the one made to § 149 (see note) of *Munera Pulveris*,[1] that if we could trace the innermost of all causes of modern war, they would be found, not in the avarice or ambition, but the idleness of

[1] [Vol. XVII. p. 274 *n.*]

the upper classes. "They have nothing to do but to teach the peasantry to kill each other"—while that the peasantry are thus teachable, is further again dependent on their not having been educated primarily in the common law of justice. See again *Munera Pulveris*, Appendix I.: "Precisely according to the number of just men in a nation is their power of avoiding either intestine or foreign war."[1]

I rejoice to see my old friend Mr. Sillar gathering finally together the evidence he has so industriously collected on the guilt of usury, and supporting it by the always impressive language of symbolical art;[2] for indeed I had myself no idea, till I read the connected statement which these pictures illustrate, how steadily the system of money-lending had gained on the nation, and how fatally every hand and foot was now entangled by it. Yet in commending the study of this book to every virtuous and patriotic Englishman, I must firmly remind the reader, that all these sins and errors are only the branches from one root of bitterness—mortal Pride. For this we gather, for this we war, for this we die—here and hereafter; while all the while the Wisdom which is from above stands vainly teaching us the way to Earthly Riches and to Heavenly Peace, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk *humbly* with thy God?"[3]

BRANTWOOD, *7th March*, 1885.

[1] [Vol. XVII. p. 285.]

[2] [Mr. Sillar's pamphlet consists of a collection of paragraphs, all condemnatory of usury, from the writings of the English bishops, from the sixteenth century down to the present time; and is illustrated by five emblematic woodcuts representing an oak tree (English commerce) gradually overgrown and destroyed by an ivy-plant (usury).]

[3] [Micah vi. 8.]

14

THE NATIONAL GALLERY:

A PREFACE

(1888)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—This Preface appeared in a book with the following title-page :—

> A Popular Handbook | to the | National Gallery | including, by special permission, notes collected from the works of | Mr. Ruskin | Compiled by | Edward T. Cook | With Preface by John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | London | Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1888 | *All rights reserved.*

Crown 8vo, pp. xxi.+703. Issued in September 1888. There was also a large-paper edition of 250 copies in 2 vols.

A second edition of the Handbook appeared in 1889; a third in 1890; a fourth in 1893; a fifth in 1897; a sixth (in 2 vols.) in 1901; and a seventh in 1908.

Ruskin's Preface occupied pp. vii.–ix.]

THE NATIONAL GALLERY:

A PREFACE

So far as I know, there has never yet been compiled, for the illustration of any collection of paintings whatever, a series of notes at once so copious, carefully chosen, and usefully arranged, as this which has been prepared, by the industry and good sense of Mr. Edward T. Cook, to be our companion through the magnificent rooms of our own National Gallery; without question now the most important collection of paintings in Europe for the purposes of the general student. Of course the Florentine School must always be studied in Florence, the Dutch in Holland, and the Roman in Rome; but to obtain a clear knowledge of their relations to each other, and compare with the best advantage the characters in which they severally excel, the thoughtful scholars of any foreign country ought now to become pilgrims to the Dome—(such as it is)—of Trafalgar Square.

We have indeed—be it to our humiliation remembered—small reason to congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of the collection now belonging to the public, by the sale of the former possessions of our nobles. But since the parks and castles which were once the pride, beauty, and political strength of England are doomed by the progress of democracy to be cut up into lots on building leases, and have their libraries and pictures sold at Sotheby's and Christie's, we may at least be thankful that the funds placed by the Government at the disposal of the Trustees for the National Gallery have permitted them to save so much from the wreck of English mansions and Italian

monasteries, and enrich the recreations of our metropolis with graceful interludes by Perugino and Raphael.

It will be at once felt by the readers of the following catalogue that it tells them, about every picture and its painter, just the things they wished to know. They may rest satisfied also that it tells them these things on the best historical authorities, and that they have in its concise pages an account of the rise and decline of the arts of the Old Masters, and record of their personal characters and worldly state and fortunes, leaving nothing of authentic tradition, and essential interest, untold.

As a collection of critical remarks by esteemed judges, and of clearly formed opinions by earnest lovers of art, the little book possesses a metaphysical interest quite as great as its historical one. Of course the first persons to be consulted on the merit of a picture are those for whom the artist painted it: with those in after generations who have sympathy with them; one does not ask a Roundhead or a Republican his opinion of the Vandyke at Wilton,[1] nor a Presbyterian minister his impressions of the Sistine Chapel: —but from any one honestly taking pleasure in any sort of painting, it is always worth while to hear the grounds of his admiration, if he can himself analyse them. For those who take no pleasure in painting, or who are offended by its inevitable faults, any form of criticism is insolent. Opinion is only valuable when it

> "gilds with various rays
> These painted clouds that beautify our days."[2]

When I last lingered in the Gallery before my old favourites, I thought them more wonderful than ever before; but as I draw towards the close of life, I feel that the

[1] [There are several Vandykes at Wilton House, of which the most celebrated is the picture of "Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his Family." With Ruskin's point here, compare Vol. III. p. 648: "Each work must be tested exclusively by the fiat of the particular public to whom it is addressed."]

[2] [Pope's *Essay on Man;* the passage from which the lines are taken is quoted by Ruskin in *The Mystery of Life and its Arts,* Vol. XVIII. p. 151.]

real world is more wonderful yet: that Painting has not yet fulfilled half her mission,—she has told us only of the heroism of men and the happiness of angels: she may perhaps record in future the beauty of a world whose mortal inhabitants are happy, and which angels may be glad to visit.

J. RUSKIN.

April 1888.

Ruskin also added two notes (pp. 8–9) to Mr. Cook's essay on the Florentine School.

(1) On Mr. Cook's quoting the saying of Morelli (*Italian Masters in German Galleries*, 1883) that when a nation's culture has reached its culminating point, *grace* comes to be valued more than *character*, Ruskin remarked:—

> "Well said: but it remains to be asked whether the 'grace' sought is modest, or wanton; affectionate, or licentious. (J. R.)"

(2) Mr. Cook, after tracing how grace passed into insipidity, said that "Italian art, having run its course, became extinct." At this point Ruskin added a note, referring partly to the statement just quoted, and partly to a passage which Mr. Cook quoted from *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret* (Vol. XXII. pp. 79, 80), in which Ruskin connects the decadence of Italian painting with a decay in religion:—

> "Not by its own natural course of decay; but by the political and moral ruin of the cities by whose virtue it had been taught, and in whose glory it had flourished. The analysis of the decline of religious faith quoted below does not enough regard the social and material mischief which accompanied that decline. (J. R.)"

To the date at which Ruskin wrote the foregoing Preface belongs the following conversation (recorded in the *Daily News*, February 8, 1899):—

"The Gallery," he said, "is now greatly improved; the new rooms are delightful, and the hanging is quite a beautiful piece of work. Some of my old favourites I thought more beautiful than ever before. Botticelli's circle of angels,[1] for instance, is most lovely, and what an amount of work there is in it! With most painters you see at once the pains they were at, but here it is not obvious. But I have come away, I must tell you, in very humble mood. To begin with: I don't like Raphael, but the new picture (the Ansidei Madonna) is perfect.[2] I cannot deny it—the loveliest Raphael in the world, I think. But, indeed, on all

[1] [If Ruskin referred to "The Assumption" (No. 1126), his opinion had changed: see in a later volume a letter of February 14, 1873.]

[2] [Though new to the National Gallery, the picture had been familiar to Ruskin many years before, when it was at Blenheim: see his letter to "A College Friend" in Vol. I. p. 495 and *n.*]

sides I have been impressed to-day more strongly than ever with the exhaustless beauty and industry of the Italian masters. The contrast between them and the littleness and bad workmanship even of the best of the English modern painters struck me most painfully. Why," he added, with a smile, "for I may as well make a clean breast of it, I even found myself admiring Canaletto's pictures of Venice"—Canaletto, whom the champion of Modern Painters had in other days denounced for his "miserable, virtueless, heartless mechanism," and whose mannerism he had characterised as "the most degraded in the whole range of art." I suggested, I remember, that Mr. Ruskin could not have been to Venice lately, and that his own sensations of the light and colour of the place must have become subdued to Canaletto's key. But he would not accept the suggestion. "No," he said, "it was Canaletto's good workmanship he found himself admiring. After all, the old painter of Venice was a good craftsman in oil." [1]

[1] [Compare Vol III. p 216 *n.*]

III

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

BEING

A COLLECTION OF SCATTERED LETTERS

PUBLISHED CHIEFLY IN THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS,—1851–1896

By JOHN RUSKIN

GEORGE ALLEN
156, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON
1908

"I NEVER WROTE A LETTER IN MY LIFE WHICH ALL THE WORLD ARE NOT WELCOME TO READ IF THEY WILL."

Fors Clavigera, Letter 59 (1875).

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The title of the following collection is that which was given by Ruskin to two volumes published in 1880 (see the Introduction, above, p. xxxviii.). The main sources of the collection are (1) the volumes just mentioned, the following pages including such contents of them as have not been already printed in the present edition of the Works; and (2) the first Part of a privately-issued collection of letters, etc., supplementary to *Arrows of the Chace*, printed in 1890 under the title *Ruskiniana*. In this note the usual particulars of each work are given, followed by a synopsis showing the original arrangement of each book and the place in this edition where its contents are severally printed.

ARROWS OF THE CHACE (1880)

Of the book so entitled there has only been one edition. The title-page is as follows:—

> Arrows of the Chace | Being | A Collection of Scattered Letters | Published Chiefly in the Daily Newspapers,—1840-1880 | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford, | And now edited by | An Oxford Pupil. | With Preface by the Author. | Volume I.—Letters on Art and Science. | [Volume II.—Letters on Politics, Economy, and Miscellaneous Matters.] [*Rose.*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1880. | [*All Rights reserved.*]

Volume I.—Octavo, pp. xxv. + 306. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii.; on the reverse, the quotation from *Fors* (as here, on p. 458); Contents of Vol. I., pp. v.–viii.; Author's Preface, pp. ix.–xiii.; Editor's Preface, pp. xv.–xxi.; Chronological List of Letters in Vol. I., pp. xxii.–xxv.; Letters, with fly-title to each division, pp. 1–306.

Issued (with the second volume) on December 6, 1880, in mottled-grey paper boards, with white paper back-label,[1] which reads: "Ruskin. | Arrows | of the | Chace. | Vol. I." 2000 copies. Price, 30s. the two volumes (reduced in 1893 to 20s., in 1900 to 15s., and in 1905 to 10s.). The edition is still current.

110 copies were printed on large paper (quarto), price 60s. Of these 10 were specially prepared for presentation, and have the frontispiece to Vol. I. pulled upon Indian paper.

The *frontispiece* ("British Ferns") is in this edition given in Vol. XVI., Plate VII. (p. 205). On p. 212 was a Plate ("Spandril of Iron-Work"); this is also in Vol. XVI. (p. 233). On page 123 was a *facsimile* of a portion of a letter to Mr. Norton on Turner; for this, see Vol. XIII. p. 324.

[1] *Arrows of the Chace* was the first book of Ruskin's thus put up; and also the first issued by Mr. Allen with "uncut" edges.

The "Oxford Pupil" who edited the book was Mr. Wedderburn; his Preface is as follows:—

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Some words are needed by way of a general note to the present volumes in explanation of the principles upon which they have been edited. It is, however, first due to the compiler of the Bibliography of Mr. Ruskin's writings,* to state in what measure this book has been prompted and assisted by his previous labours. Already acquainted with some few of the letters which Mr. Ruskin had addressed at various times to the different organs of the daily press, or which had indirectly found their way there, it was not until I came across the Bibliography that I was encouraged to complete and arrange a collection of these scattered portions of his thought. When I had done this, I ventured to submit the whole number of the letters to their author, and to ask him if, after taking two or three of them as examples of the rest, he would not consider the advisability of himself republishing, if not all, at least a selected few. In reply, he was good enough to put me in communication with his publisher, and to request me to edit any or all of the letters without further reference to him.

I have, therefore, to point out that except for that request, or rather sanction; for the preface[1] which he has promised to add after my work upon the volumes is finished; and for the title which it bears, Mr. Ruskin is in no way responsible for this edition of his letters. I knew, indeed, from the words of *Fors Clavigera* which are printed as a motto to the book, that I ran little risk of his disapproval in determining to print, not a selection, but the whole number of letters in question; and I felt certain that the completeness of the collection would be considered a first essential by most of its readers, who are thus assured that the present volumes contain, with but two exceptions, every letter mentioned in the last edition of the bibliography, and some few more beside, which have been either printed or discovered since its publication.

The two exceptions are, first, the series of letters on the Lord's Prayer which appeared in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* last December; and, secondly, some half-dozen upon "A Museum or Picture Gallery," printed in the *Art Journal* of last June and August.[2] It seemed that both these sets of letters were really more akin to review articles cast in an epistolary form, and would thus find fitter place in a collection of such papers than in the present volumes; and for the omission of the second set there was a still further reason in the fact that the series is not yet completed.† On the other hand, the recent circular on the proposed interference with St. Mark's, Venice, is included in the first, and one or two other extraneous matters in the second volume, for reasons which their connection with the letters amongst which they are placed will make sufficiently clear.

The letters are reprinted word for word, and almost stop for stop, from the newspapers and other pages in which they first appeared. To ensure this accuracy was not an easy matter, and to it there are a few intentional exceptions. A few misprints have been corrected, such as that of "Fat Bard" for "Fort Bard" (vol. i. p. 147);[3] and now and then the punctuation has been changed, as on the 256th page of the same volume, where a comma, placed in the original print of the letter between the words "visibly" and "owing," quite confused the sentence.[4] To these slight alterations may be added others still less important, such as the commencement of a fresh

* "The Bibliography of Ruskin: a bibliographical list, arranged in chronological order, of the published writings of John Ruskin, M.A. (From 1834 to 1879.)" By Richard Herne Shepherd.[5]

† The letter out of which it took its rise, however, will be found on the 82nd page of the first volume; and with regard to it, and especially to the mention of Mr. Frith's picture in it, reference should be made to part of a further letter in the *Art Journal* of this month.

"I owe some apology, by the way, to Mr. Frith, for the way I spoke of his picture in my letter to the Leicester committee, not intended for publication, though I never write what I would not allow to be published, and was glad that they asked leave to print it." (*Art Journal*, August 1880, where this sentence is further explained.[6])

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[1] The "Epilogue" (in addition to the Preface) was an afterthought.

[2] For these two series of letters (afterwards included in *On the Old Road*), see above, pp. 175–262.

[3] For the letter in which this misprint occurred, see now Vol. XIII. p. 342.

[4] See now Vol. XXVI. p. 548 (line 12).

[5] At that time, the only Bibliography of Ruskin. For Ruskin's letters on it to the compiler, see below, p. 537.

[6] See now below, p. 542; and above, p. 246.

paragraph, or the closing up of an existing one, to suit the composition of the type, which the number of notes rendered unusually tiresome. The title of a letter, too, is not always that provided it by the newspaper; in some cases it seemed well to re-christen, in others it was necessary to christen a letter, though the former has never been done where it was at all possible that the existing title (for which reference can always be made to the bibliography) was one given to it by Mr. Ruskin himself.

The classification of the letters is well enough shown by the tables of contents. The advantages of a topical over a chronological arrangement appeared beyond all doubt;[1] whilst the addition to each volume of a chronological list of the letters contained in it, and the further addition to the second volume of a similar list of all the letters contained in the book, and of a full index, will, it is hoped, increase the usefulness of the work.

The beautiful engraving which forms the frontispiece of the first volume originally formed that of *The Oxford Museum*. The plate was but little used in the apparently small edition of that book, and was thus found to be in excellent state for further use here. The woodcut of the chesnut spandril (vol. i. p. 212) is copied from one which may also be found in *The Oxford Museum*. The facsimile of part of one of the letters is not quite satisfactory, the lines being somewhat thicker than they should be, but it answers its present purpose.

Lastly, the chief difficulty of editing these letters has been in regard to the notes, and has lain not so much in obtaining the necessary information as in deciding what use to make of it when obtained. The first point was, of course, to put the reader of the present volumes in possession of every fact which would have been common knowledge at the time when such and such a letter was written; but beyond this there were various allusions, which might be thought to need explanation; quotations, the exact reference to which might be convenient; and so forth. Some notes, therefore, of this character have been also added, whilst some few which were omitted, either intentionally or by accident, from the body of the work, may be found on reference to the index.*

The effort to make the book complete has induced the notice of slight variations of text in one or two cases, especially in the reprint of the St. Mark's Circular. The space occupied by such notes is small, the interest which a few students take in the facts they notice really great, and the appearance of pedantry to some readers is thus risked in order to meet the special wish of others. The same effort will account for the reappearance of one or two really unimportant letters in the Appendix to the second volume, which contains also some few letters the nature of which is rather personal than public.

I have asked Mr. Ruskin to state in his preface to the book the value he may set upon it in relation to his other and more connected work; and for the rest, I have only to add that the editing of it has been the pleasant labour of my leisure for more than two years past, and to express my hope that these scattered arrows, some from the bow of "An Oxford Graduate," some from that of an Oxford Professor, may not have been vainly winged anew by

AN OXFORD PUPIL.

October, 1880.

Volume II.—Octavo, pp. xvi.+348. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, with reverse as before, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents of Vol. II., pp. v.–ix.; Chronological List of Letters in Vol. II., pp. x.–xv.; Editor's Note, p. xvi.;[2] Letters, with fly-title to each division, pp. 1–264; Appendix, pp. 265–284; Author's Epilogue, pp. 285–289; Chronological List of Letters in Both Volumes,

* Some of the notes, it will be remarked, are in larger type than the rest; these are Mr. Ruskin's original notes to the letters as first published, and are in fact part of them; and they are so printed to distinguish them from the other notes, for which I am responsible.

[1] The topical arrangement has, however, been abandoned in this volume, owing to the fact that many whole classes of the letters have already appeared in the previous volumes of the edition to which they were relevant. A chronological list of all Ruskin's public letters, printed in this and other volumes of this edition, is included in the final Bibliography. But a List of Contents, in which the letters are grouped under subject-headings, is supplied (p. 475); while an index is incorporated in the General Index to the edition.

[2] The quotation from *Fors*, as in vol. i.

pp. 291–301; Index, pp. 303–348. At the foot of the last page is the imprint—"Hazell, Watson & Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

Numerous extracts from *Arrows of the Chace*, then in preparation, had been given by Mr. Wedderburn in two articles in the *Contemporary Review*, for June and July 1880; vol. 37, pp. 905–923; vol. 38, pp. 69–100. The articles are entitled "The Public Letters of John Ruskin."

Reviews of *Arrows of the Chace* (copies of which were sent to the press) were very numerous, appearing (among other places) in

Times, December 8, 1880 (leading article).
Cheshire Observer, December 11, 1880 (by E. J. Baillie).
Athenæum, December 18, 1880 (see above, p. xliv.).
The Teacher, December 24, 1880.
Christian World, January 20, 1881.
Saturday Review, January 29, 1881.
Gentleman's Magazine, February 1881.
Academy, February 12, 1881 (by Mark Pattison: see above, p. xli.).
Literary World, February 18, 1881.
Whitehall Review, March 3, 1881.
Scotsman, March 29, 1881.
Appleton's Journal (New York), vol. 10, N.S., April 1881, pp. 361–368.
Literary World (Boston), April 23, 1881.
The Nation (New York), September 15, 1881; vol. 33, pp. 220–221.
Spectator, June 3, 1882.
Edinburgh Review, January 1888 ("The Works of Mr. Ruskin").

CONTENTS OF "ARROWS OF THE CHACE" (1880)

VOLUME I

	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION	
AUTHOR'S PREFACE	ix	Below,	p. 469
EDITOR'S PREFACE	xv	Above,	p. 460
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS IN VOLUME I.	xxii	See above,	p. 461 *n.*
LETTERS ON ART:			
I. ART CRITICISM AND ART EDUCATION.			
"Modern Painters;" a Reply. 1843	3	Vol. III.	p. 641
Art Criticism. 1843	14	,,	p. 645
The Arts as a Branch of Education. 1857	37	Vol. XVI.	p. 449
Art-teaching by Correspondence. 1860	50	Below,	p. 490
II. PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.			
Danger to the National Gallery. 1847	53	Vol. XII.	p. 397
The National Gallery. 1852	67	,,	p. 407
The British Museum. 1866	78	Vol. XIX.	p. 229
On the Purchase of Pictures. 1880	82	Below,	p. 542
III. PRE-RAPHAELITISM.			
The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. 1851 (May 13)	85	Vol. XII.	p. 319
The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. 1851 (May 30)	92	,,	p. 324
"The Light of the World," Holman Hunt. 1854	98	,,	p. 328
"The Awakening Conscience," Holman Hunt. 1854	104	,,	p. 333
Pre-Raphaelitism in Liverpool. 1858	108	Vol. XIV.	p. 327
Generalization and the Scotch Pre-Raphaelites. 1858	110	,,	p. 329

	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION	
IV. TURNER.			
The Turner Bequest. 1856	117	Vol. XIII.	p. 81
Turner's Sketch-book. 1858	123 *n.*	,,	p. 324 *n.*
The Turner Bequest and the National Gallery. 1857	124	,,	p. 87
The Turner Sketches and Drawings. 1858	127	,,	p. 329
The Liber Studiorum. 1858	141 *n.*	Vol. XV.	p. xxiv.
The Turner Gallery at Kensington. 1859	143	Vol. XIII.	p. 339
Turner's Drawings. 1876 (July 5)	146	,,	p. 341
Turner's Drawings. 1876 (July 19)	153	,,	p. 345 *n.*
Copies of Turner's Drawings. 1876	154	,,	p. 576
Copies of Turner's Drawings—Extract. 1857	154 *n.*	,,	p. 576
Copy of Turner's Fluelen	*ibid.*	,,	p. 577
"Turners," false and true. 1871	156	,,	p. 579
The Character of Turner. 1857	157	,,	p. 554
Thornbury's Life of Turner. 1861	158	,,	p. 554 *n.*
V. PICTURES AND ARTISTS.			
John Leech's Outlines. 1872	161	Vol. XIV.	p. 332
Ernest George's Etchings. 1873	165	,,	p. 335
The Frederick Walker Exhibition. 1876	170	,,	p. 339
VI. ARCHITECTURE AND RESTORATION.			
Gothic Architecture and the Oxford Museum. 1858	181	Vol. XVI.	p. 211
Gothic Architecture and the Oxford Museum. 1859	191	,,	p. 219
The Castle Rock (Edinburgh). 1857 (Sept. 14)	214	Below,	p. 484
Edinburgh Castle. 1857 (Sept. 27)	217	,,	p. 486
Castles and Kennels. 1871 (Dec. 22)	223	,,	p. 506
Verona *v.* Warwick. 1871 (Dec. 24)	225	,,	p. 507
Notre Dame de Paris. 1871	227	,,	p. 503
Mr. Ruskin's Influence—a Defence. 1872 (March 15)	229	Vol. X.	p. 458
Mr. Ruskin's Influence—a Rejoinder. 1872 (March 21)	232	,,	p. 459
Modern Restorations. 1877	234	Below,	p. 531
Ribbesford Church. 1877	235	,,	p. 531
Circular relating to St. Mark's, Venice. 1879	237	Vol. XXIV.	p. 412
Letters relating to St. Mark's, Venice. 1879	251 *n.*	,,	p. 423
LETTERS ON SCIENCE:			
I. GEOLOGICAL.			
The Conformation of the Alps. 1864	255	Vol. XXVI.	p. 548
Concerning Glaciers. 1864	259	,,	p. 550
English *versus* Alpine Geology. 1864	268	,,	p. 553
Concerning Hydrostatics. 1864	274	,,	p. 557
James David Forbes: his real greatness. 1874	277	,,	p. 559
II. MISCELLANEOUS.			
On Reflections in Water. 1844	283	Vol. III.	p. 655
On the Reflection of Rainbows. 1861	299	Vol. XIV.	p. 474
A Landslip near Giagnano. 1841	302	Vol. I.	p. 211
On the Gentian. 1857	304	Vol. XIII.	p. 117
On the Study of Natural History (undated)	305	Vol. XVI.	p. 145

VOLUME II

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS CONTAINED IN VOL. II.	x.	See above,	p. 461 *n.*
LETTERS ON POLITICS AND WAR:			
The Italian Question. 1859.			
Three Letters: June 6	3	Vol. XVIII.	p. 537
June 15	12	,,	p. 541
August 1	20	,,	p. 544

LETTERS ON POLITICS AND WAR: *Continued:*	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION	
The Foreign Policy of England. 1863	23	Vol. XVIII.	p. 546
The Position of Denmark. 1864	26	,,	p. 548
The Jamaica Insurrection. 1865	30	,,	p. 550
The Franco-Prussian War. 1870.			
Two Letters: October 6	34	Below,	p. 499
October 7	38	,,	p. 500
Modern Warfare. 1876	43	,,	p. 522
LETTERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY:			
The Depreciation of Gold. 1863	53	Vol. XVII.	p. 489
The Law of Supply and Demand. 1864.			
Three Letters: October 26	56	,,	p. 499
October 29	58	,,	p. 500
November 2	63	,,	p. 502
Mr. Ruskin and Professor Hodgson. 1873.			
Two Letters: November 8	64	,,	p. 503
November 15	66	,,	p. 504
Strikes *v.* Arbitration. 1865	69	,,	p. 506
Work and Wages. 1865.			
Five Letters: April 20	72	,,	p. 507
April 22	75	,,	p. 509
April 29	78	,,	p. 510
May 4	86	,,	p. 514
May 20	91	,,	p. 516
The Standard of Wages. 1867	96	,,	p. 473
How the Rich spend their Money. 1873.			
Three Letters: January 23	98	,,	p. 553
January 28	100	,,	p. 554
January 30	102	,,	p. 554
Commercial Morality. 1875	105	Vol. XXVIII.	p. 271 *n.*
The Definition of Wealth. 1875	106	Vol. XVII.	p. 486
The Principles of Property. 1877	107	Below,	p. 533
On Co-operation. 1879-1880.			
Two Letters: August, 1879	109	Vol. XXIX.	p. 414 *n.*
April 12, 1880	110	,,	p. 414 *n.*
MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS:			
I. THE MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS.			
Is England Big Enough? 1868	115	Vol. XVII.	p. 529
The Ownership of Railways. 1868	119	,,	p. 530
Railway Economy. 1868	122	,,	p. 531
Our Railway System. 1865	129	,,	p. 528
Railway Safety. 1870	131	,,	p. 534
II. SERVANTS AND HOUSES.			
Domestic Servants—Mastership. 1865	135	,,	p. 518
Domestic Servants—Experience. 1865	138	,,	p. 519
Domestic Servants—Sonship and Slavery. 1865	140	,,	p. 520
Modern Houses. 1865	152	,,	p. 525
III. ROMAN INUNDATIONS.			
A King's First Duty. 1871	159	,,	p. 547
A Nation's Defences. 1871	162	,,	p. 548
The Waters of Comfort. 1871	165	,,	p. 549
The Streams of Italy. 1871	167	,,	p. 550
The Streets of London. 1871	172	Vol. XXVIII.	p. xvi
IV. EDUCATION FOR RICH AND POOR.			
True Education. 1868	177	Below,	p. 496
The Value of Lectures. 1874	179	,,	p. 517
The Cradle of Art! 1876	181	,,	p. 521
St. George's Museum. 1875	182	Vol. XXX.	p. 305
The Morality of Field Sports. 1870	184	Below,	p. 498
Drunkenness and Crime. 1871	187	,,	p. 505
Madness and Crime. 1872	189	Vol. XXVIII.	p. 219

	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION	
IV. EDUCATION FOR RICH AND POOR: *Continued:*			
Employment for the Destitute Poor and Criminal Classes. 1868	191	Vol. XVII.	p. 540
Notes on the General Principles of Employment for the Destitute and Criminal Classes (a Pamphlet). 1868	193	,,	p. 541
Blindness and Sight. 1879	205	Below,	p. 540
The Eagle's Nest. 1879	206	,,	p. 541
Politics in Youth. 1879	207	,,	p. 541
"Act, Act in the living present." 1873	208	,,	p. 508
"Laborare est orare." 1874	210	,,	p. 512
A Pagan Message. 1878	211	,,	p. 534
The Foundations of Chivalry. 1877–1878.			
Five Letters: February 8, 1877	212	,,	p. 527
February 10, 1877	214	,,	p. 528
February 11, 1877	216	,,	p. 529
February 12, 1877	218	,,	p. 530
July 3, 1878	219	,,	p. 530
V. WOMEN: THEIR WORK AND THEIR DRESS.			
Woman's Work. 1873	223	,,	p. 509
Female Franchise. 1870	225	,,	p. 499
Proverbs on Right Dress. 1862	226	,,	p. 491
Sad-coloured Costumes. 1870	229	,,	p. 502
Oak Silkworms. 1862	232	,,	p. 493
VI. LITERARY CRITICISM.			
The Publication of Books. 1875	235	,,	p. 519
A Mistaken Review. 1875	238	Vol. XV.	p. 491
The Position of Critics. 1875	241	Below,	p. 518
Coventry Patmore's "Faithful for Ever." 1860	243	,,	p. 488
"The Queen of the Air." 1871	248	,,	p. 504
The Animals of Scripture: a Review. 1856	250	,,	p. 483
"Limner" and Illumination. 1854	254	Vol. XII.	p. 478
Notes on a Word in Shakespeare. 1878.			
Two Letters: September	257	Below,	p. 535
September 29	258	,,	p. 535
"The Merchant of Venice." 1880	262	,,	p. 545
Recitations. 1880	264	,,	p. 545
APPENDIX.			
Letter to W. C. Bennett, LL.D. 1852	267	*Letters*[1]	
Letter to Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1853	269	Vol. XII.	p. xxx. *n.*
The Sale of Mr. Windus' Pictures. 1858	270	Below,	p. 488
At the Play. 1867	270	Vol. XVII.	p. 333 *n.*
An Object of Charity. 1868	271	Below,	p. 495
Excuses from Correspondence. 1868	272	,,	p. 651
Letter to the Author of a Review. 1872	273	,,	p. 508
An Oxford Protest. 1874	274	,,	p. 653
Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lowe. 1877	275	Vol. XXIX.	p. 207
The Bibliography of Ruskin. 1878.			
Two Letters: September 30	276	Below,	p. 537
October 23	276	,,	p. 537
The Society of the Rose. 1879	277	,,	p. 537
Letter to W. H. Harrison. 1865	278	*Letters*[1]	
Dramatic Reform. 1880. (Two Letters)	279	Below,	p. 549
The Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. 1880. (Five Letters)	282	,,	p. 547
EPILOGUE	285	,,	p. 473
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS CONTAINED IN BOTH VOLUMES	289	See above,	p. 461 *n.*
INDEX	301	Vol. XXXVIII.	

[1] That is, in the volumes of this edition (XXXVI. and XXXVII.) containing Ruskin's Letters to his Friends.

RUSKINIANA (1890)

In *Igdrasil*, the *Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild*, for 1890, a large number of pages were devoted to a collection of Ruskin's Letters, supplementary to *Arrows of the Chace*. This collection, under the heading "Ruskiniana," was contained in Nos. 3 (March), 4 (April), 5 (May), 6 (June), 7 (July), 8 (August), 9 (September), 10 (October), 11 (November), 12 (December); vol. i. pp. 81–87, 121–126, 169–176, 209–219, 249–255, 297–306, 345–350; vol. ii. pp. 11–17, 57–70, 97–105.

The collection was made by Mr. Wedderburn.

The collection was reprinted by Mr. Wedderburn with additions and notes in a volume with the following title-page:—

> Ruskiniana. | Part I. | Letters | published in, and collected from | various sources, | and mostly reprinted in | *Igdrasil* 1890. | Reprinted | for private circulation only. | 1890.

Royal 8vo, pp. viii.+119. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page (with imprint in centre of the reverse—"Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Ld., | London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Editor's Note, p. v.; Fly-title to Part I., p. vii.; Letters, with fly-title to each division, pp. 1–119. At the foot of p. 119 the imprint is repeated ("Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury").

Issued on February 6, 1891, in thick cream-coloured paper wrappers, lettered upon the back, "Ruskiniana. Part I.—Letters"; and upon the front cover, "Ruskiniana. | Part I." Ten copies only were printed, and the book is thus one of the most sought after of Ruskin rarities.

The Editor's Note is as follows:—

> "This part of *Ruskiniana* consists of letters by Mr. Ruskin, first published in various places, but not included in, and mostly subsequently to, *Arrows of the Chace*. They were almost all reprinted in *Igdrasil* during the year 1890, but in this edition some notes have been added, as well as one or two letters and passages, not given in *Igdrasil*. This reprint, for private circulation only, was limited to ten copies.
>
> "CHRISTMAS 1890."

A few misprints, errors in dates, etc., made in *Igdrasil* and *Ruskiniana*, have been corrected in the present edition: see, *e.g.*, pp. 496, 553, 558.

CONTENTS OF "RUSKINIANA," PART I. (1890)

Letters to Various Friends.

	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION
1.[1] To James Hogg, January 1834: by J. J. Ruskin	3	Vol. I. p. xxvii.
2. To ,, ,, February 1834	4	,, p. xxviii.
3. To Samuel Rogers, May 4	5	*Letters*[2]
4. To ,, ,, April 1845	5	,,
5. To ,, ,, December 17, 1847	6	,,
6. To ,, ,, July 5, 1850	6	,,
7. To ,, ,, June 23, 1852	7	Vol. XI. p. xxv.
8. To Miss Mitford, Good Friday, 1853	9	*Letters*
9. To ,, ,, April 22, 1854	10	,,
10. To ,, ,, July 29, 1854	11	,,
11. To ,, ,, August 7, 1854	12	,,
12. To Mrs. Hugh Miller, April 9, 1857	13	,,

[1] The letters, etc., are here numbered for convenience of reference.

[2] That is, in the volumes of this edition (XXXVI. and XXXVII.) containing Ruskin's Letters to his Friends.

	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION
Architecture and Painting.		
13. To Count Zorzi	17	Vol. XXIV. p. 405
14. Light and Water Colours	21	Vol. XIII. pp. 589–93
Minor Letters on Art.		
15. Turner	27	Below, p. 493
16. Turner	27	Vol. XIII. p. 555
17, 18. Miss Jay's Copies	28	,, p. 578
19. Mr. Ward's Copies	28	,, p. 577
20. A Turner Trouvaille	29	,, p. 579
21. A Drawing Lesson	29	Below, p. 554
22. Art in Manchester	30	,, p. 603
23. Sutton Palmer	30	Vol. XIV. p. 497
24. Wood-carving	31	Below, p. 555
25. Thomas Girtin	31	Vol. XIV. p. 498
26. Caricature	32	,, p. 490
27. W. J. Bunney	32	Below, p. 563
28. Sea Pictures	33	,, p. 564
29, 30. A Chesterfield Letter	33	,, p. 552
31. St. George's Museum	35	Vol. XXX. p. 316
32. ,,	35	,, p. 318
33. ,,	36	,, p. 319
34. ,,	36	,, p. 318
35. ,,	36	,, p. 322
36. A Gift from Mr. Ruskin	36	Vol. XXVI. p. 530
37. The Colenso Diamond	37	,, p. lv.
Railways and Scenery.		
38–40. Derbyshire Railways	41	Below, p. 568
41, 42. Ambleside Railway	45	,, p. 603
43. Footpaths	45	,, p. 580
44. The Shores of Coniston	46	,, p. 557
45. Welsh Scenery and Scott	46	,, p. 616
46. Old Folkestone	47	,, p. 610
Education and Pastimes.		
47. Nurseries	51	,, p. 559
48. Modern Education	51	,, p. 589
49. Seventeenth Century Results	52	,, p. 590
50. The Use of Pictures	52	Vol. XXVII. p. lxix.
51. Painting and Music	54	Below, p. 567
52. Mr. Ruskin's Teaching	54	,, p. 546
53. University Education	55	,, p. 556
54. The Business of Universities	56	,, p. 605
55. The Edinburgh University	57	,, p. 560
56. The Basis of True Work	57	*Letters*
57. English Sports	58	Below, p. 581
58. Billiards	58	,, p. 572
59. Amateur Chess	59	,, p. 573
Political Economy.		
60. Mr. Ruskin's Views	63	,, p. 589
61. The Rights of Labour	63	Vol. XVII. p. 9
62. Usury and the Jews	63	Below, p. 497
63. The Abolition of Rent	64	,, p. 599
64. Notes on the Land Question	64	Vol. XXIX. p. 598
65. Henry George	65	Below, p. 565
66. Keeping one's Money	66	,, p. 592
67. Wasting it	66	,, p. 593
68, 69. The Crime of Debt	66	,, p. 595
70. Unobjectionable Theft	67	,, p. 597
71. St. George's Farms	67	,, p. 619
72. The Chances of Reform	68	,, p. 598
73. Modern Selfishness	68	,, p. 611
Politics.		
74. Ceasing to be English	71	,, p. 613
75. Mr. Ruskin on the Situation	71	,, p. 578
76. Gordon and Carlyle	72	,, p. 579

Politics—continued.	PAGE	IN THIS EDITION
77. The Irish Question	73	Below, p. 581
78. National Penance	73	,, p. 596
79. A Political Ideal	73	,, p. 597
80. The Irish Green Book	74	Vol. XIV. p. 490
81. Home Rule	74	Below, p. 602
82. Leadership	75	,, p. 601
83. Trafalgar Square	76	,, p. 612
Books and their Writers.		
84–86. The Best Hundred Books	79	,, p. 582
87. The Bible	84	,, p. 593
88, 89. Books which have influenced me	85	,, p. 605
90. To W. J. Stillman	86	*Letters*
91. Charles Dickens	88	Below, p. 612
92. Novels and their Endings	89	,, p. 614
93. Scott and Scotsmen	90	,, p. 606
94. Blake's Poems	90	,, p. 521
95. The Life of St. Patrick	91	,, p. 592
96. Short Words and Long	91	,, p. 558
97, 98. The Crown of Wild Olive	92	,, p. 494
99. Mr. Ruskin's Lectures	92	Vol. XXXIII. p. 524
100. A Lecture on Birds	93	,, p. 524
101. Translators	93	Below, p. 615
102. The Perfection of Printing	94	,, p. 543
103. True News of Good	94	,, p. 543
104. The *Pall Mall Gazette*	94	,, p. 607
105. The Value of Laziness	95	*Letters*
106. The Minister's Wooing	96	,,
107. To Mrs. Beecher Stowe	97	,,
Miscellaneous Letters.		
108. Gothic Nomenclature	101	Below, p. 481
109. To W. M. Thackeray	102	*Letters*
110. To a Friend	103	,,
111. To D. G. Rossetti	105	,,
112–114. To G. F. Watts	105	Vol. XIV. pp. 471–3
115, 116. To D. D. Home	107	Vol. XVIII. p. 31
117. Carpaccio. To E. Burne-Jones	109	Vol. IV. p. 356
118. To S. C. Hall	109	*Letters*
119. To S. B. Bancroft	109	,,
120–122. To a Friend in Italy	110	,,
123. Proserpina	111	Vol. XXV. p. xxxiv.
124. The Certainty of Revolution	111	Below, p. 544
125. George Eliot	112	,, p. 558
126–128. Excuses from Correspondence	112	,, p. 652
129. Jumbo at the Zoo	113	,, p. 560
130. To H. R. Barraud	113	,, p. 562
131. A Pennyworth of Thoughts	114	,, p. 565
132. Epitaph on Osborne Gordon	114	,, p. 647
133. Epitaph on the Duke of Albany	115	,, p. 647
134. To the Saltaire Salt Schools	115	,, p. 563
135. Stippling	115	,, p. 577
136. To C. M. Barker	115	*Letters*
137. The Slade Professorship	116	Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi.
138. Absent yet Present	116	Vol. XXX. p. xxxix.
139. Darwinism	116	Below, p. 596
140. An Earthquake at Florence	117	,, p. 611
141. Christian Catholicism	117	Vol. XXIX. p. 92
142. Mr. Ruskin's Creed	118	Below, p. 618
143. Bicycles	118	,, p. 617
144. "From Mr. Ruskin"	118	,, p. 619

(For synopsis of the Contents of Part II. of *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 624.)

Of the Letters enumerated in this Bibliographical Note, 142 are included in the present volume, and 131 have been given in previous volumes. For the source of 50 other Letters in the present volume, and for fuller particulars in the case of all the Letters, see the separate notes to them severally.]

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

[1880]

My good Editor insists that this book must have an Author's Preface; and insists further that it shall not contain compliments to him on the editorship. I must leave, therefore, any readers who care for the book, and comprehend the trouble that has been spent on it, to pay him their own compliments, as the successive service of his notes may call for them: but my obedience to his order, not in itself easy to me, doubles the difficulty I have in doing what, nevertheless, I am resolved to do,—pay, that is to say, several extremely fine compliments to myself, upon the quality of the text.

For of course I have read none of these letters since they were first printed: of half of them I had forgotten the contents, of some, the existence; all come fresh to me; and here in Rouen, where I thought nothing could possibly have kept me from drawing all I could of the remnants of the old town, I find myself, instead, lying in bed in the morning, reading these remnants of my old self,—and that with much contentment and thankful applause.

For here are a series of letters ranging over a period of, broadly, forty years of my life;[1] most of them written hastily, and all in hours snatched from heavier work: and in the entire mass of them there is not a word I wish to change, not a statement I have to retract, and, I believe, few pieces of advice, which the reader will not find it for his good to act upon.

With which brief preface I am, for my own part,

[1] [1840–1880 in the original edition.]

content; but as it is one of an unusual tenour, and may be thought by some of my friends, and all my foes, more candid than graceful, I permit myself the apologetic egotism of enforcing one or two of the points in which I find these letters so well worth—their author's—reading.

In the building of a large book, there are always places where an indulged diffuseness weakens the fancy, and prolonged strain subdues the energy: when we have time to say all we wish, we usually wish to say more than enough; and there are few subjects we can have the pride of exhausting, without wearying the listener. But all these letters were written with fully provoked zeal, under strict allowance of space and time: they contain the choicest and most needful things I could within narrow limits say, out of many contending to be said; expressed with deliberate precision; and recommended by the best art I had in illustration or emphasis. At the time of my life in which most of them were composed, I was fonder of metaphor, and more fertile in simile, than I am now; and I employed both with franker trust in the reader's intelligence. Carefully chosen, they are always a powerful means of concentration; and I could then dismiss in six words, "thistledown without seeds, and bubbles without colour,"[1] forms of art on which I should now perhaps spend half a page of analytic vituperation; and represent, with a pleasant accuracy which my best methods of outline and exposition could now no more achieve, the entire system of modern plutocratic policy, under the luckily remembered image of the Arabian bridegroom, bewitched with his heels uppermost.[2]

It is to be remembered also that many of the subjects handled can be more conveniently treated controversially, than directly; the answer to a single question may be made clearer than a statement which endeavours to anticipate many; and the crystalline vigour of a truth is often best seen in the course of its serene collision with a trembling

[1] [In a letter now printed in Vol. XIV. p. 330.]
[2] [In a letter of 1865: see in this edition, Vol. XVII. p. 523.]

handled throughout ~~in these letters~~, ~~also~~, can be more conveniently treated ~~of~~ controversially than directly: the answer to a single question may ~~generally~~ be made clearer than ~~the~~ a statement which endeavours to anticipate ~~several~~ many: and the crystalline vigour of a truth is often best seen in the course of its ~~serene~~ serene collisions with ~~pulverulent~~ a ~~crumbling~~ trembling & dissolving fallacies.

But there is a deeper reason than any ~~many~~ literary ones ~~of these for the~~ such accidental ones for the quality of this book ~~letters~~. Since these letters cost me, as aforesaid, much trouble, ~~to write~~, — since they interrupted me in pleasant work which was usually liable to ~~mischief~~ take harm by interruption — and since — as will be seen in several instances, they were ~~liable~~ likely almost in the degree of their force, to be refused by the editors of the adverse journals, I never was tempted into writing a word for the public press, unless concerning matters which I had ~~very~~ much at heart. And the issue is, therefore, that the following ... indica...

relate to events of the most profound historical political notices importance that have occurred during the period they cover — and it has been not an uneventful one.

~~Its events have been grave, also, & but all inconclusive.~~

Nor have the events been without gravity; the greater, because they have all been inconclusive, ~~and~~ while their true conclusions are perhaps nearer than any of us ~~can~~ apprehend; and the part I may be ~~called~~ forced to take in them, though I am old — or perhaps I should rather say, because I am old — will as far as I can either judge, or resolve ~~see~~ — be not merely that literary; ~~one of literary recreation~~ ~~Enough of my life has been spent in sorrowful witness, & unattended counselling~~

Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear; and which are as pure of selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world.

V Ruskin. St Michael's Day. 1880.

A Page of the MS. of the Preface to "Arrows of the Chace"

Between pp. 470, 471

and dissolving fallacy. But there is a deeper reason than any such accidental ones for the quality of this book. Since the letters cost me, as aforesaid, much trouble; since they interrupted me in pleasant work which was usually liable to take harm by interruption; and since they were likely almost, in the degree of their force, to be refused by the editors of the adverse journals, I never was tempted into writing a word for the public press, unless concerning matters which I had much at heart. And the issue is, therefore, that the two following volumes contain very nearly the indices of everything I have deeply cared for during the last forty years; while not a few of their political notices relate to events of more profound historical importance than any others that have occurred during the period they cover; and it has not been an uneventful one.

Nor have the events been without gravity; the greater, because they have all been inconclusive. Their true conclusions are perhaps nearer than any of us apprehend; and the part I may be forced to take in them, though I am old,—perhaps I should rather say, *because* I am old,—will, as far as I can either judge or resolve, be not merely literary.

Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear;[1] and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world.

J. RUSKIN.

ROUEN, *St. Firmin's Day,* 1880.[2]

[1] [Compare the Preface to vol. v. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 10).]

[2] [September 25. For St. Firmin, see *Bible of Amiens* (Vol. XXXIII.), on which book Ruskin was now engaged.]

EPILOGUE

[1880]

I FIND my immitigable Editor insists on epilogue as well as prologue from his submissive Author; which would have fretted me a little, since the last letter of the series[1] appears to me a very pretty and comprehensive sum of the matters in the book, had not the day on which, as Fors would have it, I am to write its last line, brought to my mind something of importance which I forgot to say in the preface; nor will it perhaps be right to leave wholly without explanation the short closing letter to which I have just referred.

It should be observed that it was written to the President of the *Liberal* party of the Glasgow students, in answer to the question which I felt to be wholly irrelevant to the business in hand, and which could not have been answered in anything like official terms with anything short of a forenoon's work. I gave the answer, therefore, in my own terms, not in the least petulant, but chosen to convey as much information as I could in the smallest compass; and carrying it accurately facetted and polished on the angles.

For instance, I never, under any conditions of provocation or haste, would have said that I hated Liberalism as I did *Mammon*, or Belial, or Moloch. I chose the milder fiend of Ekron, as the true exponent and patron of Liberty, the God of Flies;[2] and if my Editor, in final kindness, can refer the reader to the comparison of the House-fly and

[1] [See now, pp. 548–549.]
[2] [2 Kings i. 2: compare Vol. IV. p. 191, Vol. XXII. p. 532, Vol. XXV. p. 46.]

House-dog, in (he, and not I, must say where[1]) the letter will have received all the illustration which I am minded to give it. I was only surprised that after its publication, of course never intended, though never forbidden by me, it passed with so little challenge, and was, on the whole, understood as it was meant.

The more important matter I have to note in closing, is the security given to the conclusions arrived at in many subjects treated of in these letters, in consequence of the breadth of the basis on which the reasoning is founded. The multiplicity of subject, and opposite directions of investigation, which have so often been alleged against me, as if sources of weakness, are in reality, as the multiplied buttresses of the apse of Amiens, as secure in allied result as they are opposed in direction. Whatever (for instance) I have urged in economy has ten times the force when it is remembered to have been pleaded for by a man loving the splendour, and advising the luxury of ages which overlaid their towers with gold, and their walls with ivory. No man, oftener than I, has had cast in his teeth the favourite adage of the insolent and the feeble—"ne sutor."[2] But it has always been forgotten by the speakers that, although the proverb might on some occasions be wisely spoken by an artist to a cobbler, it could never be wisely spoken by a cobbler to an artist.

J. RUSKIN.

AMIENS, *St. Crispin's Day*, 1880.[3]

[1] [See *The Cestus of Aglaia*, §§ 74, 75 (Vol. XIX. p. 123).]
[2] [See above, p. 255 *n.*]
[3] [October 25.]

CONTENTS

In the present List of Contents, the Letters are arranged under subjects. *In the pages which follow, they are arranged in their* chronological *order, as explained above* (*p.* 461 n.), *and a list of them in that order has already been given* (*pp.* xi.–xvi.).

ARCHITECTURE :—

PAGE

HISTORICAL NOMENCLATURE FOR ENGLISH GOTHIC (1851) . . 481
NOTRE DAME DE PARIS (1871) 503
THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS (TWO LETTERS, 1874) 513

ART (*see also* "Turner") :—

"THE ANIMALS OF SCRIPTURE": A LETTER AND A REVIEW (1854) 482
THE W. J. BUNNEY MEMORIAL FUND (1883) 563
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (TWO LETTERS, 1884) 565
THE PURCHASE OF PICTURES (1880) 542
RAPHAEL FOR LIVERPOOL: THE COLONNA MADONNA (1873) . . 512
SEA PICTURES (1883) 564
ART AND SMOKE (1876) 521
STIPPLING (1884) 577
WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN (1880) 544
THE WINDUS SALE (1859) 488
WOOD-CARVING (TWO LETTERS, 1881, 1882) 555

ART TEACHING :—

ART-TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE (1866) 490
ART IN MANCHESTER (1887) 603
A CHESTERFIELD LETTER (THREE LETTERS, 1880) . . . 551
TO THE DERBY SCHOOL OF ART (1873) 510
A DRAWING LESSON (1881 ?) 554
PICTURES FOR THE POOR (1886 ?) 600
RULES OF PERSPECTIVE (1884) 573

AUTHOR: HIS BOOKS:—

PAGE

"THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE" (TWO LETTERS, 1866) . . 494
"THE EAGLE'S NEST" (1879) 541
"FORS CLAVIGERA" (1871, 1879) 505
"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR" (1871, 1880) 504, 551
TO A REVIEWER OF HIS WORKS (1872) 508
HIS METHODS OF PUBLICATION (1875) 519
SHEPHERD'S "BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSKIN" (TWO LETTERS, 1878) . 537
FOREIGN TRANSLATIONS (1888, 1896) 615
THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE: GLASGOW RUSKIN SOCIETY (1879) . 539
RUSKIN'S TEACHING (1880) 546
"MR. RUSKIN'S VIEWS" (1886) 589

AUTHOR: PERSONALIA:—

PHOTOGRAPHS (1882) 562
THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES (1882) 560
THE SALTAIRE SALT SCHOOLS (1883) 563
HIS ILLNESSES (1886) 598
TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN (1886) 599
A MEDAL FROM THE PRINCE OF MANTUA (1887) 561
"MR. RUSKIN'S CREED" (1889) 618
ST. GEORGE'S FARMS (1889) 619
RUSKIN HALL (1899) 622

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS, READING, ETC.:—

THE BIBLE (1886) 593
WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS (1876) 521
DICKENS (1888) 612
GEORGE ELIOT (1881) 558
EMERSON (1883) 563
CHARLES KINGSLEY (1887) 609
GERALD MASSEY'S POEMS (1869) 497
COVENTRY PATMORE'S "FAITHFUL FOR EVER" (1860) . . . 488
SCOTT AND SCOTSMEN (1887) 606
SCOTT: "WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE" (1885) 577
NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE (TWO LETTERS, 1878) . . 535
SYDNEY SMITH (1883) 564
ADVICE TO A READER (1886) 589

Books and their Writers, Reading, etc.: *Continued*:—

PAGE

The best hundred books (three letters, 1886) . . . 582
Books which have influenced me (two letters, 1887) . . 605
Cheap books (two letters, 1884, 1887) 576, 610
Novels and their endings (1888) 614
The position of critics (1875) 518
The reading of nonsense (1879) 540
Short words and long (1881) 558

Charity:—

An object of charity (1868) 496
The blind (1871) 505
Blindness and sight (1879) 540

Economics:—

The abolition of rent (1886) 599
The principles of property (1877) 533
Unobjectionable theft (1886) 597
Usury and interest (1885) 579
Usury and the Jews (1868) 497

Education (*see also* "Art Teaching"):—

True education (1868) 496
Modern education (1886) 589
Seventeenth-century results (1886) 590
University education (1881) 556
The business of universities (1887) 605
The Slade professorship at Oxford (1874) 518
A gentle scholar (1876) 525
Painting and music (1884) 567
The teaching of singing (1877) 532
The value of lectures (1874) 517

Ethics:—

The foundations of chivalry (five letters, 1877, 1878) . 526
Parental responsibility (1875) 520
A Christian's duty (1886) 594
The crime of debt (two letters, 1886) 595
Modern selfishness (1887) 611

Games and Sports:—

PAGE

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS (1870) 498
BILLIARDS (1884) 572
AMATEUR CHESS (FOUR LETTERS, 1884, 1885) 573
MODERN ENGLISH SPORTS (1885) 580
BICYCLES (1888) 617

Journalism:—

TRUE NEWS OF GOOD (1880) 543
THE FUNCTION OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" (1887) . . 607
JOURNALISM (1888) 617
"THE CHURCH REFORMER" (1884) 567
ART CRITICISM (1884) 576

Messages:—

"ACT, ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT" (1872) 509
"LABORARE EST ORARE" (1873) 512
A PAGAN MESSAGE (1877) 534
COUNSEL TO YOUNG SCOTS (1881) 553

Politics (*see also* "Economics"):—

FEMALE FRANCHISE (1870) 499
THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR (TWO LETTERS, 1870) . . . 499
COMING CATASTROPHE (1871) 504
DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME (1871) 505
POLITICS IN YOUTH (1879) 541
THE CERTAINTY OF REVOLUTION (1880) 544
THE LORD RECTORSHIP OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY (FIVE LETTERS, 1880) 547
HENRY GEORGE AND LAND REFORM (1884) 565
GORDON AND THE SOUDAN (*February* 19, 1885) . . . 578
GORDON AND CARLYLE (1885) 579
THE IRISH QUESTION (1886) 581
NATIONAL PENANCE (1886) 596
A POLITICAL IDEAL (1886) 597
THE CHANCES OF REFORM (1886) 598
LEADERSHIP (1887) 601
HOME RULE (1887) 602
THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE RIOTS (1887) 612
CEASING TO BE ENGLISH (1888) 613

PRESERVATION OF SCENERY AND ANCIENT BUILDINGS:—

PAGE

THE CASTLE ROCK, EDINBURGH (TWO LETTERS, 1857) . . . 484
CASTLES AND KENNELS (1871) 506
VERONA *v.* WARWICK (1871) 507
MODERN RESTORATION (1877) 531
RIBBESFORD CHURCH (1877) 531
THE SHORES OF CONISTON (1881) 557
THE DESTRUCTION OF FOOTPATHS (1885) 580
THE LAKE DISTRICT (1887) 604
OLD FOLKESTONE (1887) 610
THE FALLS OF FOYERS (1895) 621
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (1896) 621

RAILWAYS:—

THE DORE AND CHINLEY LINE, DERBYSHIRE (THREE LETTERS, 1884) 568
THE PROJECTED AMBLESIDE RAILWAY (TWO LETTERS, 1887) . . 603

STAGE:—

IRVING'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE" (1880) 545
THE MISSES WEBLING'S RECITATIONS (1880) 545
DRAMATIC REFORM (TWO LETTERS, 1880) 549

TURNER:—

TURNER AND CLAUDE (1863) 493
THE WINDMILL AND LOCK, "LIBER STUDIORUM" (1873) . . 510
RAWLINSON'S CATALOGUE OF "LIBER STUDIORUM" (1878) . . 538
A NEWLY DISCOVERED TURNER (1884) 567

WAR:—

MODERN WARFARE (1876) 522

WOMEN AND DRESS:—

WOMAN'S WORK (1873) 509
NURSERIES (1881) 559
PROVERBS ON RIGHT DRESS (1862) 491
SAD-COLOURED COSTUMES (1870) 502

MISCELLANEOUS:—

	PAGE
OAK SILKWORMS (1862)	493
AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS (1867)	495
LIFE IN GLASGOW (1877)	534
THE PERFECTION OF PRINTING (1880)	543
JUMBO AT THE ZOO (1882)	560
A PENNYWORTH OF THOUGHTS (1883)	565
THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK (1886)	592
KEEPING ONE'S MONEY (1886)	592
WASTING IT (1886)	593
DARWINISM (1886)	595
LIFE ASSURANCE (1887)	600
AT WHAT AGE SHOULD A MAN MARRY? (1887)	609
AN EARTHQUAKE AT FLORENCE (1887)	611
WELSH SCENERY (1888)	616
THE SCENERY OF SCOTT (1888)	616
THE ALPS (1889)	617
THE WELSH LANGUAGE (1889)	620
FROM THE AUTHOR OF "MUNERA PULVERIS" (1889)	618
ICELANDIC INDUSTRIES (1890)	620

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

A HISTORICAL NOMENCLATURE FOR ENGLISH GOTHIC

[The proposed nomenclature, discussed in the letter, sufficiently appears in a note which Ruskin wrote to his father from Venice (October 19, 1851) on the subject:—

> "Looking over some of the papers you have sent me in your last letters, I find the extract from the *Builder*—which you sent, and I glanced at, merely for the use made of my name—to be a very interesting proposal by Mr. Garbett for the introduction of a new nomenclature for English Gothic,—namely, that instead of *descriptive* names, like 'Perpendicular,' 'Lancet,' 'Decorated,' and the like, it should receive *historical* names, 'Edwardian,' 'Lancastrian,' etc., to fit in with the now universally received 'Norman,' 'Saxon,' 'Tudor,' and the old classical 'Corinthian,' 'Doric,' 'Ionic.'
>
> "The innovation I think admirable; it will make all nomenclature consistent; and will be a great help to people in connecting styles with national character. I therefore mean to send a single line either to-morrow or next day, expressing my entire concurrence in the proposal, for you to send to the *Builder*—concurrence I mean in the principle of the proposal; whether 'Edwardian' or 'Lancastrian' be the best terms, I do not take on me to decide."

Ruskin's father duly forwarded the letter, which appeared in the *Builder*, November 1, 1851 (vol. ix. p. 686); it was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 97, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 102 (No. 108).]

To the Editor of the "Builder"

VENICE [*October* 1851].

In your number for 4th of October, there is a proposal by Mr. Garbett to introduce a historical, instead of descriptive nomenclature, for English Gothic. The discussion to which it must have given rise will probably be nearly over by the time you receive this; but I should be glad if you would permit me, though thus late, to express in your columns my entire concurrence in Mr. Garbett's views, and my hope that his suggestion may be quickly and generally acted upon. I am not sure that the names he proposes are the best which could be chosen, but I am very sure that the principle is right, and that the adoption of a nomenclature of this kind would not only put an end to innumerable vain disputes and harmful obscurities of expression, but help the general public to a better understanding of the relation of art to the political circumstances of nations.

I see there is fault found, in the same paper, with my way of

talking of Orders.[1] I will render reason for this elsewhere, having time at present only to fulfil a neglected duty towards another of your correspondents. Several months ago,[2] some plumber or glazier[3] was trying, in your columns, to defend the modern practices of marbling, graining, and such other lying ornamentation, from what I had alleged against them, when one of the ablest of your correspondents took up the good cause and answered him so thoroughly, handling several parts of the subject much better than I had been able to do, that I have ever since had it in my mind to request you to convey my thanks to him for his defence, not of me or my sayings, but of most important truth. I have not your paper by me here, and cannot, therefore, say in what numbers the discussion appeared; but your readers will probably remember it, or, if not, will find it worth the trouble of a little search.

J. Ruskin.

"THE ANIMALS OF SCRIPTURE"

[The full title of the book, dealt with in this letter and review, is *Twenty Photographs; being illustrations of Scripture. By an Animal Painter; with Notes by a Naturalist.* Imperial 4to. Edinburgh: Constable, 1854. The work was reprinted, with engravings of the photographs, in *Good Words* for 1861; and a new edition (revised) appeared in 1886 under the title *Bible Beasts and Birds: a New Edition of "Illustrations of Scripture by an Animal Painter."* This new edition omitted two of the original illustrations (adding four others) and the Naturalist's Notes. The "animal painter" was Mrs. Hugh Blackburn (*née* Jemima Wedderburn), named in *Præterita*, ii. § 208. An account of her life and work is given in vol. iii. pp. 394–408 of Ellen C. Clayton's *English Female Artists* (1876). The "Naturalist" (chosen by the publisher) was James Wilson, a brother of "Christopher North."]

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[1] [Mr. Garbett, in the paper referred to by Ruskin (*Builder*, 1851, p. 619), had said: "I submit that the ancients followed the right method of nomenclature for our art, in naming their styles of it, Corinthian, Ionic, etc., which the shallow conceit of moderns has affected to improve into 'Foliaged,' 'Voluted,' 'Massy-Capitalled,' etc., as if their differences consisted in this or that number being decorated thus or thus. Any one with the smallest perception of the wonderful completeness, all-pervading character, and immiscibility of the different Grecian orders, must be astounded to see so true an amateur as Ruskin treating them as if all their difference resided in their capitals." For Ruskin's classification of orders according to their capitals, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 141 (§ 13), 379–380, 426). He reasoned further of the matter in the succeeding volumes: see, *e.g.*, Vol. X. p. 291 *n.*, Vol. XI. p. 119.]

[2] [The reference is to an account, in the *Builder* of January 18, 1851 (vol. ix. pp. 40, 41), of a paper by Mr. William Ballantine "On Ornamental Art as applicable to the internal decoration of houses," in which he defended "the system of painting in imitation of woods and marbles which a recent high authority had condemned." The reference is to *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 75 *seq.* Mr. Ballantine was answered in the *Builder* of February 1 (pp. 71–72) in a paper, in defence of Ruskin, signed "Calotect." A rejoinder from Mr. Ballantine (February 8, p. 93) closed the discussion.]

[3] [Here the editor of the *Builder* appended the following footnote:—

"Mr. Ballantine and those who know him well will, we have no doubt, excuse us for allowing Mr. Ruskin to choose his own mode of expression.—Ed."]

1. A LETTER TO THE ARTIST[1]

[1854.]

DEAR MRS. BLACKBURN,—I have your book, and am much pleased with it. It is very impressive, and in many respects delightfully original. I like Jezebel[2] better than I expected—only she needn't have had quite such a broad foot—and I like Pharaoh's frowning at the sea—and I like the little girl who don't like Frogs—and I like Lazarus (perhaps the best of all), and I like the ape talking to the peacock about his tail, and I like intensely the swallow and the stork.

But how in the world could you poke the best-beloved Ass into the stable with the Ox? Of all the beasts, she should have been first. You should have put her with her colt at the meeting of the two ways. And how in the world could you miss the *Serpent?*

Bill with his sticks is delightful.[3] I had not caught the idea of the crown of thorns. I wish you had written the illustrations yourself—you know the printer would have put the spelling to rights. I *cannot* get you inventive people to explain your own notions in a plain way to the public. I am writing something about the book. Would you ask your publisher—— No: I'll manage it myself. Best regards to your husband.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

2. A REVIEW[4]

1855.

Among the various illustrated works which usually grace the beginning of the year, has appeared one which, though of graver and less attractive character than its companions, is likely to occupy a more permanent place on the library shelves. We allude to *Illustrations of Scripture, by an Animal Painter*, a work which, whatever its faults or weaknesses, shows at least a singular power of giving reality and interest to scenes which are apt to be but feebly, if at all, brought before the mental vision, in consequence of our familiarity with the words which describe them. The idea of the work is itself sufficiently original. The animals are throughout principal, and the pathos or moral of the passage to be illustrated is developed from these apparently subordinate parts in it. Thus the luxury and idolatry of the reign of Solomon are hinted behind a group of "apes and peacocks";[5] the Deluge is subordinate to the dove; and the healing of the lunatic at Gennesareth to the destruction of the herd of swine.

[1] [This letter was first printed in *English Female Artists*, 1876, pp. 403–404; it was reprinted on p. vii. of *Bible Beasts and Birds*, 1886. A few corrections (from the original letter) have been made in the present text.]

[2] [A picture (No. 10 in ed. 1) illustrating the words, "In the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat of the flesh of Jezebel." The following references are to Plates 6, 5, 20, 9, 14, 15.]

[3] [The reference is to Plate 3 (the ram caught in a thicket), in which is a lad (for which one of Mrs. Blackburn's sons stood model) carrying a bundle of sticks, while the thorny thicket in which the ram is caught is drawn so as to suggest the crown of thorns.]

[4] [From the *Morning Chronicle*, January 20, 1855. Reprinted in the *Evening Journal*, January 22; and in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 250–253.]

[5] [1 Kings x. 22.]

In general, to approach an object from a new point of view is to place it in a clearer light, and perhaps the very strangeness of the treatment in some cases renders the subject more impressive than it could have been made by any more regular method of conception. But, at all events, supposing the studies of the artist to have been chiefly directed to animals, and her power to lie principally in seizing their character, she is to be thanked for filling her sketches of the inferior creatures with so much depth of meaning, and rendering the delineation even of an ape, or a swallow, suggestive of the most solemn trains of thought.

As so suggestive, without pretence or formalism, these drawings deserve a place of peculiar honour in the libraries of the young, while there are also some qualities in them which fit them for companionship with more elaborate works of art. The subject of "Lazarus" is treated with a courage and tenderness which say much for the painter's imagination, and more for her heart; and the waste of waters above which the raven hovers is expressed, though rudely, yet in a way which tells of many an hour spent in watching the play of the evening light upon the movement of the wearied sea. It is true that most of the compositions are weakened by a very visible contempt, if not ignorance, of the laws which regulate the harmonies of shade, as well as by a painful deficiency in the drawing. Still there is a life and sincerity in them which are among the rarest qualities in art; and one characteristic, very remarkable in the works of a person described in the text (we doubt not, much against her will) as an "accomplished lady"[1]—we mean the peculiar tendency to conceptions of fearfulness, or horror, rather than of beauty. The camel, for instance, might, we should have thought, as easily, and to many persons much more pleasingly, have illustrated the meeting of Rebekah with the servant of Abraham, as the desolation of Rabbah; and the dog might as gracefully have been brought forward to remind us of the words of the Syro-Phœnician woman, as to increase the horror of the death of Jezebel.[2] There are curious evidences of a similar disposition in some of the other plates; and while it appears to us indicative of the strength of a mind of no common order, we would caution the fair artist against permitting it to appear too frequently. It renders the series of drawings in some degree repulsive to many persons, and even by those who can sympathise with it, might sometimes be suspected of having its root in a sublime kind of affectation.

We have spoken of these studies as drawings. They are, in fact, as good, being photographic facsimiles of the original sketches. The text is copious, and useful as an elucidation of the natural history of Scripture.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

[This and the following letter were addressed to the editor of the *Witness* (Edinburgh), in which paper they appeared on September 16 and 30, 1857. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 214–216, 217–222.]

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[1] [In the "Prefatory Note" signed "J. W."]

[2] [For the Bible references here, see Genesis xxiv.; 2 Samuel xi., xii.; Mark vii. 26; 2 Kings ix.]

To the Editor of the "Witness"

(1) DUNBAR, 14*th September*, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I was leaving Edinburgh this morning,[1] I heard a report which gave me more concern than I can easily express, and very sufficiently spoiled the pleasure of my drive here. If there be no truth in the said report, of course take no notice of this letter; but if there be real grounds for my fears, I trust you will allow me space in your columns for a few words on the subject.

The whisper—I hope I may say, the calumny—regarded certain proceedings which are taking place at the Castle. It was said to be the architect's intention to cut down into the brow of the Castle rock, in order to afford secure foundation for some new buildings.[2]

Now, the Castle rock of Edinburgh is, as far as I know, simply the noblest in Scotland conveniently approachable by any creatures but sea-gulls or peewits. Ailsa and the Bass are of course more wonderful; and, I suppose, in the West Highlands there are masses of crag more wild and fantastic; but people only go to see these once or twice in their lives, while the Castle Rock has a daily influence in forming the taste, or kindling the imagination, of every promising youth in Edinburgh. Even irrespectively of its position, it is a mass of singular importance among the rocks of Scotland. It is not easy to find among your mountains a "craig" of so definite a form, and on so magnificent a scale. Among the central hills of Scotland, from Ben Wyvis to the Lammermuirs, I know of none comparable to it; while, besides being bold and vast, its bars of basalt are so nobly arranged, and form a series of curves at once so majestic and harmonious, from the turf at their base to the roots of the bastions, that, as long as your artists have that crag to study, I do not see that they need casts from Michael Angelo, or any one else, to teach them the laws of composition or the sources of sublimity.

But if you once cut into the brow of it, all is over. Disturb, in any single point, the simple lines in which the walls now advance and recede upon the tufted grass of its summit, and you may as well make a quarry of it at once, and blast away rock, Castle, and all. It admits of some question whether the changes made in the architecture of your city of late years are in every case improvements; but very certainly you cannot improve the architecture of your volcanic crags by any explosive retouches. And your error will be wholly irremediable. You may restore Trinity Chapel,[3] or repudiate its restoration, at your pleasure, but there will be no need to repudiate restoration of the Castle rock. You cannot re-face nor re-rivet that, nor order another in a "similar style." It is a dangerous

[1] [For Ruskin's tour in Scotland in 1857, see Vol. VII. p. xxv., and *Præterita*, iii. § 11.]

[2] [A new armoury was to be added to the Castle.]

[3] [The reference is to Trinity College Church, one of the parish churches of Edinburgh since the Reformation, a fine building of late Gothic founded by Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II. of Scotland, in 1462. It had been pulled down in 1845 to make way for the North British Railway. After much discussion, and long legal proceedings, it was rebuilt in 1871–1872, part of the old being incorporated in the new church.]

kind of engraving which you practise on so large a jewel. But I trust I am wasting my time in writing of this: I cannot believe the report, nor think that the people of Edinburgh, usually so proud of their city, are yet so unaware of what constitutes its chief nobleness, and so utterly careless of the very features of its scenery, which have been the means of the highest and purest education to their greatest men, as to allow this rock to be touched. If the works are confined to the inside of the wall, no harm will be done; but let a single buttress, or a single cleft, encumber or divide its outer brow, and there is not a man of sensibility or sense in Edinburgh who will not blush and grieve for it as long as he lives.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

(2)

Penrith, 27*th September* [1857].

My dear Sir,—I see by some remarks in the *Literary Gazette*[1] on the letter of mine to which you gave a place in your columns of the 16th, that the design of the proposed additions to Edinburgh Castle is receiving really serious consideration. Perhaps, therefore, a few words respecting the popular but usually unprofitable business of castle-building may be of some interest to your readers. We are often a little confused in our ideas respecting the nature of a castle—properly so called. A "castle" is a fortified dwelling-house containing accommodation for as many retainers as are needed completely to defend its position. A "fortress" is a fortified military position, generally understood to be extensive enough to contain large bodies of troops. And a "citadel," a fortified military position connected with a fortified town, and capable of holding out even if the town were taken.

It is as well to be clear on these points: for certain conditions of architecture are applicable and beautiful in each case, according to the use and character of the building; and certain other conditions are in like manner inapplicable and ugly, because contrary to its character, and unhelpful to its use.

Now this helpfulness and unhelpfulness in architectural features depends, of course, primarily on the military practice of the time; so that forms which were grand, because rational, before gunpowder was invented, are ignoble, because ridiculous, in days of shell and shot. The very idea and possibility of the castle proper have passed away with the arms of the Middle Ages. A man's house might be defended by his servants against a troop of cavalry, if its doors were solid and its battlements pierced. But it cannot be defended against a couple of field-pieces, whatever the thickness of its oak, or number of its arrow-slits.

I regret, as much as any one can regret, the loss of castellated architecture properly so called. Nothing can be more noble or interesting than the true thirteenth or fourteenth century castle, when built in a difficult position, its builder taking advantage of every inch of ground to gain more room, and of every irregularity of surface for purposes of outlook and defence; so that the castle *sate* its rock as a strong rider sits his horse,—

[1] [The *Literary Gazette* of September 26, 1857, after quoting a great part of the previous letter, stated that the new armoury was not to be built without all due regard to the preservation of the rock, and that there was therefore no real cause for alarm.]

fitting its limbs to every writhe of the flint beneath it; and fringing the mountain promontory far into the sky with the wild crests of its fantastic battlements. Of such castles we can see no more; and it is just because I know them well and love them deeply that I say so. I know that their power and dignity consists, just as a soldier's consists, in their knowing and doing their work thoroughly; in their being advanced on edge or lifted on peak of crag, not for show nor pride, but for due guard and outlook; and that all their beautiful irregularities and apparent caprices of form are in reality their fulfilments of need, made beautiful by their compelled association with the wild strength and grace of the natural rock. All attempts to imitate them now are useless,—mere girl's play. Mind, I like girl's play, and child's play, in its place, but not in the planning of military buildings. Child's play in many cases is the truest wisdom. I accept to the full the truth of those verses of Wordsworth's [1] beginning:—

> "Who fancied what a pretty sight
> This rock would be, if edged around
> With living snowdrops?—circlet bright!
> How glorious to this orchard ground!
> Was it the humour of a child?" etc.

But I cannot apply the same principles to more serious matters, and vary the reading of the verses into application to the works on Edinburgh Castle, thus:—

> "Who fancied what a pretty sight
> This rock would be, if edged around
> With tiny turrets, pierced and light,
> How glorious to this warlike ground!"

Therefore, though I do not know exactly what you have got to do in Edinburgh Castle, whatever it may be, I am certain the only right way to do it is the *plain* way. Build what is needed,—chapel, barracks, or dwelling-house,—in the best places, in a military point of view, of dark stone, and bomb-proof, keeping them low, and within the existing line of ramparts. This is the rational thing to do; and the inhabitants of Edinburgh will find it in the end the picturesque thing. It would be so under any circumstances; but it is especially so in this instance; for the grandeur of Edinburgh Castle depends eminently on the great, unbroken, yet beautifully varied parabolic curve in which it descends from the Round Tower on the Castle Hill to the terminating piece of impendent precipice on the north. It is the last grand feature of Edinburgh left as yet uninjured. You have filled up your valley with a large chimney, a Mound, and an Institution; broken in upon the Old Town with a Bank, a College, and several fires; dwarfed the whole of Princes Street by the Scott

[1] ["Poems of the Fancy," xiv. (1803). The quotation omits two lines after the fourth:—

> "Who loved the little rock, and set
> Upon its head this coronet?"

The second stanza then begins, "Was it the humour of a child?" etc. For other references to the poem, see above, p. 323.]

Monument; and cut Arthur's Seat in half by the Queen's Drive.[1] It only remains for you to spoil the curve of your Castle, and your illustrations of the artistic principle of breadth will be complete.

It may appear at first that I depart from the rule of usefulness I have proposed, in entreating for the confinement of all buildings undertaken within the existing ramparts, in order to preserve the contour of the outside rock. But I presume that in the present state of military science, and of European politics, Edinburgh Castle is not a very important military position; and that to make it a serviceable fortress or citadel, many additional works would be required, seriously interfering with the convenience of the inhabitants of the New Town, and with the arrangements of the Railroad Company. And, as long as these subordinate works are not carried out, I do not see any use in destroying your beautiful rock, merely to bring another gun to bear, or give accommodation to another company. But I both see, and would earnestly endeavour to advocate, the propriety of keeping the architecture of the building within those ramparts masculine and simple in style, and of not allowing a mistaken conception of picturesqueness to make a noble fortress look like a child's toy.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

THE SALE OF MR. WINDUS'S PICTURES

[From the *Times*, March 29, 1859. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 270. The sale was at Christie's on March 26, 1859. For Mr. Windus, see Vol. I. p. 234 *n.*, and *Præterita*, ii. § 11.]

To the Editor of the "Times"

Denmark Hill, *March* 28 [1859].

Sir,—Will you oblige me by correcting an error in your account given this morning of the sale of Mr. Windus's pictures on Saturday, in which the purchase of Mr. Millais's picture "Pot Pourri"[2] is attributed to me? I neither purchased Mr. Millais's picture, nor any other picture at that sale.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. Ruskin.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S "FAITHFUL FOR EVER"

[From the *Critic*, October 27, 1860. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 243–247; and in *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, 1900, vol. ii. pp. 280–282.]

To the Editor of the "Critic"

Denmark Hill [*October*, 1860].

Sir,—I do not doubt, from what I have observed of the general tone of the criticisms in your columns, that, in candour and courtesy, you will

[1] [For other references, see—to "the Mound," Vol. XII. p. 64; to the Institution, Vol. XII. p. 47; to the College, Vol. IX. p. 249; to Scott's monument, Vol. XIII. p. 465; and to Arthur's Seat, Vol. I. pp. 258–259.]

[2] [Painted in 1856 (see *Life and Letters of Millais*, vol. i. p. 306); afterwards in the collection of Mr. G. Boyce.]

allow me to enter protest, bearing such worth as private opinion may, against the estimate expressed in your last number of the merits of Mr. C. Patmore's new poem.[1] It seems to me that you have read it hastily; and that you have taken such view of it as on a first reading almost every reader of good but impatient judgment would be but too apt to concur with you in adopting—one, nevertheless, which, if you examine the poem with care, you will, I think, both for your readers' sake and Mr. Patmore's, regret having expressed so decidedly.

The poem is, to the best of my perception and belief, a singularly perfect piece of art; containing, as all good art does, many very curious shortcomings (to appearance), and places of rest, or of dead colour, or of intended harshness, which, if they are seen or quoted without the parts of the piece to which they relate, are of course absurd enough, precisely as the discords in a fine piece of music would be if you played them without their resolutions. You have quoted separately Mr. Patmore's discords; you might by the same system of examination have made Mozart or Mendelssohn appear to be no musicians, as you have probably convinced your quick readers that Mr. Patmore is no poet.

I will not beg of you so much space as would be necessary to analyse the poem, but I hope you will let me—once for all—protest against the method of criticism which assumes that entire familiarity and simplicity in certain portions of a great work destroy its dignity. Simple things ought to be simply said, and truly poetical diction is nothing more nor less than right diction; the incident being itself poetical or not, according to its relations and the feelings which it is intended to manifest—not according to its own nature merely. To take a single instance out of Homer bearing on that same simple household work which you are so shocked at Mr. Patmore's taking notice of, Homer describes the business of a family washing, when it comes into his poem, in the most accurate terms he can find. "They took the clothes in their hands; and poured on the clean water; and trod them in trenches thoroughly, trying who could do it best; and when they had washed them and got off all the dirt, they spread them out on the sea beach, where the sea had blanched the shingle cleanest."[2]

[1] [*Faithful for Ever*, 1860. Re-issued in 1863 as Part II. Book i. of *The Angel in the House*. The tone of the criticism is sufficiently explained in this letter.]

[2] [See Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. 91 :—

Εἵματα χερσὶν ἕλοντο καὶ ἐσφόρεον μέλαν ὕδωρ,
Στεῖβον δ'ἐν βόθροισι θοῶς ἔριδα προφέρουσαι.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πλύνάν τε κάθηράν τε ῥύπα πάντα,
Ἐξείης πέτασαν παρὰ θῖν' ἁλός, ᾗχι μάλιστα
Λάϊγγας ποτὶ χέρσον ἀποπλύνεσκε θάλασσα.

The verse translation of this passage given in the letter is from Pope's *Odyssey*.

The lines in *Faithful for Ever*, particularly alluded to as having been condemned by the *Critic*, were those here italicized in the following passage :—

"For your sake I am glad to hear
You sail so soon. *I send you, Dear,*
A trifling present; and will supply
Your Salisbury costs. You have to buy
Almost an outfit for this cruise!
But many are good enough to use

These are the terms in which the *great* poet explains the matter. The less poet—or, rather, man of modern wit and breeding, *without* superior poetical power—thus puts the affair into dignified language:

> "Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
> And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave.
> (The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly sand,
> Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)"

Now, to my mind, Homer's language is by far the most poetical of the two—is, in fact, the only poetical language possible in the matter. Whether it was desirable to give any account of this, or anything else, depends wholly on the relation of the passage to the rest of the poem, and you could only show Mr. Patmore's glance into the servant's room to be ridiculous by proving the mother's mind, which it illustrates, to be ridiculous. Similarly, if you were to take one of Mr. George Richmond's perfectest modern portraits,[1] and give a little separate engraving of a bit of the necktie or coat-lappet, you might easily demonstrate a very prosaic character either in the riband-end or the button-hole. But the only real question respecting them is their relation to the face, and the degree in which they help to express the character of the wearer. What the real relations of the parts are in the poem in question only a thoughtful and sensitive reader will discover. The poem is not meant for a song, or calculated for an hour's amusement; it is, as I said, to the best of my belief, a finished and tender work of very noble art. Whatever on this head may be the final judgment of the public, I am bound, for my own part, to express my obligation to Mr. Patmore, as one of my severest models and tutors in use of English, and my respect for him as one of the truest and tenderest thinkers who have ever illustrated the most important, because commonest, states of noble human life.[2]

I remain, Sir, yours, etc.,
J. Ruskin.

ART-TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE

[This letter was originally addressed to an artist, Mr. Williams (of Southampton), and was then printed, some years later, in *Nature and Art*, December 1, 1866. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. p. 50.]

Denmark Hill, *November* 1860.

Dear Mr. Williams,—I like your plan of teaching by letter exceedingly: and not only so, but have myself adopted it largely, with the help

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> *Again, among the things you send*
> *To give away. My maid shall mend*
> *And let you have them back.* Adieu!
> Tell me of all you see and do.
> I know, thank God, whate'er it be,
> 'Twill need no veil 'twixt you and me."

Faithful for Ever, p. 17, II. "Mrs. Graham to Frederick," her sailor son.]

[1] [For other references to George Richmond's portraits, see Vol. XIV. pp. 18, 217, 218.]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 65 (Vol. XVIII. p. 120).]

of an intelligent under-master,[1] whose operations, however, so far from interfering with, you will much facilitate, if you can bring this literary way of teaching into more accepted practice. I wish we had more drawing-masters who were able to give instruction definite enough to be expressed in writing: many can teach nothing but a few tricks of the brush, and have nothing to write, because nothing to tell.

With every wish for your success,—a wish which I make quite as much in your pupils' interest as in your own,—

Believe me, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

PROVERBS ON RIGHT DRESS

[From the *Monthly Packet*, November 1863, vol. 26, pp. 556–557; the passage from the *Political Economy of Art* to which Ruskin refers in his letter was appended, pp. 558–560. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 226–228, with the addition of the above title, and with the misprint of "1 Samuel" for "2 Samuel." The preceding numbers of the *Monthly Packet* had contained various letters upon dress, and the present one was then sent to the editor by the person to whom it was originally addressed. A copy of the letter is in one of Ruskin's note-books, with the following postscript to the friend (unnamed) to whom it was addressed:—

> "I have written this with some care and scratching out—in case you like to print it anywhere. I have enclosed it to my father, who will forward it to you. I've asked him to put reference to the passage in Economy of Art here at the bottom.
>
> "Xenophon's description of a good housewife and of the way she is to make good servants should be carefully translated and distributed, as people do tracts.
>
> "I like your little dialogue on dress and dinner very much—thank you for it."

The careful translation of Xenophon's *Economist* was ultimately made for Ruskin as the first volume of his *Bibliotheca Pastorum* (Vol. XXXI.).]

GENEVA, *October 20th*, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your letter: pardon me if for brevity's sake I answer with appearance of dogmatism. You will see the subject treated as fully as I am able in the course of the papers on political economy, of which the two first have already appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*.[2]

The man and woman are meant by God to be perfectly noble and beautiful in each other's eyes. The dress is right which makes them so. The best dress is that which is beautiful in the eyes of noble and wise persons.

[1] [Mr. William Ward: see Vol. XV. p. xvi.]

[2] [In June and September 1863. See the first two chapters of *Munera Pulveris*. The subject of dress, however, was not dealt with in *Munera Pulveris*, the essays having been stopped by the publisher of the Magazine (see Vol. XVII. p. 143).]

Right dress is therefore that which is fit for the station in life, and the work to be done in it; and which is otherwise graceful—becoming—lasting—healthful—and easy; on occasion, splendid; *always* as beautiful as possible.

Right dress is therefore strong—simple—radiantly clean—carefully put on—carefully kept.

Cheap dress, bought for cheapness' sake, and costly dress bought for costliness' sake, are *both* abominations. Right dress is bought *for* its worth, and *at* its worth; and bought only when wanted.

Beautiful dress is chiefly beautiful in colour—in harmony of parts—and in mode of putting on and wearing. Rightness of mind is in nothing more shown than in the mode of wearing simple dress.

Ornamentation involving design, such as embroidery, etc., produced *solely* by industry of *hand*, is highly desirable in the state dresses of all classes, down to the lowest peasantry.

National costume, wisely adopted and consistently worn, is not only desirable but necessary in right national organization. Obeying fashion is a great folly, and a greater crime; but gradual changes in dress properly accompany a healthful national development.

The Scriptural authority for dress is centralized by Proverbs xxxi. 21, 22; and by 2 Samuel i. 24; the latter especially indicating the duty of the king or governor of the state, as the former the duty of the housewife. It is necessary for the complete understanding of those passages, that the reader should know that "scarlet" means intense central radiance of pure colour; it is the type of purest colour—between pale and dark—between sad and gay.[1] It was therefore used with hyssop as a type of purification.[2] There are many stronger passages, such as Psalm xlv. 13, 14; but as some people read them under the impression of their being figurative, I need not refer to them. The passages in the Prophecies and Epistles against dress apply only to its abuses. Dress worn for the sake of vanity, or coveted in jealousy, is as evil as anything else similarly so abused. A woman should earnestly desire to be beautiful, as she should desire to be intelligent; her dress should be as studied as her words; but if the one is worn or the other spoken in vanity or insolence, both are equally criminal.

I have not time, and there is no need, to refer you to the scattered notices of dress in my books: the most important is rather near the beginning of my *Political Economy of Art*;[3] but I have not the book by me: if you make any use of this letter (you may make any you please,) I should like you to add that passage to it, as it refers to the more immediate need of economy in dress, when the modes of its manufacture are irregular, and cause distress to the operative.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [Compare Vol. VI. pp. 69–70 (where 2 Samuel i. 24 is quoted), and Vol. XXVI. p. 184.]

[2] [See Leviticus xiv. 4, 6, 49–52: compare Vol. VII. pp. 414–415.]

[3] [See §§ 50–54 (Vol. XVII. pp. 49–53). The other references may be found in the General Index, or in one of the "Ruskin Treasuries," entitled *Women and Dress* (George Allen, 1906). See especially *The Story of Arachne*, Vol. XX. pp. 377, 378. Compare also the letter below, on "Sad-coloured Costumes," p. 502.]

OAK SILKWORMS

[From the *Times*, October 24, 1862. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 232.]

To the Editor of the "Times"

GENEVA, *Oct. 20th* [1862].

SIR,—In your excellent article of October 17, on possible substitutes for cotton, you say "it is very doubtful whether we could introduce the silkworm with profit." The silkworm of the mulberry tree, indeed, requires a warmer climate than ours, but has attention yet been directed to the silkworm of the oak? A day or two ago a physician of European reputation, Dr. L. A. Gosse,[1] was speaking to me of the experiments recently made in France in its acclimatization. He stated to me that the only real difficulty was temporary—namely, in the importation of the eggs, which are prematurely hatched as they are brought through warm latitudes. A few only have reached Europe, and their multiplication is slow, but once let them be obtained in quantity and the stripping of an oak coppice is both robe and revenue. The silk is stronger than that of the mulberry tree, and the stuff worn of it more healthy than cotton stuffs for the wearer, it also wears twice as long. This is Dr. Gosse's report—likely to be a trustworthy one—at all events, it seems to me worth sending you.

I remain your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

TURNER AND CLAUDE

[This letter was printed in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. p. 209, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, Part i., 1890, p. 27 (No. 15). The original publication has not been traced.]

GENEVA, *February 16th*, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret that your letter did not reach me till yesterday, owing to my absence from England.

It is seldom that falsehoods are so direct, pure, and foundationless as those which you have given me this opportunity of contradicting. Every year of my life shows me some higher and more secret power in Turner, and deepens my contempt for Claude.

I believe at this moment the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting (centred in England, but with branches in other countries) to be the only vital and true school of painting in Europe; and its English leader, Dante G. Rossetti, to be, without any compare, the greatest of English painters now living.

Make any use of this letter, and of these statements, that you please; but permit me to express my regret that they should be necessary. Either my works are entirely worthless, or they are, at least in some measure, what they profess to be throughout, demonstrations or illustrations of truths: no expressions of opinion.[2] If I have not shown that Turner is

[1] [See Vol. XVII. p. lxi.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 99, 195, 314; and see Vol. XX. p. 49 (§ 36).]

greater than Claude (quite infinitely greater), my life has been wasted. And if I have, inquiries as to my opinions, present or past, are surely irrelevant. Whether I have or not, the facts are ascertainable (else there is no art of painting); and the question is not what any one thinks, but what is the truth of the matter.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very truly,
J. RUSKIN.

"THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE"

[This and the following letter were sent to the editor of *Igdrasil* (November 1890, vol. ii. p. 64) by Mr. Henry Beaumont, of Upcote, Shepherd's Hill, Highgate. Miss Tattersall, then at school, had written asking Ruskin to explain some passages in his writing—probably *Ethics of the Dust*, § 70; in illustration of which, Ruskin may have referred to *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 129 *seq.* (see Vol. XVIII. pp. 286, 490–492). In reply he sent her *The Crown of Wild Olive* and the first of these letters. The letters were reprinted (Nos. 97 and 98) in *Ruskiniana*, Part i., 1890, p. 92.]

(1)

20th November, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS TATTERSALL,—I hope you will get the "Crown of Olive" soon after this note. When you have looked at the passages I told you of, write again to say if you are still puzzled.

Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

(2)

DENMARK HILL, S., *15th December*, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS TATTERSALL,—I fear I must have expressed myself very imperfectly in those books to lead you thus in difficulties. Of course our duties are continually painful to us, and can only be done through perpetual pain; but in exact proportion as the character becomes perfect the duty becomes first painless, then delightful; and an angel's duties are certainly not painful to him, nor the duties of the servants of God, who "seek His face continually."[1] The lesson which you practically have to draw is not that you are to give up your duties because they are painful, but to practise them till they are pleasant. Of course, suffering inflicted on us by others must be borne patiently; but it is no more a part of our duty to seek for it than to seek martyrdom. The great mistake I wished to guard you and my other girl-readers against was that of thinking that mere self-denial—as such—was necessarily a virtue. It is a virtue only when you desire what you should not. It is a virtue in a malicious person to deny themselves, and not speak maliciously. But it is not a virtue in a loving person not to speak lovingly. I hope this will become clearer to you in time. But do not puzzle about it. If you always do what you feel to be right, you will soon see clearly what is right.

Yours truly,
J. RUSKIN.

[1] [1 Chronicles xvi. 11 (hitherto misprinted "see").]

TO AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR

[From the *Detroit Free Press*, May 26, 1883, addressed to Mr. H. T. Taverner.]

DENMARK HILL, 20*th June*, '67.

MY DEAR SIR,—I often think a series of autographs might be much more interesting if one tried to get two or three (possibly enough, of living people) written with divers pens—and in divers tempers. If you ever get hold of any of my directions to refractory engravers, please, at all events, don't keep that.

Always very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.[1]

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 22, 1868. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 271. The *Daily Telegraph* of January 21, 1868, contained a leading article upon the following facts. It appeared that a girl, named Matilda Griggs, had been nearly murdered by her seducer, who, after stabbing her in no less than thirteen different places, had then left her for dead. She had, however, still strength enough to crawl into a field close by, and there swooned. The assistance that she met with in this plight was of a rare kind. Two calves came up to her, and disposing themselves on either side of her bleeding body, thus kept her warm and partly sheltered from cold and rain. Temporarily preserved, the girl eventually recovered, and entered into recognizances, under a sum of forty pounds, to prosecute her murderous lover. But "she loved much," and, failing to prosecute, forfeited her recognizances, and was imprisoned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for her debt. "Pity this poor debtor," wrote the *Daily Telegraph*, and in the next day's issue appeared the following letter, probably not intended for the publication accorded to it. Ruskin's letter was the subject of a cartoon in *Judy*, January 29, 1868, entitled "Nature and Art, respectfully dedicated to Matilda Griggs," representing Ruskin fondling two calves.]

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[1] [Ruskin was often "drawn" by autograph-hunters; but ultimately eluded them. "An Autograph Fiend" in "his Confessions" (*Spare Moments*, March 12, 1892) "took the trouble to read one of Ruskin's books and then wrote to him, asking him to explain a difficulty." The reply was:—

> "DEAR SIR,—What you cannot understand in my book is not meant for you. Do not trouble your head about it.—Faithfully yours,
> "J. RUSKIN."

In an article entitled "Ways of the Autograph Hunter," in *Tit-Bits*, March 27, 1886, it is said: "I was a long time getting a letter from Mr. Ruskin, but it came at last. I asked his opinion as to what were the best theological works for a young member of the Church of England to improve her mind with. His reply was this: 'I have no time to write to you at any length, and I take no interest in any young ladies who study theology.'"

In 1894 the following letter was received by an author who sent his book:—

> "Mr. Ruskin has received Mr. Thatcher's letter and enclosure. Mr. Ruskin never thanks authors for sending him their books; he never sends his own to strangers" (*Daily News*, October 23, 1894).

Finally, see a Circular about requests for autographs, below, p. 652.]

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 15, 1870. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 184–186. The correspondence originated as follows. In the *Fortnightly Review* of October 1869 appeared an article against fox-hunting by E. A. Freeman, entitled "The Morality of Field Sports," to which Anthony Trollope replied by one entitled "The Morality of Hunting," in the *Fortnightly* of the following December. Freeman then rejoined by two letters of considerable length, addressed to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* (December 18 and 29), in whose columns some discussion of the matter had already been carried on, whilst one of its "leaders" had strongly supported Freeman's views. Other correspondence on the subject was still appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* from day to day at the time Ruskin wrote the present letter. The first draft of this letter is in one of the ledgers containing Ruskin's Oxford lectures, and is here reproduced.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

DENMARK HILL, *Jan.* 14 [1870].

SIR,—As, thirty years ago,[1] I publicly expressed a strong opinion on the subject of field sports, and as with more accurate knowledge I hold the same opinion still, and more strongly,—will you permit me to place the controversy between your correspondents, in which I have no time to take part, on somewhat clearer grounds.

Reprobation of fox-hunting on the ground of cruelty to the fox is entirely futile. More pain is caused to the draught-horses of London in an hour by avariciously overloading them, than to all the foxes in England by the hunts of the year: and the rending of body and heart in human death, caused by neglect, in our country cottages, in any one winter, could not be equalled by the death-pangs of any quantity of foxes.

The real evils of fox-hunting are that it wastes the time, misapplies the energy, exhausts the wealth, narrows the capacity, debases the taste, and abates the honour of the upper classes of this country; and instead of keeping, as your correspondent "Forester" supposes, "thousands from the workhouse," it sends thousands of the poor, both there, and into the grave.

The athletic training given by fox-hunting is excellent; and such training is vitally necessary to the upper classes. But it ought always to be in real service to their country; in personal agricultural labour at the head of their tenantry; and in extending English life and dominion in waste regions, against the adverse powers of nature. Let them become Captains of Emigration;[2]—hunting down the foxes that spoil the Vineyard[3] of the World; and keep their eyes on the leading hound, in Packs of Men.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [In various parts of *Modern Painters*. See Vol. VII. pp. 340–341 (where, in a note, other references are now collected).]

[2] [On emigration, compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 159 (Vol. XVIII. p. 513), and *Lectures on Art*, § 29 (Vol. XX. p. 42).]

[3] [See Canticles ii. 13.]

Sir. As, thirty years ago I was among the first who expressed a strong opinion on the subject of field-sports, and as with more accurate knowledge I hold the same opinions still, will you permit me to place the controversy between your correspondents, in which I have no time to take part, on its true grounds.

The assertion of the immorality of foxhunting on the ground of cruelty to the fox is entirely futile and trivial. More pain is given to the draught horses of London in an hour by avariciously overloading them than to all the foxes in England by the hunting of the year. And then rending of body to heart in the human deaths caused by neglect in our ill built country cottages, in any one winter, could not be equalled by the death-pangs of any quantity of foxes.

~~exhausts~~ the energy – ~~and~~ exhausts the wealth of
~~the upper classes of the country~~ – ~~and~~ narrows the mental capacities
~~and blunts the sensibility~~ debases the taste and abates the honour of the
upper classes of this country: and instead of keeping
as your correspondent ~~Mr Freeman~~ "Foreign" supposes – thousands of
the poor out of the workhouse – it sends thousands of them
annually – both there – and into the grave.
The athletic training given by fox hunting is excellent – and
~~but it is unhappily not all~~ ~~athletic~~ such training of such kind is
vitally necessary to the upper classes. But it ought
always to be in useful service of the country: ~~that is to~~ not in – in personal agricultural labour
~~say~~ and extending ~~of its~~ English life dominion ~~by land and sea~~ at the head of their tenants, and on
in waste regions, and against the adverse powers of nature: Let them ~~lead~~ become captains
of emigration hunt down the Foxes that spoil the Wolds Vineyard and keep their eyes on the leader's hound,
in packs of Men.

THE FIRST DRAFT OF "THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS"

FEMALE FRANCHISE

[Date and place of original publication unknown. The letter was included in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 225.]

VENICE, 29*th May*, 1870.

SIR,—I am obliged by your note. I have no time for private correspondence at present, but you are quite right in your supposition as to my views respecting female franchise. So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.[1]

Very sincerely yours,
J. RUSKIN.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

[This and the following letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 7 and 8, 1870. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 34–37, 38–42. For Ruskin's numerous references to the Franco-German War, see the General Index.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

(1)

DENMARK HILL, S.E., *Oct.* 6 [1870].

SIR,—My friends ask me why I speak no word about this war, supposing—like vain friends as they are—that I might have some poor influence of intercession for filigree-work, French clocks, and other tender articles of vertù, felt at this moment to be in grave danger.

But, in the first place, I know that the just Fates will reward no intercession, either for human life or chinaware, until their will has been accomplished upon all of us. In the second, I know also that the German armies will spare what they can, and think they ought, without taking advice of me. In the third, I have said long ago[2]—no one listening—the best I had to say on these matters.

But, after your notice to-day of the escape of M. Edouard Frère,[3] whose

[1] [So also in writing an excuse for absence from a lecture upon "Woman's Work and Woman's Sphere," given on behalf of the French female refugees by Miss Emily Faithfull in February 1871, Ruskin said :—

> "I most heartily sympathize with you in your purpose of defining woman's work and sphere. It is as refreshing as the dew's, and as defined as the moon's, but it is not the rain's nor the sun's."

(*Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1871.)]

[2] [That is, in the *Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), as cited below.]

[3] [M. Edouard Frère and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur were allowed to leave Paris and pass the lines of the Prussian army after the blockade of the French capital had been begun. For Ruskin's early recognition of M. Frère's power, see *Academy Notes, 1856* (Vol. XIV. p. 83), where some "cottage studies" are spoken of as "quite unequalled in sincerity and truth of conception, though somewhat dimly painted"; *1857* (*ibid.*, pp. 142–143), where his pictures are said to "unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico"; and *1858* (*ibid.*, p. 174), where this last expression of praise is emphasised and at some length explained. Compare *Art of England*, § 103 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 339).]

gentle power I was, I believe, the first to recognize publicly in England, it is possible that some of your readers may care to look back at what I wrote of modern war four years ago, and to know the aspect it takes to me, now that it has come to pass.

If you will reprint these few following sentences for me from the *Crown of Wild Olive,* I shall be able to-morrow to put what I would add to them briefly enough to claim little space in your columns:

. . . . . .[1]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

(2)

Oct. 7 [1870].

Sir,—As I am always blamed if I approach my subject on any but its picturesque side, it is well for me that in to-day's *Times* I find it announced that at Strasburg the Picture Gallery—with the pictures in it?—the Library—with the books in it?[2]—and the Theatre, with certainly two hundred persons in it, have been burnt to the ground under an auxiliary cannonade, the flames at night being "a tempting target." It is true that in your columns I find the consolatory news that the Parisians are repairing those losses by casting a bronze Strasburg;[3] but if, as a poor art professor, I may venture an opinion, I would fain suggest to them that if their own picture gallery, with the pictures and bits of marble in it—Venus of Melos and the like—and their own Library—Royal, Impériale, Nationale, or whatever they now call it—should presently become tempting targets also by the light of their own flames, the casting of a bronze Paris, in even the most imposing of attitudes, will scarcely redeem their loss, were it but to the admiring eyes of Paris herself.

There is yet another letter in the *Times*,[4] of more importance than the one from Strasburg. It is headed, "The Difficulties of Neutrality," dated Bonn, and anticipates part of what I was going to say; for the rest, the lessons of the war, as I read them, are briefly these.

[1] [The extracts were (in order) from §§ 102–103 ("If you have to take away masses of men from all industrial employment . . . multiplication of murder"), § 74 ("(But) the wonder has always been great to me . . . nearly as merciless"), and §§ 113, 114 (complete): Vol. XVIII. pp. 471–472, 449–450, 478–479.]

[2] [For another reference to this incident of the war, see *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 1 (January 1871), Vol. XXVII. p. 17.]

[3] [The *Daily Telegraph* of October 7 contained amongst its Paris news that of the decision of the Government of National Defence to cast a statue of the city of Strasburg in bronze, in memory of its "heroic resistance to the enemy during a murderous siege of fifty days." For another reference to the statue, see Vol. XX. p. 227.]

[4] [This letter was signed "W. C. P.," who, after stating himself to be an English resident in Germany, proceeded to lament the changed position of England in the opinion of foreign nations, and especially in that of the Germans, who no longer spoke of her, as formerly, "with affectionate admiration or even envious respect." "And I must confess," concluded the letter, "that I find it difficult to answer them; for it seems to me that we have already good reason to say, in reference to the present struggle, 'All is lost save money.'" (*Times,* October 7, 1870.)]

France has been without its ~~little~~ ~~laws of~~ training
picture and legend, alike apocryphal, fostering the one thought
in the mind of every ~~young~~ peasant child ~~boy~~,
~~that all glory was in war and all victory~~ ~~honour is in battle~~
~~was is French~~. That there is no glory but in battle —
~~— and since the days of~~ nor — since the beginning
of the second empire — has there ~~been~~ a street rise
~~never furnished for its sale~~ into its new magnificence
of ~~counter~~ ~~shop front~~ — without ~~parallel~~ collateral proclamation
that there is no pleasure but in vice.
~~You see Sir — that I keep to my appointed pictures for~~
~~side of the question~~: And the ~~action of~~ work of this
war may fitly be in destroying old libraries & old
pictures — and by night also, for it has its own birth mainly in those
new libraries — & new pictures — which were meant to
be studied chiefly ~~at~~ midnight.
Then secondly — ~~there is a law traceable~~ ~~manifested through~~ in the ~~catastrophic~~
~~events of the last~~ & the
for the actual meaning and ~~or~~ question of the war, it is
simply a testy struggle between pure Republicanism,
expressed in ~~an~~ the most exquisite ~~and~~ finished — and Exemplar
anarchy ever yet produced under a ~~heaven~~ earth — and a
~~for~~ one of the ~~a~~ finest ~~& sound~~ Monarchies and school
of honour & obedience, ~~founded by the great Frederick~~ old
yet produced ~~among~~ men under heaven

Portion of the First Draft of a Letter on "The Franco-Prussian War"

As to its cause, neither the French nation nor their Emperor brought on war by any present will of their own.[1] Neither of them were capable of a will at all—far less of executing it. The nation has since declared, by submission, with acclaim, to a change of Government which for the time renders all political treaty with it practically impossible, that during the last twenty years it has been deceived or subdued into obedience to a man for whom it had no respect, and who had no hereditary claim to the throne.[2] What "will" or responsibility of action can be expected from a nation which confesses this of itself? On the other hand, the Emperor, be his motives never so selfish, could only have hoped to save his dynasty by compliance with the passions of a populace which he knew would overthrow it in the first hour of their mortification. It is in these vain passions and the falsehoods on which they have fed that we must look for the deep roots of all this misery. Since the days of the First Empire, no cottage in France has been without its Napoleonic picture and legend, fostering one and the same faith in the heart of every peasant boy, that there is no glory but in battle; and since the founding of the Second Empire no street of any city has risen into its foolish magnificence without collateral proclamation that there was no pleasure but in vice.[3]

Then, secondly, for the actual question of the war: it is a simple and testing struggle between pure Republicanism on the one side, expressed in the most exquisite, finished, and exemplary anarchy, yet achieved under —earth—and one of the truest Monarchies and schools of honour and obedience yet organized under heaven. And the secret of its strength, we have to note, is essentially pacific; for all the wars of the Great Friedrich would have passed away resultless—as great wars usually do—had it not been for this pregnant fact at the end of them: "All his artillery horses are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who otherwise can get none" (Carlyle, vol. vi., first edition, p. 350)—that 21st book on the repair of Prussia being of extant literature the most important piece for us to read and digest in these days of "raising the poor without gifts"—never asking who first let them fall—and of turning workmen out of dockyards, without any consciousness that, of all the stores in the yard, the men were exactly the most precious. You expressed, Sir, in your article on the loss of the *Captain*,[4] a feeling common, I suppose, for once, to all of us, that the principal loss was not the iron of the ship, but the five hundred men in her. Perhaps, had she been of gold instead of iron plate, public mourning might have inclined itself to the side of the metal. But how if the whole British public should be itself at this instant afloat in a captainless *Captain*, built of somewhat dirty yet substantial gold, and in extremest peril of turning bottom upwards? Which will be the end, indeed, unless the said public quickly perceive that their hope must be, not in docks

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 105).]

[2] [For a note on Ruskin's references to Napoleon III., see Vol. XXVII. p. 171.]

[3] [The first draft of this letter is in one of the ledgers containing the MS. of Ruskin's Oxford lectures. The *facsimile* opposite shows that the letter underwent much revision before being sent for publication.]

[4] [The turret-ship *Captain* foundered off Cape Finisterre on September 7, 1870. For the articles alluded to, see the *Daily Telegraph* of September 12 and following days. For other references to the disaster, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 217, 508.]

nor ships, but in men. They, and they only, are our guarantee for territory. Prussia herself seems as simple as the rest of us in her talk of "guarantees." Alsace and Lorraine, if dishonestly come by, may be honestly retaken; but if for "guarantee," why these only? Why not Burgundy and Anjou—Auvergne and the Limousin? Let France lose what she may, if she can but find a Charles and Roland among her children, she will recover her empire, though she had been beaten back to the Brêche;[1] and if she find them not, Germany has all the guarantee she needs in her own name and in her own right hand.

Let her look to it, now, that her fame be not sullied. She is pressing her victory too far—dangerously far, as uselessly. The Nemesis of battle may indeed be near her; greater glory she cannot win by the taking of Paris, nor the overrunning of provinces—she only prolongs suffering, redoubles death, extends loss, incalculable and irremediable. But let her now give unconditional armistice, and offer terms that France can accept with honour, and she will bear such rank among the nations as never yet shone on Christian history.

For us, we ought to help France now, if we ever did anything, but of course there remains for us only neutrality—selling of coke, and silence (if we have grace enough left to keep it). I have only broken mine to say that I am ashamed to speak as being one of a nation regardless of its honour alike in trade and policy; poor, yet not careful to keep even the treasure of probity—and rich, without being able to afford itself the luxury of courage.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

SAD-COLOURED COSTUMES

[From *Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1870, p. 80. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 229–231. Mr. Stopford Brooke's article was a review of Ruskin's *Lectures on Art* delivered at Oxford, and then recently published. In a note to the present letter the editor of the Magazine stated Mr. Brooke's regret "at having been led by a slip of memory into making an inaccurate statement."]

To the Editor of "Macmillan's Magazine"

Denmark Hill, S.E., 14*th Oct.*, 1870.

Sir,—At p. 423 of your current number, Mr. Stopford A. Brooke states that it is a proposal of mine for regenerating the country, that the poor should be "dressed all in one sad-coloured costume."

It is, indeed, too probable that one sad-coloured costume may soon be "your only wear," instead of the present motley[2]—for both poor and rich. But the attainment of this monotony was never a proposition of mine; and

[1] [For the "Brêche de Roland," see Vol. VI. p. 213, and Vol. IX. p. 103 *n.*; and for other references to Roland, Vol. XXII. p. 287.]

[2] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]

as I am well aware Mr. Brooke would not have been guilty of misrepresentation, if he had had time to read the books he was speaking of, I am sure he will concur in my request that you would print in full the passages to which he imagined himself to be referring.[1]

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

"NOTRE DAME DE PARIS"

[This letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 19, 1871. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 227–228.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

[*January*, 1871.]

SIR,—It may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers, in the present posture of affairs round Paris, to know, as far as I am able to tell them, the rank which the Church of Notre Dame holds among architectural and historical monuments.

Nearly every great church in France has some merit special to itself; in other countries, one style is common to many districts; in France, nearly every province has its unique and precious monument.

But of thirteenth-century Gothic—the most perfect architectural style north of the Alps—there is both in historical interest, and in accomplished perfectness of art, one *unique* monument—the Sainte Chapelle of Paris.[2]

As examples of Gothic, ranging from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, the cathedrals of Chartres, Rouen, Amiens, Rheims, and Bourges, form a kind of cinque-foil round Notre Dame of Paris, of which it is impossible to say which is the more precious petal; but any of those leaves would be worth a complete rose of any other country's work except Italy's. Nothing else in art, on the surface of the round earth, could represent any one of them, if destroyed, or be named as of any equivalent value.

Central among these, as in position, so in its school of sculpture; unequalled in that specialty but by the porch of the north transept of Rouen, and, in a somewhat later school, by the western porches of Bourges;[3] absolutely unreplaceable as a pure and lovely source of art instruction by any future energy or ingenuity, stands—perhaps, this morning, I ought rather to write, stood[4]—Notre Dame of Paris.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [The passages were (1) from the *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 27 ("You ladies like to lead the fashion . . . all the better"), Vol. XVIII. pp. 407–408; (2) from *A Joy for Ever*, §§ 8–10 ("In the simplest and clearest definition . . . for beauty," and "And in private . . . by her smile"), Vol. XVI. pp. 19–21.]

[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 436).]

[3] [For notices of the north transept of Rouen, see, *e.g.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 91 *n.*, 278; and of the western porches of Bourges, Vol. XX. p. 160 *n.*, and Vol. XXI. p. 30.]

[4] [This letter, it will be noticed, was written during the bombardment and a few days before the capitulation of Paris in 1871.]

COMING CATASTROPHE

[From a letter to Alfred T. Richards, printed by him on page 10 of a pamphlet entitled *Address delivered before the Men's Class of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, Connecticut, January 10, 1904.* The title of the address is "The Afterglow of a Great Man's Life."]

1871.

You ask me what form of catastrophe threatens England. None of us need speculate on the matter; every historical error has its own specialities of ruin. In the meantime, all that we can do is, each in his place, to form a clear view of what is right and to do *that* resolutely and simply, in spite alike of the fashions and doctrines of the day.

"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR"

[From the *Asiatic*, May 23, 1871. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 248, 249. The article was entitled "Aryan Mythology: Second Notice," the first notice having been a review of Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, and of some other mythological works. (See the *Asiatic*, April 25 and May 16, 1871.) The nature of the praise and criticism of the article may be gathered from this letter. For another letter on *The Queen of the Air*, see below, p. 551.]

To the Editor of the "Asiatic"

May 18, 1871.

Sir,—I am obliged and flattered by the tone of your article on my "Queen of the Air" in your last number, but not at all by the substance of it; and it so much misinterprets my attempt in that book that I will ask your leave to correct it in main points. The "Queen of the Air" was written to show, not what could be fancied, but what was felt and meant, in the myth of Athena. Every British sailor knows that Neptune is the god of the sea. He does *not* know that Athena is the goddess of the air; I doubt if many of our school-boys know it—I doubt even if many of our school-masters know it; and I believe the evidence of it given in the "Queen of the Air" to be the first clear and connected approximate proof of it which has yet been rendered by scientific mythology, properly so called.

You say, "I have not attempted to explain all mythology." I wonder what you would have said of me if I *had?* I only know a little piece of it here and there, just as I know a crag of alp or a bend of river; and even what I know could not be put into a small octavo volume. Nevertheless, I should have had another such out by this time on the Apolline Myths,[1] and, perhaps, one on the Earth-Gods, but for my Oxford work; and shall at all events have a little more to say on the matter than I

[1] [For other references to this intended study, see Vol. XIX. pp. lxi., lxvi. In the autumn of 1871 Ruskin prepared for press his lectures entitled *Aratra Pentelici*, which touched on mythology; see also the chapters now added to that book (Vol. XX.).]

have yet said—and much need there is—when all that has yet been done by "scientific" mythology ends in the assertion made by your reviewer, that "mythology is useful mainly as a storehouse for poets, and for literary men in want of some simile or metaphor to produce a striking effect."

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE BLIND

[From *Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind*, by Frances Martin, 1887, p. 256. For another letter on a similar charity, see below, p. 540.]

DENMARK HILL, *2nd September*, 1871.

MADAM,—I am obliged by your letter, and I deeply sympathise with the objects of the institution over which you preside. But one of my main principles of work is that every one must do their best and spend their all in their own work, and mine is with a much lower race of sufferers than you plead for—with those who "have eyes and see not."[1]

I am, Madam, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

"FORS CLAVIGERA"

[From *Poet-Lore* (Philadelphia), vol. iii., 1891, p. 361.]

MELROSE, *24th September*, '71.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter; but for reasons partly stated in *Fors Clavigera*,[2] I do not wish to print a cheap edition of *my* books. Nevertheless, if you can afford your sevenpence a month, all that *I* have to tell you, that I think worth your listening to, will come into *Fors*, or I will tell you where and how to find it elsewhere.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, December 11, 1871. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 187. For other discussions on the subject of this letter, see *Time and Tide*, Vol. XVII. pp. 370 (and the other passages there noted), 469.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

DENMARK HILL, *Dec.* 9 [1871].

SIR,—I am greatly surprised by the slightness of your article to-day on the statistics of drunkenness and the relative statistics of crime.[3]

The tables you have given, if given only in that form by Professor

[1] [Mark viii. 18.]

[2] [See Letter 6, Vol. XXVII. pp. 99–101; "*my* books," hitherto misprinted "*any* books."]

[3] [A short leader to which special reference is unnecessary.]

Leone Levi,[1] are anything but "instructive." Liquor is not, for such purpose, to be measured only by the gallon, but by the gallon with accompanying statement of strength.

Crime is not for such purpose to be measured by the number of criminals, but by the number, with accompanying statement of the crime committed. Drunkenness very slightly encourages theft, very largely encourages murder, and universally encourages idleness, which is not a crime apparent in a tabular form. But, whatever results might, even by such more accurate statement, be attainable, are not material to the question at issue. Drunkenness is not the *cause* of crime in any case, it *is* itself crime in every case. A gentleman will not knock out his wife's brains when he is drunk; but it is nevertheless his duty to remain sober.

Much more is it his duty to teach his peasantry to remain sober, and to furnish them with sojourn more pleasant than the pothouse, and means of amusement less circumscribed than the pot. And the encouragement of drunkenness, for the sake of the profit on sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of an age or country.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

CASTLES AND KENNELS

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, December 22, 1871. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 223–224.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

DENMARK HILL, *Dec.* 20 [1871].

SIR,—I was astonished the other day by your article on taverns, but never yet in my life was so much astonished by anything in print as by your to-day's article on castles.[2]

I am a castle-lover of the truest sort.[3] I do not suppose any man alive has felt anything like the sorrow or anger with which I have watched the modern destruction by railroad and manufacture, helped by the wicked improvidence of our great families, of half the national memorials of England, either actually or in effect and power of association—as Conway, for instance, now vibrating to ruin over a railroad station. For Warwick Castle, I named it in my letter of last October, in *Fors Clavigera*,[4] as a

[1] [Jurist and statistician, 1821–1888; Professor of Commerce at King's College, London, 1852; vice-president of the Statistical Society, 1885.]

[2] [The article on taverns occurred in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th December, and commented on a recent meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society. There was also a short article upon drunkenness as a cause of crime in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 9—referred to by Ruskin in the preceding letter. The article on castles concluded with an appeal for public subscriptions towards the restoration of Warwick Castle, then recently destroyed by fire.]

[3] [See above, p. 486; and *Præterita*, i. §§ 6, 35; ii. § 22.]

[4] [Letter 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 170).]

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc

Warwick Castle.

1847.

From the drawing in the collection of B B Macgeorge, Esq

type of the architectural treasures of this England of ours known to me and beloved from childhood to this hour.

But, Sir, I am at this hour endeavouring to find work and food for a boy of seventeen, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, and this boy and his sister,—who all sleep together in one room, some 18 ft. square, in the heart of London; and you call upon me for a subscription to help to rebuild Warwick Castle.

Sir, I am an old and thoroughbred Tory,[1] and as such I say, "If a noble family cannot rebuild their own castle, in God's name let them live in the nearest ditch till they can."

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

VERONA *v.* WARWICK

[Printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 25, 1871. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 225-226.]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

Denmark Hill, S.E., 24*th* (for 25*th*) *December* [1871].

Sir,—Of lodging for poor and rich you will perhaps permit a further word or two from me, even in your close columns for Christmas morning. You think me inconsistent because I wanted to buy Verona, and do not want to restore Warwick.[2]

I wanted, and still want, to buy Verona. I would give half my fortune to buy it for England, if any other people would help me. But I would buy it, that what is left of it might not be burned, and what is lost of it *not* restored. It would indeed be very pleasant—not to me only, but to many other sorrowful persons—if things *could* be restored when we chose. I would subscribe willingly to restore, for instance, the manger wherein the King of Judah lay cradled this day some years since, and not unwillingly to restore the poorer cradle of our English King-maker, were it possible. But for the making of a new manger, to be exhibited for the edification of the religious British public, I will not subscribe. No; nor for the building of mock castles, or mock cathedrals, or mocks of anything. And the sum of what I have to say in this present matter may be put in few words.

As an antiquary—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, "Part of Warwick Castle is burnt—'tis pity. Take better care of the rest."

As an old Tory—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, "Lord Warwick's house is burned. Let Lord Warwick build a better if he can,—a worse if he must,—but in any case, let him neither beg nor borrow."

[1] [Compare the first words of *Præterita*.]

[2] [In a second article upon the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* had expressed surprise at Ruskin's former letter. "Who does not remember," it wrote, "his proposal to buy Verona, so as to secure from decay the glorious monuments in it?" The proposal was in the *Political Economy of Art*: see Vol. XVI. pp. 69-71.]

As a modern renovator and Liberal—which, thank Heaven, I am not —I would say, "By all means let the public subscribe to build a spick-and-span new Warwick Castle, and let the pictures be touched up, and exhibited by gaslight; let the family live in the back rooms, and let there be a *table d'hôte* in the great hall at two and six every day, 2s. 6d. a head, and let us have Guy's bowl for a dinner bell."

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A REVIEW

[From the *Liverpool Weekly Albion*, November 9, 1872. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 273. The review was the first of three articles upon Ruskin entitled "The Disciple of Art and the Votary of Science," published in the *Liverpool Weekly Albion* of November 9, 16, and 23, 1872. The first of them had also appeared previously in the *Liverpool Daily Albion* (where Ruskin had seen it), and was reprinted with the present letter in the weekly issue of November 9. The aim of the articles was partly to show how the question "What is Art?" involved a second and deeper inquiry, "What is Man?" The words bracketed here were omitted in the *Albion*, but occur in the original letter, for access to which the editor of *Arrows of the Chace* had to thank the writer of the articles.]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Wednesday, 30th Oct. [1872].

[MY DEAR] SIR,—I was on the point of writing to the Editor of the *Albion* to ask the name of the author of that article. Of course, one likes praise, [and I'm so glad of it that I can take a great many kinds] but I never got any [that] I liked so much before, because, as far as I [can] remember, nobody ever noticed or allowed for the *range* of work I've had to do, and which really has been dreadfully costly and painful to me, compelling me to leave things just at the point when one's work on them has become secure and delightsome, to attack them on another rough side. It is a most painful manner of life, and I never got any credit for it before. But the more I see, the more I feel the necessity of seeing all round, however hastily.

I am entirely grateful for the review and the understanding of me, and I needed some help just now—for I'm at once single-handed and dead —or worse—hearted, and as nearly beaten as I've been in my life.

Always therefore I shall be, for the encouragement at a heavy time,
Very gratefully yours,
(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

"ACT, ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT"

[From the *New Year's Address and Messages to Blackfriars Bible Class*, Aberdeen, 1873. Reprinted, under the above title (from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*), in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 208–209. This and two later letters (see pp. 512, 534) were originally printed in different annual numbers of the above-named publication, to whose editor (Mr. John Leith, 75, Crown Street, Aberdeen) they were addressed. Amongst the "messages" contained in them are some from Mr. Gladstone and others.]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
Christmas Eve, '72.

My dear Sir,—I am always much interested in any effort such as you are making on the part of the laity.

If you care to give your class a word directly from me, say to them that they will find it well, throughout life, never to trouble themselves about what they ought *not* to do, but about what they *ought* to do. The condemnation given from the judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the *undones* and not for the *dones*.[1] People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter. The Commandments are necessarily negative, because a new set of positive ones would be needed for every person: while the negatives are constant.

But Christ sums them all into two rigorous positions, and the first position for young people is active and attentive kindness to animals, supposing themselves set by God to feed His real sheep and ravens before the time comes for doing either figuratively. There is scarcely any conception left of the character which animals and birds might have if kindly treated in a wild state.[2]

Make your young hearers resolve to be honest in their work in this life.—Heaven will take care of them for the other.

Truly yours,
John Ruskin.

WOMAN'S WORK

[From *L'Espérance, Journel Mensuel, organe de l'Association des Femmes*, Genève, le 8 Mai, 1873. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 223–224. The editors have been unable to get access to the paper from which this letter is taken, and must therefore leave without explanation the fortunately unimportant references in its first paragraph. For another quotation from *L'Espérance*, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 53 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 338). The letter was probably addressed to Madame Roch, of Geneva, with whom Ruskin used to correspond.]

Lettre à la Présidente

[1873.]

Ma chère Madame,—Je vous remercie de votre lettre si intéressante, car je sympathise de tout mon cœur avec la plupart des sentiments et des souhaits que vous y exprimez. Mais arriver à rendre des femmes plus nobles et plus sages est une chose; les élever de façon à ce qu'elles entretiennent leurs maris est une autre!

Je ne puis trouver des termes assez forts pour exprimer la haine et le mépris que je ressens pour l'idée moderne qu'une femme doit cesser d'être mère, fille, ou femme pour qu'elle puisse devenir commis ou ingénieur.[3]

Vous êtes toutes entièrement sottes dans cette matière. Le devoir d'un

[1] [See the tenth of Ruskin's letters on the Lord's Prayer; above, p. 209.]

[2] [Compare the Fourth Letter on the Lord's Prayer (above, p. 195) and the speech on cruelty to animals, below, p. 631.]

[3] [On this subject, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 12 and 24 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 208, 431), and compare below, p. 529.]

homme est d'entretenir sa femme et ses enfants, celui d'une femme est de le rendre heureux chez lui, et d'élever ses enfants sagement. Aucune femme n'est capable de faire plus que cela. Aucune femme ne doit faire moins, et un homme qui ne peut pas nourrir sa femme, et désire qu'elle travaille pour lui, mérite d'être pendu au-dessus de sa porte.

Je suis, Madame, fidèlement à vous,

J. RUSKIN.

TURNER'S "WINDMILL AND LOCK"

[From an article entitled "Ruskin on Luini at Logano" (*sic*) in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, May 1, 1886 ("Weekly Supplement," p. 5). Reprinted in *John Ruskin: a Reminiscence*, by John Holmes, p. 23. Ruskin's correspondent, Mr. John Holmes, had written pointing out that "the lock was made to open the wrong way—*i.e.*, with instead of against the stream." The boat is going up stream (as seems clearly to appear from the lie of the land), and the lock gates are closing behind it, but closing from below instead of from above, which, as Mr. Holmes pointed out, is impossible. For Ruskin's description of the mill in this plate in *Liber Studiorum*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. pp. 16–20).]

December 13, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been long in replying to your letter, not having access to the *Liber Studiorum*, as being at Brantwood; and then I forgot the matter for some time. Turner is assuredly wrong; unless we can imagine the stream to run the other way (up hill) and that would imply other wrongness. He simply has not been minding what he was about.

Ever very truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

TO THE DERBY SCHOOL OF ART

[From a Report with the following title-page: "Derby Central School of Art: | Report for the year 1872–1873, to which is added | Remarks addressed to the students of the School, | by John Ruskin, Esq., M.A. | The Report is Reprinted from the *Derby* | *Reporter*, of Dec. 12th, 1873. | Derby: | W. and Jno. B. Pike, Corn Market." Ruskin's letter occupies pp. 18–19. It was reprinted in the *Bookman*, March 1900, p. 171.]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
December, 1873.

MY DEAR STUDENTS,—I was very sorry not to come to you, but, which may a little surprise you, I was more sorry that you wanted me to come; at least, that you wanted me so much as to take the pains to write and sign your letter. Your pleasure in your work, and assurance of its success, ought never to be dependent on any visitations of what you may consider an artistically episcopal character, and you should never look for nourishment or support to casual instruction. Work, with whatever immediate knowledge you possess, honestly and unambitiously. When you find yourselves in definite difficulty, and can ask a definite question, look about for

somebody who can answer it; but don't hold your mouths open, nor prick up your ears, for casual sweetness of praise, or convenience of advice. You will find, by the way, much of the best advice, when it comes, very *in*convenient.

I have twice repeated the word "casual," as being strongly opposed in my thoughts to "constant." Of constant advice, you must get the best you can, and obey it, first determining for yourselves what you want to be advised about. What do you want to do?—to carve, or paint, that is? If you don't want to do anything, be assured you'll never do it. If you only come to the Art School to get your living, you *may* or may not get your living; but you certainly will never get, or learn, any Art.[1]

Is there anything in the world you want to draw; any man in the world whose work you want to do something like? Would you like to draw dogs? cats? mice? rats? four-and-twenty blackbirds in a pie, or the queen eating honey in the parlour;[2] it doesn't matter what, if only you want to draw *it*, and not merely to make a drawing to get a prize with.[3]

Then, secondly, have you got a master?[4] I don't mean the master of your school. He is your adviser and instructor; but what do you want him to make of you,—a Teniers? or a Wilkie? or a Gainsborough? or a Holbein? Don't think which of these names sounds biggest, and say you want to be that. Think what you have seen and enjoyed of any of these men's work. You probably never saw a Holbein in your lives, perhaps never a Teniers, certainly never a Giotto. What have you seen that you would like to do something like?

You have seen Gustave Doré, *Punch*, the *Illustrated News*. Well, Mr. Doré is very clever, so is *Mr. Punch*, so are the Illustrators of the *News*. If you want to be like them, get what access you can to them, and give up the hope of being artists; be newsmen, contentedly; and don't be teased with lectures on the Fine Arts, or professors of them. But if you want to paint, or carve rightly, choose some master of recognized and quiet skill; keep to his style, and try to match him, and beat him, at his own weapons. Think only of him, while your work is inferior to his. When you have beaten him, look for a better.

But if you cannot feel, in looking at any master, that he has merit greater than others; if you prefer nobody, enjoy nobody, but as you are told: give up the effort to be a painter, and resolutely and finally enter on some occupation of practical use. And this is all I could have told you, in the substance of it, though I had come and talked for a year. And so believe me, not less because I can't come,

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

P.S.—I'm afraid this letter reads very curt and cross; but the fact is, it always puts me in a passion to think of Derbyshire.[5] The whole county is spoiled with "works" and railroads, there are no more trout in the

[1] [Compare *The Two Paths*, § 135 (Vol. XVI. p. 369).]
[2] [For other references by Ruskin to Nursery Rhymes, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 310.]
[3] [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 120, and Vol. XXVII. pp. 150, 153.]
[4] [See above, p. 143.]
[5] [See, below, the letters on Railways in Derbyshire, p. 568.]

Dove, I believe, and you have got embankments and tunnels where there were rocks and caves. All Schools of Art are nonsense, when you have destroyed Nature; one clean field and white cliff is worth any quantity of schools and professors. But is there a green field left in all the county? or a cliff, which wouldn't be blown up to-morrow, if there were lead enough in it to pay for the gunpowder?

"LABORARE EST ORARE"

[From the *New Year's Address and Messages to Blackfriars Bible Class*, Aberdeen, 1874. Reprinted, under the above title, in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 210.]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
December 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I should much like to send your class some message, but have no time for anything I like.

My own constant *cry* to all Bible readers is a very simple one,—Don't think that Nature (human or other) is corrupt;[1] don't think that you yourself are elect out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying.

Ever, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

RAPHAEL FOR LIVERPOOL

[From the *Liverpool Daily Post*, January 3, 1874, in which it was stated that "a Liverpool gentleman has received the following letter from Mr. John Ruskin." This is the letter which is referred to in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (Vol. XXIX. p. 155), and which, when that volume went to press, the editors had not succeeded in tracing. In *Fors*, however, Ruskin was there mistaken in saying that Liverpool bought David Coxes instead of Raphael; the Liverpool Gallery has no example of Cox. Ruskin's letter was the subject of a hostile leading article in the *Liverpool Daily Post* of January 7, 1874. The Raphael in question was the "Colonna" Madonna, still (1908) in the National Gallery, on loan from Mr. Pierpont Morgan: see Vol. XXII. p. 140.]

OXFORD, *Dec.* 31, 1873.

May I ask you before leaving for Italy (as I hear you intend), to do the very truly good work of trying to keep a little piece of Italy here, or in Liverpool. Yesterday I saw, not for the first time, and with confirmed conviction of its worth, the Raphael Madonna which is at present offered to England, if she chooses to have any old art still among her modern French or English splendours. The price is exorbitant; so are all

[1] [Compare the creed of the St. George's Guild: Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]

prices just now. When I was a boy you might have bought a Turner any day for £50, now you must give £1000. You might have bought such a Raphael as this—if buyable at all—for perhaps £4000 or £5000; now you are asked £40,000. My own impression is you might get it for less. But what is £40,000 to Liverpool? The picture has no price. There has been no such Raphael in the market in my lifetime; and unless the mob sack Rome, there is little chance of there being another in anybody's lifetime. I don't myself care supremely for Raphael; never did. But some people do, I believe; and if Liverpool cares for a Raphael, here is one, intensely characteristic and precious, in good state on the whole, and worth I won't say what in money, but, in art, the whole exhibition of the Royal Academy two years running. I do no more than my duty in letting the merchants of Liverpool know of this picture. I have heard of the generosity of their Mayor about the new Gallery,[1] and it occurred to me they might like a Raphael to put at the high end of it. I need not say that I have no interest in the matter; I don't even know to whom the picture belongs. But I do very gravely think it would be well for it to belong to the merchants of Liverpool.

Sir, believe me, most truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

[This and the two following letters were printed in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, February 10, 1900, vol. vii. (Third Series), pp. 143–145, and reprinted in the *Ruskin Union Journal*, March 1900, No. 1, pp. 25–28. On March 9, 1874, it had been resolved to award the Royal Gold Medal for that year to Ruskin. He went to Italy shortly afterwards, and the Institute, without first obtaining his concurrence, obtained the approval of the Queen for its choice. Ruskin wrote from Rome (May 20), declining the medal (Letter 1). This placed the Institute in a somewhat awkward position as regards the Sovereign, and Sir Gilbert Scott, the President, wrote begging him to reconsider his decision. In Letters 2 and 3 he declined to do so. He trusted to Prince Leopold (as appears from private letters) to explain any seeming disrespect on his part to the Sovereign. The fact of Ruskin's refusal and the general gist of his letters had been published at the time in the report of Sir Gilbert Scott's Presidential Address in November 1874 (see *Sessional Papers 1874–1875*, No. 1, pp. 9–12), but the letters themselves were first printed in 1900.]

(1)

ROME, *20th May*, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—I have before me your favour of the 25th March, advising me of the honour done me by the Royal Institute of British Architects in adjudging to me the Royal Medal for 1874.

The delay in my reply has been owing to the necessity for prolonged reflection before adopting the line of conduct which, after such reflection,

[1] [The Walker Art Gallery, erected at the sole expense of Sir Andrew Walker.]

I still find to be the only one open to me. Permit me in explanation of it to state four facts.

1. The tomb of the Cardinal Brancacci at Naples, which, so far as my present knowledge extends, is the most important example in Europe of the architectural sculpture of the fifteenth century, is at present used as the lumber-room of the church in which it stands,[1] and I found, last month, the folds of the drapery of its caryatides closed by cobwebs.

2. The church of San Miniato at Florence, the most beautiful example of the twelfth-century architecture in that city,[2] has been turned into a common cemetery.

3. As I was drawing the cross carved on the spandril of the western arch of the church of Santa Maria della Spina at Pisa, in 1872, it was dashed to pieces by a mason before my eyes, and the pieces carried away, that a model might be carved from them and set up in its stead.[3]

4. The railway at Furness is carried so near the Abbey that the ruins vibrate at the passing of every luggage train; and the buildings connected with the station block the window over the altar of the Abbot's Chapel; so that nothing else can be seen through it.[4]

These four facts are, as the members of the Institute know, only too accurately illustrative of the general agency of the public, and of the builders employed by them, on the existing architecture of Europe;—consisting in the injurious neglect of the most precious works; in the destruction, under the name of restoration, of the most celebrated works, for the sake of emolument; and in the sacrifice of any and all to temporary convenience.

For the existence of this state of things we, the members, actual and honorary, of the Institute of British Architects, are assuredly answerable, at least in England; and under these circumstances I cannot but feel that it is no time for us to play at adjudging medals to each other; and must, for my own poor part, very solemnly decline concurrence in such complimentary formalities, whether as they regard others or myself. For we have none of us, it seems to me, any right remaining either to bestow or to receive honours; and least of all those which proceed from the Grace, and involve the Dignity, of the British Throne.

May I beg, Sir, that in communicating my reply to the members of the Institute you will convey to them at the same time the assurance of my personal respect, and of the profound regret with which I find myself compelled to decline their intended kindness and courtesy?

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, ESQ., *Secretary.*

[1] [St. Angelo a Nilo, built in 1385 by Cardinal Brancacci; his tomb was the joint work of Donatello and Michelozzo.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 241; for Ruskin's drawing of the church in 1845, see Vol. XXXV.; from the floor of the church he took the design for the cover of *Seven Lamps:* see Vol. VIII. p. 185.]

[3] [For this incident, see *Fors Clavigera,* Letters 18 and 20 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 315, 348).]

[4] [Compare *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 182).]

(2)

Assisi, 12*th June*, 1874.

My dear Sir Gilbert,—I have this morning received your letter, which adds not a little to the pain I have felt in doing what I know to be necessary in this case. It adds to the pain—it further assures me of the necessity of my proceeding. That it should have been a friend who "suggested" my name to the Institute makes me bitterly sorry to put this friend in (what, however, only because *he* calls it so, I admit to be) a ridiculous position. But that the Institute acted under his "suggestion" very much adds to such personal motive of pride as I have in refusing the Medal. Had they offered it me after I wrote *The Stones of Venice*, twenty years ago, I should have gratefully and respectfully accepted it. I now, proudly, refuse it. But I have never—very solemnly I say it—allowed my pride to stand in the way of either courtesy or duty. I very solemnly deny, and wish in the face of the public to deny, and am thankful, *though* pained by it, for this opportunity of publicly denying, that either the Architects' Institute or any other Dominant Association of Artists in England, France, or Italy, is, or can be in the present day, an Association for the Improvement of Architecture, or of any other art by such Dominant Associations professed. The primary object of all such Associations is to exalt the power of their own profession over the mind of the public, power being in the present century synonymous with wealth. And the root of all the evil and ruin which this century has seen (and it has destroyed already more than the French Revolution did of what *that* had left) is summed up in four words, "Commission on the Cost."[1] And, from any body of architects, however small, who will bind themselves henceforward to accept a given salary (whatever amount, according to their standing, they may choose to name) for their daily work, and to work with their men (or at least with their own hands, on the sculpture of the building) while they take such salary—from such a body I will take a medal to-morrow.

That I have myself failed, I have, as you tell me, again and again confessed. That I have made the most fatal mistakes I have also confessed.

That I have received no help, but met the most scornful opposition in every effort I have ever made which came into collision with the pecuniary interests of modern builders, may, perhaps in a degree more than I know, have occasioned my failure.

But I now recognize many of my mistakes, and hope yet to accomplish something before I die. It may be, but I trust will not be, single-handed, but at all events it must be in association only with men who know their business.

Now, you are well aware that I agree with every word of your Inaugural Address.[2] As I read it—and I have read it all before concluding

[1] [Compare Vol. XVII. p. 390, and Vol. XXIII. pp. xli., 82, 94.]

[2] [See *Papers read at the Royal Institute of British Architects, Session 1873–1874*, Opening Address of the President, pp. 1–11. The sentence "at the top of page 6" is as follows: "At all great periods of art, so far as we can gather from historical records, or from the internal evidences so abundantly supplied by the actual works

this answer to your remonstrance—I feel as if you had no other intention in sending it than to justify my proceeding.

But I will employ in my justification only two sentences of it. I will not copy—you can more easily read on my reference—the three lines at the top of page 6. I think they violently overstate my *own* view of the necessities of the profession. *I* should have written, not "their *whole* heart," but the whole practical force of their heart. *I* should have written not their "single" object, but their "principal" one. Putting that sentence into such milder form, I can only say, if I believed there were ten men in the Institute to whom it could be truly applied, I would take the medal.

The other sentence I would refer to is in the seventh line from the bottom of page 10:—

"The public as a body scarcely know the difference between good architecture and bad."

On which I must ask further, As a body, does the Institute? If it does, why has it not taught the public?

If it does not, shall I take the Medal, implying the recognition of its authority? I have only to say in conclusion that, having entirely loyal feelings towards the Queen, I will trust to Her Majesty's true interpretation of my conduct; but, if formal justification of it be necessary for the public, would plead that if a peerage or knighthood may without disloyalty be refused, surely much more this minor grace proceeding from the Monarch may be without impropriety declined by any of her subjects who wish to serve her without reward, under exigency of peculiar circumstances.

Believe me, my dear Sir Gilbert, always faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

Private. (3)

My dear Sir Gilbert,—I have written the enclosed this morning under unusual irritation caused me by the ravage of the lower church, and miserable repainting of the higher one under the orders of Signor Cavalcaselle,[1] and the destruction of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy, the fountains between the buttresses of Santa Chiara.

I hope I have said nothing more than is right (at least in my view) in consequence of this irritation. But I can only say that if I wrote, or *could* write, as I feel, *any* day of my life, you would pity me, not be angry with me.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

which have been spared to us, there can be no room for doubt that the efforts, the enthusiastic strivings, and the whole heart and soul of each artist, from the humblest to the most exalted, were ever directed, as their single object, to the advancement and perfection of the art on which they were engaged."]

[1] [For Ruskin's mood at the moment, and subsequent meeting with Cavalcaselle, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xl., xli.]

THE VALUE OF LECTURES

[From the *Glasgow Herald*, June 5, 1874. Reprinted in the *Times* of June 6, 1874; and in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 179, 180. In line 12, "fire-worky" is a correction for "fire-working," and in line 21, "these" for "them"; the corrections are made from a copy of the original letter in Mr. S. C. Cockerell's possession. The letter was written to Mr. Chapman, of the Glasgow Athenæum Lecture Committee, in reply to a request that Ruskin would lecture at their meetings during the winter. Writing from Oxford, four years later, in answer to a similar request, Ruskin wrote as follows:—

> "Nothing can advance art in any district of this accursed machine-and-devil driven England until she changes her mind in many things, and my time for talking is past.—Ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin. I lecture here but only on the art of the past."

(Extract given in the *Times*, February 12, 1878, quoted from *Mayfair*.) In 1883, however, Ruskin delivered a course on the contemporary *Art of England* (Vol. XXXIII.).]

Rome, 26*th May*, 1874.

My dear Sir,—I have your obliging letter, but am compelled by increase of work to cease lecturing except at Oxford—and practically there also—for, indeed, I find the desire of audiences to be *audiences only* becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to *hear*—nobody to read—nobody to think; to be excited for an hour—and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills—and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day.

It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-worky, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it.[1]

God willing, I will go on writing, and as well as I can. There are three volumes published of my Oxford lectures,[2] in which every sentence is set down as carefully as may be. If people want to learn from me, let them read these or my monthly letter, *Fors Clavigera*. If they don't care for these, I don't care to talk to them.

Truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [The evil result on Dickens' health of his last series of readings at St. James's Hall, in the early part of 1870, scarcely four months before his death, is thus noted by Mr. Forster: "Little remains to be told that has not in it almost unmixed sorrow and pain. Hardly a day passed, while the readings went on or after they closed, unvisited by some effect or other of the disastrous excitement consequent on them" (*Life of Charles Dickens*, vol. iii. p. 493). See again, below, p. 613. For other references, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 317–318; and compare above, p. 275 *n.*]

[2] [*Lectures on Art*, *Aratra Pentelici*, and *The Eagle's Nest*.]

THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP

[From the *Monthly Journal of Education*, July 1874, vol. i. p. 314. The letter was in reply to "a circular letter to the various professors of the University of Oxford, issued by the Vice-Chancellor, and asking for information as to matters connected with the posts held by them."]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1874].

DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—The question put to me in the circular letter which I have had the honour to receive from you required difficult thought before I could reply, and what reply can be made must be on the assumption that at some no distant time the University may make art one of its school subjects, else the professorship must remain a sinecure, and resolve itself, in the hands of any competent and conscientious professor, into the mastership of drawing for casual students, while an incompetent professor would merely give formal lectures which no one would attend. But even as drawing master I am unable at present to act efficiently without more space. The circular letter asks me for no information as to material arrangements. I venture, without being asked, to represent the absolute necessity (if the professorship is under any conditions to be effective) of the addition of a room for University students, entirely separate from the schools of elementary drawing; and of the further provision of at least *two* workshops, for modelling, metal work, and other collateral mechanical operations.[1]

Supposing that art is, under future modification of the examination system, made a school subject, two readerships—one in painting, the other in modelling—ought assuredly to be established in connection with the Slade Professorships, but in such subordination to it as may secure the harmonious agency of the three teachers, together with that of the master of elementary drawing, for whose office I have myself been permitted to make provision.

I remain, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE POSITION OF CRITICS

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 19, 1875. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 241, 242. In line 10, "sums" was misprinted "seems" both in the *Gazette* and in *Arrows*. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 14 and 18 had contained two long letters on the subject from "A Reviewer." For references to other passages in which Ruskin discusses the functions of criticism, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 394 *n.*]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 18 [1875].

SIR,—I see you are writing of criticism; some of your readers may, perhaps, be interested in hearing the notions of a man who has dabbled in it a good many years. I believe, in a word, that criticism is as impertinent

[1] [Ruskin was constantly asking for additional accommodation, which the University did not grant: compare Vol. XXXIII. pp. lvi., 363, 476. For his original scheme of classes in metal work, etc., see Vol. XX. p. 22.]

in the world as it is in a drawing-room. In a kindly and well-bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play, or sing, or what not, but they don't criticise. For the rest, a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world (Swift's Goddess of Criticism in the *Tale of a Tub* sums what need be represented, on that subject[1]), and a good one, the most helpless and unhappy: the more he knows, the less he is trusted, and it is too likely he may become morose in his unacknowledged power. A good executant, in any art, gives pleasure to multitudes, and breathes an atmosphere of praise, but a strong critic is every man's adversary,—men feel that he knows their foibles, and cannot conceive that he knows more. His praise, to be acceptable, must be always unqualified; his equity is an offence instead of a virtue; and the art of correction, which he has learned so laboriously, only fills his hearers with disgust.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS

[From the *World*, June 9, 1875. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 235-237. The letter refers to an article on Ruskin's method of publication which appeared in the *World* of May 26, 1875. It was entitled "Ruskin to the Rescue," and with the criticism to which Ruskin alludes, strongly approved the idea of some reform being attempted in the matter of the publication of books. For Ruskin's reforms in the matter, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxii.-lxxxvi. The present letter was quoted in an article on "Mr. Ruskin, Artist and Publisher," by Percy Fitzgerald, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February 1890 (p. 136). Ruskin refers to this letter to the *World* in one to F. S. Ellis of July 4, 1875 (see Vol. XXXVII.).]

To the Editor of the "World"

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *June* 6, 1875.

SIR,—I am very grateful for the attention and candour with which you have noticed my effort to introduce a new method of publishing.

Will you allow me to explain one or two points in which I am generally misunderstood? I meant to have asked your leave to do so at some length, but have been entirely busy, and can only say, respecting two of your questions, what in my own mind are the answers.

I. "How many authors are strong enough to do without advertisements?"

None: while advertisement is the practice. But let it become the fashion to announce books once for all in a monthly circular (publisher's,

[1] [The Goddess of Criticism, with Ignorance and Pride for her parents, Opinion for her sister, and for her children Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners, is described in the *Battle of the Books*—the paper which follows, and is a companion to the *Tale of a Tub*. For another reference to the *Tale*, see Vol. IV. p. 337.]

for instance), and the public will simply refer to that for all they want to know. Such advertisement I use now, and always would.

II. "Why has he determined to be his own publisher?"

I wish entirely to resist the practice of writing for money early in life. I think an author's business requires as much training as a musician's, and that, as soon as he can write really well, there would always, for a man of worth and sense, be found capital enough to enable him to be able to print, say, a hundred pages of his careful work; which if the public were pleased with, they would soon enable him to print more. I do not think young men should rush into print, nor old ones modify their books to please publishers.

III. And it seems to me, considering that the existing excellent books in the world would—if they were heaped together in great towns—overtop their cathedrals, that at *any* age a man should think long before he invites his neighbours to listen to *his* sayings on any subject whatever.

What I do, therefore, is done only in the conviction, foolish, egotistic, whatever you like to call it, but firm, that I am writing what is needful and useful for my fellow-creatures; that if it is so, they will in due time discover it, and that before due time I do not want it discovered. And it seems to me that no sound scholar or true well-wisher to the people about him would write in any other temper. I mean to be paid for my work, if it is worth payment. Not otherwise. And it seems to me my mode of publication is the proper method of ascertaining that fact. I had much more to say, but have no more time, and am, sir, very respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

[Addressed to Mr. Egbert Rydings (for whom see Vol. XXVIII. p. 768). The letter was printed in the privately issued *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to various Correspondents,* 1892 (No. 19), pp. 63-64.]

OXFORD, *June* 18, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in your letter. In the strongest conviction I would assert that the father should never provide for his children. He should educate and maintain them to the very best of his power till they are of mature age, never living upon them in their youth (damned modernism eats its own children young and excuses its own avarice by them when they are old!). When they are strong enough, throw them out of the nest as the bird does. But let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. Doors always open to daughter-harlot or son-thief, if they come. But no fortune left to them. Father's house open; nothing more. Honourable children will have their own houses—if needs be provide for their parents, not their parents for them.

Truly yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

ART AND SMOKE.

[Date and place of original publicatiou unknown. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 181, under the title "The Cradle of Art." The letter was in answer to a request of the Sheffield Society of Artists similar to that replied to in a preceding letter (above, p. 517). The Sheffield letter was the subject of a cartoon in *Fun*, March 29, 1876, entitled "Playing with Edged Tools," with a caricature portrait of "Saint Rusty" and verses (p. 138) ou "The Dotage of Doggy Suarler."]

18*th Feb.*, 1876.

My dear Sir,—I lose a frightful quantity of time because people won't read what I ask them to read, nor believe anything of what I tell them, and yet ask me to talk whenever they think they can take a shilling or two at the door by me. I have written fifty times, if once, that you can't have art where you have smoke;[1] you may have it in hell, perhaps, for the Devil is too clever not to consume his own smoke, if he wants to. But you will never have it in Sheffield. You may learn something about nature, shrivelled, and stones, and iron; and what little you can see of that sort, I'm going to try and show you.[2] But pictures, never.

Ever faithfully yours,
John Ruskin.

If for no other reason, no artist worth sixpence in a day would live in Sheffield, nor would any one who cared for pictures—for a million a year.

BLAKE'S POEMS

[From Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* sold by them on 21st May 1890 (No. 98). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 62–63, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 90–91 (No. 94). The "precious little book" is *Songs of Innocence and Experience by William Blake, edited and prefaced by Richard Herne Shepherd* (Pickering, 1868). A selection of the Poems had been included in vol. ii. of Alexander Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake* (1863), the selection being made by D. G. Rossetti, who took many liberties with the text. Shepherd's text followed the author's MS. For other letters to Mr. Shepherd (compiler of the first Bibliography of Ruskin), see p. 537.]

Brantwood, 8*th May*, 1876.

My dear Sir,—Putting my books in order after a long interval, I find to-day your gift of Aug. 6th, 1874, never before seen by me. It came when I was in Italy, and I have never got my books sifted since! I am very sorry, for I would fain have thanked you at once for the precious little book, of which you must have thought me so careless. But, as I now glance through it, I am a little pained by what, I suppose, is its

[1] [See, for instance, Vol. V. p. 232, and Vol. XX. pp. 107, 290.]
[2] [In the St. George's Museum.]

truth of text, but is nevertheless not satisfactory after Rossetti's emendations. You do not, I think, make clear enough in your preface the authority for your readings. In the tiger, for instance, Rossetti's "What dread hand made thy dread feet?" is far more striking (to me) than your "What dread hand and what," etc., which is forced and unintelligible.

Will you kindly tell me more clearly the relations of your text to Rossetti's in such particulars? and believe me already, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

R. H. SHEPHERD, Esq., Editor of Blake's Poems,
Care of Mr. Pickering, 196, Piccadilly, London.

MODERN WARFARE

[From *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1876, N.S., vol. xiv. pp. 121–123. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 43–50. The article in the June number was entitled "Remarks on Modern Warfare, by a Military Officer." The article was signed "P. S. C." For Ruskin's interest in military history, see Vol. XXXI. pp. 477–478; and on the subject of the present letter, compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 74).]

To the Editor of "Fraser's Magazine"

[1876.]

SIR,—The article on modern warfare in your last June number contains statements of so great importance to public interests, that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics[1] given in the second column of page 695, on which P. S. C. rests his "incontestable" conclusion that "battles are less sanguinary than they were," are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not "less sanguinary" than a street quarrel between three topers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot: though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war, as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly, the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons such as they could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for

[1] [See the tables given on the next page.]

out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike: while, nowadays, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled, or compelled, to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, "Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact are—whole nations in arms." I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means "the whole nation" on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket.[1] It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six under-named battles of bygone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz	1/7
Jena	1/6
Waterloo	1/5
Marengo	1/4
Salamanca	1/3
Eylau	1/2½

while in the under-named five recent battles the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz	1/15
Gravelotte	1/12
Solferino	1/11
Worth	1/11
Sedan	1/10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win. But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon.[2] Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French Emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported)

[1] ["The proportion of killed and wounded," wrote P. S. C., "was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day."]

[2] [It was the success of Prussia in the Seven Weeks' War against Austria (completed at Königgrätz, or Sadowa (July 3, 1866), which led to the general adoption of breech-loading guns.]

depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern mechanics for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles, only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent; and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objection to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons which rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic[1] was "less sanguinary" than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Danes after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russians of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. "England will expect"[2] of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight: and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation, than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honourable tactics of poorly-armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in P. S. C.'s letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack

[1] [For other references to the Baltic expedition in the Crimean War, see Vol. XVIII. p. 511; Vol. XXVIII. p. 95; and Vol. XXXIII. p. 509.]

[2] [For another reference to Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, see Vol. XX. p. 42.]

of Magdeburg[1] and that of the march into Paris, recognize a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sustained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany, through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labour from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such Powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring, instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our —according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation of Cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances;[2] and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honour of a Senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

P.S.—I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcola and Solferino.[3]

"A GENTLE SCHOLAR"

[From an article thus headed in the *Manchester Guardian*, March 24, 1898—giving a memoir of Mr. James Taylor, who had recently died. He was an errand-boy and afterwards a telegraph-clerk, who obtained the B.A. degree of London University. "His love of literature, the ardour of his pursuit of knowledge, and

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[1] [In 1631, during the Thirty Years' War, when the whole town, with the exception of the Cathedral, the Frauenkirche, and a few houses, was burned to the ground, and 30,000 of its 36,000 inhabitants were butchered without regard to age or sex.]

[2] [Compare *Unto this Last*, § 76 *n.* (Vol. XVII. pp. 103-104).]

[3] [For other references to these battles (1796 and 1859), see Vol. XXIX. p. 287 *n.*]

the gentleness and purity of his character made him a general favourite." A meeting was held in honour of his degree, and letters were read on the occasion from Gladstone (who sent Mr. Taylor one of his books) and Ruskin. Mr. Taylor subsequently obtained a post in the Manchester and Salford Bank.]

VENICE, *November* 13, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter only reaches me to-day, and I fear my reply may be too late to be read at the meeting; and perhaps even if in time, you will scarcely think the pleasure or the object of the meeting likely to be promoted by it. For, indeed, while asking you to convey my true congratulations to Mr. Taylor, I have yet no assured words of sympathy to give to a meeting held in his honour on the simple ground of his having advanced under grave disadvantages to such eminence in the elements of modern education as his degree certifies. It is proved thereby that he is gifted by nature with unusually acute and earnest intelligence; but until I know with what motives he has desired to raise himself, and what use he intends to make of the position he has gained, I can only congratulate—I cannot, without further knowledge, in the full sense of the word, honour. I should have at once concurred with my whole heart in the object of your meeting if it had been to do reverence to a telegraph boy who had become a telegraph man; had perfected the system of signals under his control, and effected definite improvement in the character and increase in the comfort of his equals, and generally of his class. My own endeavours, any careful reader of my addresses to working men must know, have always been to prevail upon them to put their valour into common work and seek for happiness in humble life.[1] The few who can rise above the general level are, of course, notable to me in their private characters; but I doubt the advantage of their example and the tenour of their influence with their inferiors, at least until I see them joining heart and hand in an endeavour to organize laws of labour which may rightly ennoble the occupation and reward the industry of all true and loyal members of their class.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHIVALRY

[From a pamphlet with the following title-page:—

> The | Science of Life: | A Pamphlet | Addressed to | All Members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, | And to | All who are or will be teachers, clergymen, | Fathers. | Α Ο ΘΕΟΣ ΕΚΑΘΑΡΙΣΕ | ΣΥ | ΜΗ | ΚΟΙΝΟΥ | "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou unclean." | Price Sixpence. | London: | J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. | Oxford. A. R. Mowbray & Co., 116, St. Aldate's. | 1877.

Ruskin's letters, addressed to the author of the pamphlet, occupied pp. 6–8. There was a second edition in 1878 (Ruskin's letters, pp. 5–8); this contained the first

[1] [Compare Ruskin's evidence given to the Select Committee on Public Institutions in 1860, Vol. XVI. p. 474.]

and last of these letters, whilst only the first edition contained the last letter but one. Some passages also in the other letters are omitted in the first edition, and a few slight alterations are made in the second in the letter of February 10. The series of letters were reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace* (under the above heading added by the editor), vol. ii. pp. 212–220.[1] Numerous extracts from them were cited in *The Instinct of Love*, by F. B. Money-Coutts, 1885. In another book, entitled *The Ethics of Love* (Walsall, W. H. Robinson; London, Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), 1881, there is the following note on the title-page:—"Mr. J. Ruskin has written to the Author to this effect: 'It seems to me all right and quite able to stand on its own ground. . . . It will be well received, I doubt not. . . . Trust to your own earnestness, and to the absolute use of the truths you speak.'"]

(1)

VENICE, *February 8th*, 1877.

MY DEAR ——, This is a nobly done piece of work of yours—a fireman's duty in fire of hell; and I would fain help you in all I could, but my way of going at the thing would be from the top down—putting the fire out with the sun, not with vain sprinklings. People would say I wasn't practical, as usual, of course;[2] but it seems to me the last thing one should do in the business is to play Lord Angelo,[3] and set bar and door to deluge. Not but I should sift the windows of our Oxford printsellers, if I had my full way in my Art Professorship; but I can't say the tenth part of what I would. I'm in the very gist and main effort of quite other work, and can't get my mind turned to this rightly, for this, in the heart of it, involves, —well, to say the whole range of moral philosophy, is nothing; this, in the heart of it, one can't touch unless one knew the moral philosophy of angels also, and what that means, "but are as the angels in heaven."[4] For indeed there is no true conqueror of Lust but Love; and in this beautifully scientific day of the British nation, in which you have no God to love any more, but only an omnipotent coagulation and copulation: in which you have no Law nor King to love any more, but only a competition and a constitution, and the oil of anointing for king and priest used to grease your iron wheels down hill: when you have no country to love any more, but "patriotism is nationally what selfishness is individually,"[5] such the eternally-damned modern view of the matter—the moral syphilis of the entire national blood: and, finally, when you have no true bride and groom to love each other any more, but a girl looking out for a carriage and a man for a position, what have you left on earth to take pleasure in, except theft and adultery?

[1] [A few corrections are now made from Ruskin's copy of *Arrows*—namely, in Letter (1), line 16, "and" for "for" after "coagulation"; in Letter (3), line 5, "now" is inserted, and "once" is a correction for "one"; the last word of Letter (5), "heart," is a correction for "hearts."]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 193.]

[3] [See *Measure for Measure*.]

[4] [Mark xii. 25.]

[5] [For further notice by Ruskin of this maxim, which occurs in Herbert Spencer's *Study of Sociology*, p. 205, see the article on "Home and its Economies" (Vol. XVII. p. 556), and the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, Vol. XXXI. p. 24.]

The two great vices play into each other's hands. Ill-got money is always finally spent on the harlot. Look at Hogarth's two 'prentices;[1] the sum of social wisdom is in that bit of rude art-work, if one reads it solemnly.

(2)

VENICE, *February 10th* [1877].

Hence, if from any place in earth, I ought to be able to send you some words of warning to English youths, for the ruin of this mighty city was all in one word—fornication. Fools who think they can write history will tell you it was "the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope,"[2] and the like! Alas! it was indeed the covering of every hope she had, in God and His Law.

For indeed, my dear friend, I doubt if you can fight this evil by mere heroism and common sense. Not many men are heroes; not many are rich in common sense. They will train for a boat race; will they for the race of life? For the applause of the pretty girls in blue on the banks; yes. But to win the soul and body of a noble woman for their own for ever, will they? Not as things are going, I think, though how or where they are to go or end is to me at present inconceivable.

. . . . . .[3]

You think, perhaps, I could help you therefore with a lecture on good taste and Titian? No, not at all; I might with one on politics, but that everybody would say was none of my business. Yet to understand the real meaning of the word "Sire," with respect to the rider as well as the horse, is indeed the basis of all knowledge, in policy, chivalry, and social order.

All that you have advised and exposed is wisely said and bravely told; but no advice, no exposure, will be of use, until the right relation exists again between the father and the mother and their son. To deserve his confidence, to keep it as the chief treasure committed in trust to them by God: to be the father his strength, the mother his sanctification, and both his chosen refuge, through all weakness, evil, danger, and amazement of his young life. My friend, while you still teach in Oxford the "philosophy," forsooth, of that poor cretinous wretch, Stuart Mill, and are endeavouring to open other "careers" to English women than that of the Wife and the Mother, you won't make your men chaste by recommending them to leave off tea.[4]

[1] [Of this series of designs, Hogarth said: "Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two fellow 'prentices; where the one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally. As the prints were intended more for use than ornament, they were done in a way that might bring them within the purchase of whom they might most concern" (John Ireland's *Hogarth Illustrated*, 1791, vol. i. p. 250). For the plates themselves, see *ibid.*, pp. 253 *seq.*]

[2] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, Vol. XXIV. p. 235.]

[3] [The dots here, and on the next page, were in the original pamphlet, indicating omissions.]

[4] ["I have to state that this expression regarding Stuart Mill was not intended for separate publication; and to explain that in a subsequent but unpublished letter

(3)

VENICE, 11*th February* [1877].

MY DEAR ——, I would say much more, if I thought any one would believe me, of the especial calamity of this time, with respect to the discipline of youth—in having no food any more to offer to their imagination. Military distinction is no more possible by prowess, and the young soldier thinks now of the hurdle-race as once of the lists and the field—but the nobler temper will not train for that trial with equal joy. Clerical eminence—the bishopric or popular pastorship—may be tempting to men of genial pride or sensitive conceit: but the fierce blood that would have burned into a patriarch, or lashed itself into a saint—what "career" has your modern philosophy to offer to *it*?

. . . . . .

The entire cessation of all employment for the faculty, which, in the best men of former ages, was continually exercised and satisfied in the realization of the presence of Christ with the hosts of Heaven, leaves the part of the brain which it employed absolutely vacant, and ready to suck in, with the avidity of vacuum, whatever pleasantness may be presented to the natural sight in the gas-lighted beauty of pantomimic and casino Paradise.

All these disadvantages, you will say, are inevitable, and need not be dwelt upon. In my own school of St. George I mean to avoid them by simply making the study of Christianity a true piece of intellectual work; my boys shall at least know what their fathers believed, before they make up their own wise minds to disbelieve it. They shall be infidels, if they choose, at thirty; but only students, and very modest ones, at fifteen. But I shall at least ask of modern science so much help as shall enable me to begin to teach them at that age the physical laws relating to their own bodies, openly, thoroughly, and with awe; and of modern civilization, I shall ask so much help as may enable me to teach them what is indeed right, and what wrong, for the citizen of a state of noble humanity to do, and permit to be done, by others, unaccused.

And if you can found two such chairs in Oxford—one, of the Science of Physical Health; the other, of the Law of Human Honour—you need not trim your Horace, nor forbid us our chatty afternoon tea.

I could say ever so much more, of course, if there were only time, or if it would be of any use—about the misappliance of the imagination. But, really, the essential thing is the founding of real schools of instruction for both boys and girls—first, in domestic medicine and all that it means; and secondly, in the plain moral law of all humanity: "Thou shalt not commit adultery," with all that *it* means.

Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Ruskin explained it to refer to Mill's 'utter deficiency in the powers of the imagination.'—The last words of this letter will be made clearer by noting that the pamphlet dealt with physical, as well as mental, diet." (Editor's note in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 215.) For other references to "other careers for women," see above, p. 509.]

(4)

VENICE, 12*th February*, '77.

MY DEAR ——, Two words more, and an end. I have just re-read the paper throughout. There are two omissions which seem to me to need serious notice.

The first, that the entire code of counsel which you have drawn up, as that which a father should give his son, must be founded on the assumption that, at the proper time of life, the youth will be able, no less than eager, to marry. You ought certainly to point out, incidentally, what in my St. George's work I am teaching primarily, that unless this first economical condition of human society be secured, all props and plasters of its morality will be in vain.

And in the second place, you have spoken too exclusively of Lust, as if *it* were the normal condition of sexual feeling, and the only one properly to be called sexual. But the great relation of the sexes is Love, not Lust; that is the relation in which "male and female created He them";[1] putting into them, indeed, to be distinctly restrained to the office of fruitfulness, the brutal passion of Lust: but giving them the spiritual power of Love, that each spirit might be greater and purer by its bond to another associate spirit, in this world, and that which is to come; help-mates, and sharers of each other's joy for ever.

Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

(5)

MALHAM, *July 3rd*, 1878.

DEAR ——, I wish I were able to add a few more words, with energy and clearness, to my former letters, respecting a subject of which my best strength—though in great part lately given to it, has not yet enforced the moment;—the function, namely, of the arts of Music and Dancing as leaders and governors of the bodily, and instinctive mental, passions.[2] No nation will ever bring up its youth to be at once refined and pure, till its Masters have learned the *use* of all the Arts, and primarily of these; till they again recognize the gulf that separates the Doric and Lydian modes, and perceive the great ordinance of Nature, that the pleasures which, rightly ordered, exalt, discipline, and guide the hearts of men, if abandoned to a reckless and popular *Dis*-order, as surely degrade, scatter, and deceive alike the passions and intellect.

I observe in the journals of yesterday, announcement that the Masters of many of our chief schools are at last desirous of making the elements of Greek art one of the branches of their code of instruction: but that they imagine such elements may be learned from plaster casts of elegant limbs and delicate noses.

They will find that Greek art can only be learned from Greek law, and from the religion which gives Law of life to all the nations of the

[1] [Genesis i. 27.]
[2] [For references to Ruskin's views on this subject, see Vol. XXVII. p. lxxiii.]

earth. Let our youth once more learn the meaning of the words "Music," "Chorus," and "Hymn" practically; and with the understanding that all such practice, from lowest to highest, is, if rightly done, always in the presence and to the praise of God; and we shall have gone far to shield them in a noble peace and glorious safety from the darkest questions and the foulest sins that have perplexed and consumed the youth of past generations for the last four hundred years.

Have you ever heard the charity children sing in St. Paul's? Suppose we sometimes allowed God the honour of seeing our *Noble* children collected in like manner to sing to Him, what, think you, might be the effect of such a festival—even if only held once a year—on the National manners and heart?

Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

MODERN RESTORATION

[This letter was originally received by "a Liverpool gentleman," and sent enclosed in a long letter signed "An Antiquarian," to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, where it appeared June 9, 1877. Quoted from that paper in an article headed "Mr. Ruskin on Modern Restoration" in the *British Architect and Northern Engineer*, June 15, 1877, vol. vii. p. 366. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. p. 234. "Stone-layers" is here a correction for "stone-lawyers."]

Venice, 15*th April*, 1877.

My dear Sir,—It is impossible for any one to know the horror and contempt with which I regard modern restoration—but it is so great that it simply paralyses me in despair,—and in the sense of such difference in all thought and feeling between me and the people I live in the midst of, almost makes it useless for me to talk to them. Of course all restoration is accursed architect's jobbery, and will go on as long as they can get their filthy bread by such business. But things are worse here than in England: you have little there left to lose—here, every hour is ruining buildings of inestimable beauty and historical value—simply to keep stone-layers at work. I am obliged to hide my face from it all, and work at other things, or I should die of mere indignation and disgust.

Ever truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

RIBBESFORD CHURCH

[This letter was printed in the *Kidderminster Times*, July 28, 1877. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. pp. 235–236. Ribbesford Church was finally closed after the morning service on Sunday, July 15, 1877. It was then restored, and was reopened and reconsecrated on June 15, 1879. The *Kidderminster Times* of July 21, 1877, contained an account of a meeting of the Ribbesford parishioners to consider the restoration of the church. Hence the allusions in this letter to "copying" the traceries.]

To the Editor of the "Kidderminster Times"

BRANTWOOD, *July* 24, 1877.

SIR,—It chanced that, on the morning of the Sunday, when the appearances of danger in the walls of Ribbesford Church began seriously to manifest themselves (according to the report in your columns of the 21st inst.), I was standing outside of the church, listening to the singing of the last hymn as the sound came through the open door (with the Archer Knight sculptured above it), and showing to the friend who had brought me[1] to the lovely place the extreme interest of the old perpendicular traceries in the freehand working of the apertures.

Permit me to say, with reference to the proposed restoration of the church, that no modern architect, no mason either, can, or would if they could, "copy" those traceries. They will assuredly put up with geometrical models in their place, which will be no more like the old traceries than a Kensington paper pattern is like a living flower. Whatever else is added or removed, those traceries should be replaced as they are, and left in reverence until they moulder away.[2] If they are already too much decayed to hold the glass safely (which I do not believe), any framework which may be necessary can be arranged to hold the casements within them, leaving their bars entirely disengaged, and merely kept from falling by iron supports. But if these are to be "copied," why in the world cannot the congregation pay for a new and original church, to display the genius and wealth of the nineteenth century somewhere else, and leave the dear old ruin to grow grey by Severn side in peace?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

THE TEACHING OF SINGING

[In the *Birmingham Daily Post*, September 28, 1887, is a letter from Mr. Charles Lunn, in which he says: "It may interest some of your readers to learn what views Mr. Ruskin holds as regards the art of song. Many years ago he wrote me . . ." Then follows the letter here given. Mr. Lunn added: "I may add that the passages on music in *Fors* were written for me." This presumably fixes the date as about 1877.]

1877.

I mean the children to be taught pure and perfect, but simple, choral music, arranged to noble words, such as they can understand and desire to sing. They shall be disciplined so thoroughly that a false note shall be impossible to them; they shall never sing anything difficult or wonderful, but only what is beautiful, right, and well within their powers; and those who

[1] [Mr. George Baker, with whom Ruskin was at this time staying. On July 15 they drove to Kidderminster and the Severn.]

[2] [On this subject, compare Vol. XIII. p. 553.]

do not enjoy such singing for its own sake, and whose affectation or vanity is unconquerable, shall be put out of the choirs. I am chiefly at a loss for the music itself, and it will be long before I can get any small part of what I want accomplished; but the enforcing of accurate musical education as a quite necessary, unpretending, and sacred duty will be much.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY

[From the *Socialist, an Advocate of Love, Truth, Justice*, etc., etc. Printed and published by the proprietor, W. Freeland, 52, Scotland Street, Sheffield, November 1877. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 107, 108. The references in the letter are to an article on Property entitled "What should be done?"]

To the Editor of the "Socialist"

10*th Oct.*, 1877.

Sir,—Some Sheffield friend has sent me your fourth number, in the general teaching of which I am thankful to be able to concur without qualification: but let me earnestly beg of you not to confuse the discussion of the principles of Property in Earth, Air, or Water, with the discussion of principles of Property in general. The things which, being our neighbour's, the Mosaic Law commands us not to covet, are by the most solemn Natural Laws, indeed our neighbour's "property," and any attempts to communize these have always ended, and will always end, in ruin and shame.

Do not attempt to learn from America. An Englishman has brains enough to discover for himself what is good for England; and should learn, when he is to be taught anything, from his Fathers, not from his children.

I observe in the first column of your 15th page the assertion by your correspondent of his definition of money as if different from mine. He only weakens my definition with a "certificate of credit" instead of a "promise to pay." What is the use of giving a man "credit"—if you don't engage to pay him?

But I observe that nearly all my readers stop at this more or less metaphysical definition, which I give in *Unto this Last*,[1] instead of going on to the practical statement of immediate need made in *Munera Pulveris*.

The promise to find Labour is one which meets general demand; but the promise to find Bread is the answer needed to immediate demands, and the only sound bases of National Currency are shown both in *Munera Pulveris*, and *Fors Clavigera*,[2] to be bread, fuel, and clothing material, of certified quality.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [See *Unto this Last*, § 34 *n.* "The final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation, to give or find a certain quantity of labour on demand" (Vol. XVII. p. 50). For the reference to *Munera Pulveris*, see *ibid.*, pp. 194 *seq.*]

[2] [See Vol. XVII. p. 200 (comparing p. 489), and *Fors*, Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 429).]

LIFE IN GLASGOW

[Communicated to the *Glasgow Herald*, January 25, 1900, by Mr. William Gibson, who notes that "it was in answer to a very innocent request for some information I desired." At a date later than that of the present letter, Ruskin, on being asked to lend pictures to Glasgow, replied that

> "he would only be willing to lend his pictures when Glasgow was in a fit condition to enjoy, and that would not be till it had pulled down every one of its hideous houses"

(*Glasgow Weekly Herald*, January 14, 1882).]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *Dec.* 1877.

SIR,—Don't waste your money on buying my books, or anybody else's. To love the beautiful in painting you must first love it in nature,[1] then be long among noble art. You have little nature left at Glasgow within 30 miles, and no art within 300. Don't be ridiculous and affected whatever you are. If you live at Glasgow you may be happy in Glasgow ways, and in those only. All the books on earth or in heaven can't teach you to love the beautiful (from the Apocalypse down).

Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Desperately tired to-day. If you like to have tenpennyworth of me, and see how you like me, put 10 stamps in enclosed envelope, and tell Mr. Allen to send you the *Fors* for December.[2]

A PAGAN MESSAGE

[From *New Year's Address*, etc. (as above, pp. 508, 512), 1878. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 211, where the first of the lines from Horace was misprinted ". . . *et inter iras.*"]

HERNE HILL, LONDON, S.E., 19 *Dec.*, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you know as well as I that the best message for any of your young men who really are trying to read their Bibles is whatever they first chance to read on whatever morning.

But here's a Pagan message for them, which will be a grandly harmonized bass for whatever words they get on the New Year.

> Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,
> *Omnem* crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.[3]

("Amid hope and sorrow, amid fear and wrath, believe *every* day that has dawned on thee to be thy last.")

Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 41 (Vol. XXII. p. 153).]
[2] [Letter 84 (Vol. XXIX. p. 286).]
[3] [Horace, *Epistles*, i. 4, 12. See Ruskin's notes on this passage, below, p. 694.]

NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE

[This and the next letter were written in answer to Dr. Furnivall, who, upon being questioned what appearance in the clouds was intended by the word "fret" in the following passage, referred the point to Ruskin, whose answers were subsequently read at the forty-fifth meeting of the Society, on October 11, 1878. The letters were printed in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society for 1878–1879*, pp. 409–412. A few pulls of the four pages were made separately, for private circulation. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 257–261.]

"And yon grey lines
That *fret* the clouds are messengers of day."
JULIUS CÆSAR, II. i. 103–4.

(1)

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [1878].

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—Of course, in any great writer's word, the question is far less what the word came from, than where it has come to. *Fret* means all manner of things in that place; primarily, the rippling of clouds—as sea by wind; secondarily, the breaking it asunder for light to come through. It implies a certain degree of vexation—some dissolution—much *order*, and extreme beauty. I have myself used this word substantively, to express the rippled edge of a wing-feather.[1] In architecture and jewellery it means simply roughening in a decorative manner.*

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

(2)

EDINBURGH, 29*th Sept.*, 1878.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—Your kind letter comes to me here, and I must answer on this paper, for if that bit of note is really of any use to you, you must please add this word or two more, in printing, as it wouldn't do to let it be such a mere fret on the vault of its subject. You say not one man in 150 knows what the line means: my dear Furnivall, not one man in 15,000, in the nineteenth century, knows, or ever can know, what *any* line—or any *word* means, used by a great writer. For most words stand for things that are seen, or things that are thought of; and in the nineteenth century there is certainly not one man in 15,000 who ever looks at anything, and not one in 15,000,000 capable of a thought. Take the intelligence of this word in this line for example—the root of the whole matter is, first, that the reader should have seen, what he has often heard of, but probably not seen twice in his life[2]—"Daybreak." Next, it is needful he should think,

* In modern English "chasing" has got confused with it, but it should be separated again.

[1] [See *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vi. § 14 (Vol. XV. p. 402).]

[2] [Compare *The Storm-Cloud*, § 6 (above, p. 14); and see Vol. XV. p. 362, Vol. XXI. p. 106, Vol. XXII. p. 21.]

what "break" means in that word—what is broken, namely, and by what. That is to say, the cloud of night is Broken up, as a city is broken up (Jerusalem, when Zedekiah fled[1]), as a school breaks up, as a constitution, or a ship, is broken up; in every case with a not inconsiderable change of idea, and addition to the central word. This breaking up is done by the Day, which breaks—*out*, as a man breaks, or bursts *out*, from his restraint in a passion; breaks *down* in tears; or breaks *in*, as from heaven to earth —with a breach in the cloud wall of it; or breaks *out*, with a sense of *outward*—as the sun—out and out, farther and farther, after rain. Well; next, the thing that the day breaks up is partly a garment, *rent*, more than broken; a *mantle*, the day itself "in russet mantle clad"[2]—the blanket of the dark, *torn* to be peeped through—whereon instantly you get into a whole host of new ideas; *fretting* as a moth *frets* a garment;[3] unravelling at the edge, afterwards;—thence you get into *fringe*, which is an entirely double word, meaning partly, a thing that guards, and partly a thing that is worn away on the ground; the French *Frange* has, I believe, a reminiscence of φράσσω in it—our "fringe" runs partly toward *frico* and friction—both are essentially connected with *frango*, and the fringe of "breakers" at the shores of all seas, and the breaking of the ripples and foam all over them—but this is wholly different in a northern mind, which has only seen the sea

"Break, break, break, on its *cold* gray stones,"—[4]

and a southern, which has seen a hot sea on hot sand break into lightning of phosphor flame—half a mile of fire in an instant—following in time, like the flash of minute guns. Then come the great new ideas of order and time, and

"I did but tell her she mistook her *frets*,
And bowed her hand," etc.[5]

and so the timely succession of either ball, flower, or dentil, in architecture: but this, again, going off to a totally different and still lovely idea, the main one in the word *aurifrigium*—which rooted once in *aurifex*, went on in Etruscan work,[6] followed in Florence, into a much closer connection with *frigidus*—their style being always in *frosted* gold—(see the dew on a cabbage-leaf—or better, on a grey lichen, in early sunshine)—going back, nobody knows how far, but to the Temple of the Dew of Athens,[7] and gold of Mycenæ, anyhow; and in Etruria to the Deluge, I suppose. Well, then, the notion of the music of morning comes in—with strings of lyre (or *frets* of Katharine's instrument, whatever it was) and

[1] [2 Kings xxv. 4.]
[2] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 1, line 166.]
[3] [Psalms xxxix. 12 (Prayer-book version).]
[4] [For other references to Tennyson on the sea, see *Harbours of England*, Vol. XIII. p. 16.]
[5] [*Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii. sc. 1, line 150, "her" being Katharina.]
[6] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 472.]
[7] [For other references to the Pandroseion, see Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxiv., 317, and Vol. XIX. p. 334.]

stops of various *quills;* which gets us into another group beginning with *plectrum,* going aside again into *plico* and *plight,* and Milton's

"Play in the plighted clouds"[1]

—(the quills on the fretful porcupine[2] are all thought of, first, in their piped complexity like rushes, *before* the standing up in ill temper)—and so on into the *plight* of folded drapery,—and round again to our blanket.[3] I think that's enough to sketch out the compass of the word. Of course the real power of it in any place depends on the writer's grasp of it, and use of the facet he wants to cut with.

SHEPHERD'S BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSKIN

[These two letters to Mr. R. H. Shepherd were given in the List of "Mr. Shepherd's Publications," printed at the end of his *The Bibliography of Dickens,* 1880. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace,* 1880, vol. ii. p. 276. The letters were offered for sale, and an extract from the first was printed, in a catalogue issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., 755 Broadway, New York. Mr. Shepherd's *Bibliography of Ruskin* (first published in September 1878, fifth edition 1881) was the first of the kind, and led to the collection of Ruskin's Letters in *Arrows of the Chace* (see above, p. xxxviii.) and of his Miscellanies in *On the Old Road.*]

(1)

BRANTWOOD, *Sept.* 30, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—So far from being distasteful to me, your perfect reckoning up of me not only flatters my vanity extremely, but will be in the highest degree useful to myself. But you know so much more about me than I now remember about anything, that I can't find a single thing to correct or add—glancing through at least.

I will not say that you have wasted your time; but I may at least regret the quantity of trouble the book must have given you, and am, therefore, somewhat ashamedly, but very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

(2)

BRANTWOOD, *Oct.* 23, 1878.

DEAR MR. SHEPHERD,—I am very deeply grateful to you, as I am in all duty bound, for this very curious record of myself. It will be of extreme value to me in filling up what gaps I can in this patched cover-lid of my life before it is draped over my coffin—if it may be.

I am especially glad to have note of the letters to newspapers, but *most* chiefly to have the good news of so earnest and patient a friend.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [*Comus,* 298. For another note on the line, see *Modern Painters,* vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 148).]

[2] [*Hamlet,* Act i. sc. 4.]

[3] [Any etymological connexion between *quill* and *quilt* must, however, be considered doubtful: see *The New English Dictionary.*]

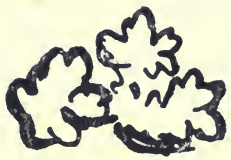
TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM"

[From p. 230 of the second edition (1906) of W. G. Rawlinson's *Turner's "Liber Studiorum," a Description and a Catalogue.* The letter was written to the author upon the first publication (1878) of the book.]

BRANTWOOD, 14*th Nov.*, '78.

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . There is only one part of it [the *Catalogue*] that needs some addition. You are very accurately right in your conjectures about Turner's and engravers' etchings—but you don't enough give the real grounds of judgment. . . .

A Turner etching is only to be known from an engraver's, as his pen work would be known from an engraver's—that is to say, by his own mighty touch and ease of hand, having nothing whatever to do with *biting.*

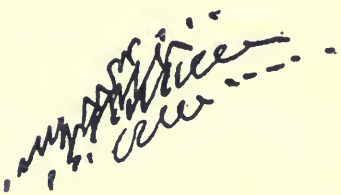


That touch is entirely different from this

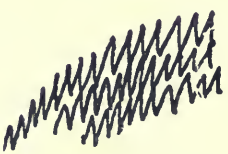
much more from this,

etc., which is engravers' work.

So, if Turner does a bit of pine like that



the engraver does it like this



etc., etc.

You seem to know his hand as well as I do;—but you don't say how. . . .

Ever most gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

[Elsewhere, in the same book (p. 158), Mr. Rawlinson gives a further portion of the same letter, and another note. These further remarks refer to the *Æsacus and Hesperie* (given by photogravure in Vol. XXII. p. 66). "Mr. Ruskin in 1878

exhibited at the Fine Art Society, along with his Turner drawings, a small vignette engraving of the same subject which he had discovered in an old translation of *Ovid;* he wrote of it, "It is unquestionably the first motive of Turner's *Æsacus and Hesperie*, even to the angular disposition of the tree trunks."]

May I also ask you in any new edition to direct attention to the *quantity* and fineness of the mezzotint work of Turner's own hand in Plates 66 and 78 [*Æsacus* and *Via Mala*]. You most rightly note his pervading touch in the *Wye and Severn*, the *Inveraray Pier*, and the *Calais*, but you have not said enough of the drawing of *form* in white on the two laboured plates.

THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE

[This letter was written to the secretary *pro tem.* of the Ruskin Society of Manchester, in reply to a request for Ruskin's views upon the formation of such a Society. For another letter to Mr. F. W. Pullen, the first secretary of the Society, see Vol. XXIV. p. 423. The present letter was printed in the *First Annual Report of the Ruskin Society* (of the Rose), Manchester, 1880; and reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 277. "On the invitation of the Committee during the summer months (1881), several designs for a heraldic sign for the Society were drawn up by members and friends, and with Mr. Ruskin's consent were sent to him early in the autumn. From these he selected one for the general use of the Society, the work of Mr. A. H. Mackmurdo, and another by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., "for general seal or other stately use." With reference to the latter, Mr. Ruskin said, "It is really as well painted as well can be . . . only it should have our real root of mottoes, 'The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine.'" (*The Ruskin Society* (*Society of the Rose*), *Third Annual Report*, Manchester, 1882, p. 3.) For this motto (from Leviticus xxv. 23), see Vol. XXXI. p. xlii.]

[1879.]

No, indeed, I don't want to discourage the plan you have so kindly and earnestly formed, but I could not easily or decorously promote it myself, could I? But I fully proposed to write you a letter to be read at the first meeting, guarding you especially against an "ism,"[1] or a possibility of giving occasion for one; and I am exceedingly glad to receive your present letter. Mine was not written, because it gave me trouble to think of it, and I can't take trouble now. But without thinking, I can at once assure you that the taking of the name of St. George *would* give me endless trouble, and cause all manner of mistakes, and perhaps even legal difficulties. We must not have that, please.

But I think you might with grace and truth take the name of the Society of the Rose[2]—meaning the English wild rose—and that the object of the society would be to promote such English learning and life as can abide where it grows. You see it is the heraldic sign on my books, so that you might still keep pretty close to me.

Supposing this were thought too far-fetched or sentimental by the

[1] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 209: "no true disciple of mine will ever be a Ruskinian" (Vol. XXIV. p. 371).]

[2] [For the device of the Rose on many of Ruskin's books, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 371).]

promoters of the society, I think the "More" Society would be a good name, following out the teaching of the Utopia as it is taken up in *Fors*.[1] I can't write more to-day, but I dare say something else may come into my head, and I'll write again, or you can send me more names for choice.

THE READING OF NONSENSE

[Printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 678: "part of a letter to a clerical correspondent."]

May 3, 1879.

My dear Sir,—I am obliged by your reply—and trust that you will some day know enough of me to recognize the difference between plainness and discourtesy. You choose to waste your life in reading literature intentionally corrupt—as a natural consequence, you make inquiries of persons unable to answer you, but who are disturbed by your questions, go away saddened, instead of strengthened, by your society, and cause instantly great trouble and waste of time to other people. You think it discourteous in the man whose time you have wasted, to advise you to read no more nonsense. But you have, I believe, sense enough to discover, some day, that the advice was sound—and your impression *un*sound.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

BLINDNESS AND SIGHT

[From the *Y.M.A. Magazine*, conducted by the Young Men's Association, Clapham Congregational Church, September 1879, vol. iii., No. 12, p. 242. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 205. The letter was sent by Ruskin to the Secretary of the Protestant Blind Pension Society in answer to an application for subscriptions which Ruskin had mislaid, and thus left unanswered.]

Brantwood, 18*th July*, 1879.

My dear Sir,—The reason I never answered was—I now find—the difficulty of explaining my fixed principle never to join in any invalid charities.[2] All the foolish world is ready to help in *them;* and will spend large incomes in trying to make idiots think, and the blind read, but will leave the noblest intellects to go to the Devil, and the brightest eyes to remain spiritually blind for ever! All *my* work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not. Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

Thos. Pocock, Esq.

I must add that, to *my* mind, the prefix of "Protestant" to your society's name indicates far *stonier* blindness than any it will relieve.[3]

[1] [See Letters 7, 37, 38 (Vol. XXVII. p. 117; Vol. XXVIII. pp. 23, 47).]

[2] [On this subject, compare Vol. XVI. pp. 168–169; Vol. XVII. p. 542; Vol. XXVII. p. 148; Vol. XXIX. p. 214; and above, p. 240 (Letter 42).]

[3] [Compare what Ruskin says of "pig-headed" Protestantism, Vol. XXIX. p. 105.]

THE "EAGLE'S NEST"

[From the *Y.M.A. Magazine*, October 1879, vol. iv., No. 1, p. 12. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 206.]

To the Editor of the "Y.M.A. Magazine"

BRANTWOOD, *August 17th*, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—There is a mass of letters on my table this morning, and I am not quite sure if the *Y.M.A. Magazine*, among them, is the magazine which yours of the 15th speaks of as "enclosed"; but you are entirely welcome to print my letter about Blind Asylums anywhere, and if in the *Y.M.A.* I should be glad to convey to its editor, at the same time, my thanks for the article on "Growing Old,"[1] which has not a little comforted me this morning—and my modest recommendation that, by way of antidote to the No. III. paper on the Sun, he should reproduce the 104th, 115th, and 116th paragraphs of my *Eagle's Nest*, closing them with this following sentence from the 12th Book of the Laws of Plato, dictating the due time for the sittings of a Parliament seeking righteous policy (and composed, they may note farther, for such search, of Young Men and Old):—

ἑκάστης μὲν ἡμέρας συλλεγόμενος ἐξ ἀνάγκης ἀπ' ὄρθρου μέχρι περ ἂν ἥλιος ἀνίσχῃ.[2]

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

POLITICS IN YOUTH

[From the *Y.M.A. Magazine*, November 1879, vol. iv., No. 2, p. 36. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 207.]

To the Editor of the "Y.M.A. Magazine"

SHEFFIELD, *October 19th*, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am heartily obliged by your publication of those pieces of *Eagle's Nest*, and generally interested in your Magazine, papers on politics excepted. Young men have no business with politics at all; and

[1] [The article on "Growing Old" (*Y.M.A.*, August 1879) was "a study from the poets" on happiness in old age; that upon the sun, contained in the same number of the magazine, dealt with the spots on the sun, and the various scientific opinions about them; the paragraphs reprinted from the *Eagle's Nest* are upon the sun as the Light, and Health, and Guide of Life: see Vol. XXII. pp. 198, 203, 204.]

[2] [*Laws*, xii. 951 D. "Let him go to the assembly of those who review the laws. This shall be a mixed body of young and old men, who shall be *required to meet daily between the hour of dawn and the rising of the sun*." On Parliamentary hours, compare Vol. XXII. p. 198.]

when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties resolve themselves at last into two—that which holds with Solomon, that a rod is for the fool's back,[1] and that which holds with the fool himself, that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

The song on "Life's Mid-day" is very beautiful, except the third stanza. The river of God will one day sweep down the great city, not feed it.[2]

ON THE PURCHASE OF PICTURES

[This letter was written in reply to one requesting Ruskin's views on the best means of forming a public Gallery at Leicester. It appeared in the Leicester *Chronicle and Mercury*, January 31, and the *Times*, February 2, 1880. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i. p. 82. For another reference to the letter, see *On the Old Road*, above, p. 258.]

[*January* 1880.]

Dear Sir,—Your letter is deeply interesting to me, but what use is there in my telling you what to do? The mob won't let you do it. It is fatally true that no one nowadays can appreciate pictures by the Old Masters! and that every one can understand Frith's "Derby Day"[3]—that is to say, everybody is interested in jockeys, harlots, mountebanks, and men about town; but nobody in saints, heroes, kings, or wise men—either from the east or west. What can you do? If your Committee is strong enough to carry such a resolution as the appointment of any *singly* responsible person, any well-informed gentleman of taste in your neighbourhood, to buy for the Leicester public just what he would buy for himself—that is to say, himself *and his family*,—children being the really most important of the untaught public,—and to answer simply to all accusation—"That is a good and worthy piece of art—(past or present, no matter which),—make the most and best you can of it":—that method, so long as tenable, will be useful. I know of no other.

Faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [Proverbs xxvi. 3, and x. 13.]

[2] [The following are the lines specially alluded to:—

"Shall the strong full-flowing river, bearing on its mighty breast
Half the wealth of some proud nation, precious spoils of East and West,
Shall it mourn its mountain cradle and its infant heathery bed,
All its youthful songs and dances, as adown the hills it sped,
When by it in yon great city half a million mouths are fed?"
(*Y.M.A. Magazine*, October 1879.)]

[3] [For a notice of this picture, see Vol. XIV. p. 161.]

THE PERFECTION OF PRINTING

[From the *Printers' International Specimen Exchange Annual,* vol. i. (1880). This extract from a letter of Ruskin to the editor, Mr. A. Tuer, to whom the letter on Stippling (p. 577) was written, will be found at page 5 of the introduction. The extract was reprinted in *Igdrasil,* November 1890, vol. i. p. 66, and thence in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, p. 94 (No. 102).]

[1880.]

I assure you again how gladly I hear of an association of printers who will sometimes issue work in a form worthy of their own craft, and showing to the uttermost the best of which it is capable. It seems to me that a lovely field of design is open in the treatment of decorative type—not in the mere big initials, in which one cannot find the letters, but in delicate and variably fantastic ornamentation of capitals, and filling of blank spaces or musically-divided periods of sentences and breadths of margin. Paper that won't break or won't mildew would be literally a "godsend" to me. I scarcely care to design an engraving to go on modern paper. I have the most entire sympathy with your objects, but believe that people *will* have bad paper nowadays, bad printing nowadays, and bad painting nowadays, and nothing else.

TRUE NEWS OF GOOD

[From Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* sold by them 21st May 1890 (No. 99). Also in Messrs. Newcome's Catalogue, 1890, No. 289. Reprinted in *Igdrasil,* November 1890, vol. ii. p. 66, and thence in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, p. 94 (No. 103).]

[Amiens, *October* 26, 1880.]

My dear Sir,—*Nothing* can be begun well on borrowed money. And *I* am the last person to promote any manner of Journalism. But if any one of you will buy a hand press, and the rest of you will cut out the true news of any *good* thing done anywhere, out of other newspapers, and set up type and pull them with your own arms on *good paper,* and pay a newsboy to call—if it be but fifty copies, once a month—"True news of Good," and you can sell your fifty copies for a penny each, and put the odd 2d. of the 4 and 2d. aside for future capital, you may get on and be of use. Or if you will hold your tongue and work till you have some money, and then set workmen to print as aforesaid. But don't borrow, nor hope for gain, or you are lost like the rest.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

P.S.—I never got any of your letters till to-day, 26th Oct., at Amiens.

THE CERTAINTY OF REVOLUTION

[From Messrs. Newcome's Catalogue of Autograph Letters, 1890 (No. 292). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 100, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 111–112 (No. 124). The "Irish misery" was the agricultural distress which led to the formation of the Irish Land League: see a similar letter from Ruskin printed in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 89 (Vol. XXIX. p. 403).]

[*8th January*, 1880.]

. . . But don't you know then that I am entirely with you in this Irish misery, and have been this thirty years?—only one can't speak plain without distinctly becoming a leader of Revolution! I know that Revolution *must come* in all the world—but I can't act with Danton or Robespierre, nor with the modern French Republican or Italian one. I *could* with you and your Irish, but you are only at the beginning of the end.

I have spoken—and plainly too—for all who have ears, and hear; but all landlords have adder's ears[1] as well as teeth. . . .

WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN

[From the *Glasgow Herald*, January 27, 1900, communicated by "J. A.," who explained that "the painting by Whistler which was the cause of the famous law plea was sold in Glasgow by auction after extensive advertising, in which Mr. Ruskin's name was freely used. The picture caused but languid interest in your city, and at the sale only fetched a few pounds. I forget the exact sum, but thinking Mr. Ruskin would be interested in the matter, I sent him one of the catalogues and other details." For particulars of the libel case referred to, see Vol. XXIX. pp. xxiii.–xxv.]

Brantwood, *January* 24, 1880.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter, and much more pleased by its contents than perhaps some of my friends would think it virtuous to be. I do not say "dignified," because the principal annoyance in the whole matter to me was the way my best friends wrote as if Mr. W. was really something of a dangerous match and antagonist—and their expecting me to answer or debate with him—so that I need not expect my friends to sympathise with any dignities of mine; but they might expect me to express virtuous forgiveness and the like, of which there is no shadow (or light) whatsoever in my mind, but entire satisfaction in all that you tell me in all its bearings, and I am especially glad it was done by Glaswegians, who are helping me now in many ways;[2] they must forgive a nasty little bit I've had to put in about Glasgow in a letter I've been forced to write for next *Contemporary*.[3] I'll beg their pardon in next *Fors*.[4]

I am, my dear Sir, yours faithfully and obliged,

J. Ruskin.

[1] [See Psalms lviii. 4.]

[2] [A reference to the work of the "Ruskin Society of Glasgow": see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvii. *n.*]

[3] [The "Rejoinder" to the Bishop of Manchester: see § 5 (above, p. 407).]

[4] [Letter 88 (March 1880), dated "February 8" (Vol. XXIX. p. 381); but it contains no reference to Glasgow.]

IRVING'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

[From the *Theatre*, March 1880, p. 169. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 262–263. The circumstances connected with the present letter, or rather extract from one, are as follow: After witnessing the performance of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Lyceum Theatre, Ruskin had some conversation with Irving on the subject. In the *Theatre* of January 1880—p. 63—appeared a paragraph which stated that at the interview Ruskin had declared Irving's "Shylock" to be "noble, tender, and true," and it is to that statement that the present letter, which appeared in the March number of the *Theatre*, relates. It was added that for a fuller statement of his views of the *Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Ruskin referred to *Munera Pulveris*, § 100 (Vol. XVII. p. 223): see also in this volume, above, p. 423. With reference to the letter privately addressed to Irving, the *Theatre* of April (p. 249) had a note to the effect that Irving had, "for excellent and commendable reasons," preferred it not being made public.]

6th Feb., 1880.

I have no doubt that whatever Mr. Irving has stated that I said, I *did* say. But in personal address to an artist, to whom one is introduced for the first time, one does not usually say *all* that may be in one's mind. And if expressions limited, if not even somewhat exaggerated, by courtesy, be afterwards quoted as a total and carefully-expressed criticism, the general reader will be—or may be easily—much misled. I did and *do* much admire Mr. Irving's own acting of Shylock. But I entirely dissent (and indignantly as well as entirely) from his general reading and treatment of the play. And I think that a modern audience will *invariably* be not only wrong, but diametrically and with polar accuracy opposite to, the real view of any great author in the moulding of his work.

So far as I could in kindness venture, I expressed my feelings to that effect, in a letter which I wrote to Mr. Irving on the day after I saw the play; and I should be sincerely obliged to him, under the existing circumstances, if he would publish THE WHOLE of that letter.[1]

RECITATIONS

[This letter was addressed to Mr. R. T. Webling, by whom it was afterwards printed as a testimonial of the interest and success of his daughters' recitations. It was printed in the *Daily News* (February 18, 1880), and reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. p. 264.]

SHEFFIELD, *16th February*, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am most happy to assure you, in reply to your interesting letter of the 12th, that I heard your daughters' recitations in London last autumn, with quite unmixed pleasure and the sincerest admiration—not merely that, but with grave change in my opinions of the general value of recitations as a means of popular instruction. Usually, I like better to hear beautiful poetry read quietly than recited with action.

[1] [On Ruskin's insistence that his letters, if published, should be given completely, see above, pp. 195–196, and below, p. 620.]

But I felt, in hearing Shelley's "Cloud" recited (I think it was by Miss Josephine) that I also was "one of the people," and understood the poem better than ever before, though I am by way of knowing something about clouds, too. I also know the "Jackdaw of Rheims" pretty nearly by heart;[1] but I would gladly come to London straightway, had I the time, to hear Miss Peggy speak it again. And—in fine—I have not seen any public entertainment—for many a long year—at once, so sweet, so innocent, and so helpful, as that which your children can give to all the gentle and simple in mind and heart.

Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully, and with all felicitation yours,

J. Ruskin.

RUSKIN'S TEACHING

[From the *Oxford University Herald*, June 12, 1880. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 300–301, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 54–55 (No. 52).]

To the Editor of the "Oxford University Herald"

Brantwood, *June 7th*, 1880.

Sir,—I am sincerely grateful for your kindly written notice of me in your issue of the 5th inst.; but will you permit me to correct its closing statement, a very important one, written indeed not without apparent grounds, yet I think more with a view to liveliness of finish for your article than to its essential justice.[2]

Of all men who have ventured to take a teacher's office in these modern days, I am precisely the one who has taught least of his own.[3] Had I announced myself as a discoverer or doctor of new things, I should instantly have had a following, and been amicably received by my fellow-sectarians as taking my fair part in their round game. It is precisely

[1] [For another reference to Barham and his *Ingoldsby Legends*, see above, p. 103.]

[2] [The article related to the proposal made in Oxford at the end of May 1880 to place a bust of Ruskin in the University Drawing Schools which he had instituted and endowed. The circular issued inviting subscriptions was dated May 27, and was signed by Prince Leopold, Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Acland, Burne-Jones, Leighton, George Richmond, Henry Smith, and most of the Heads of Houses. The bust now stands in the Drawing School, and has been reproduced in Vol. XXI. (Plate LXX. p. 308). The words of the article referred to in the letter were these: "He has suffered from his own powers, as all men, being human, must suffer. . . . He is unable to endure authority on any subject, or even to accept testimony. His life has been spoiled by his own continual attempts to substitute a Christianity of his own for the Church of England; he has his own political economy; he has systematised an excellent botany of his own, a mineralogy of his own, a geology of his own; he has driven himself frantic by conducting a magazine of his own," etc. The actually closing words of the somewhat inconsistent article, however, were in another strain, and paid the full tribute "to the kindest heart and keenest benevolence in England; to the poet, painter, and interpreter of the Word of God in Nature, who is best worthy to succeed Wordsworth and Turner."]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 505; and below, p. 589.]

because I utter nothing of my own, and therefore virtually hint to them that they had better utter nothing of theirs, that they unite in ignoring or abusing me. The theology I teach is not mine, but St. Bernard's and St. Francis's; the philosophy I teach is Plato's and Bacon's; the art, Phidias' and John Bellini's; the economy, Xenophon's; the geology, Saussure's; and I quitted the University, not at all because my health had failed, but because I saw that I could be of no more real use there practically: I was looked upon as a lively musical-box instead of a man who knew his science and his business; and where the traditions in which I had been trained to my Mastership were set at nought by the younger schoolmen, who read Spencer instead of Plato, Smith instead of Solomon, and were so ashamed of the Church they were champions of, that they dared not ask their pupils to say its prayers.[1]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE LORD RECTORSHIP OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

[These letters first appeared in the *Glasgow Herald;* the first four on October 7, the fifth on October 12, 1880. They were reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace,* vol. ii. pp. 282–284. The first was written to the President of the Conservative Club upon his requesting Ruskin to stand for the Lord Rectorship; the second in answer to a hope that Ruskin would reconsider the decision he had expressed in his reply; and the third upon the receipt of a letter explaining what the duties of the office were. The fourth letter refers to one which dealt with some reflections made by the Liberal Club upon the former conduct of their opponents. For the result of the election, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvii. *n.*]

(1)

BRANTWOOD, 10*th June*, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly flattered by your letter, but there are two reasons why I can't stand—the first, that though I believe myself the staunchest Conservative in the British Islands,[2] I hold some opinions, and must soon clearly utter them,[3] concerning both lands and rents, which I fear the Conservative Club would be very far from sanctioning, and think Mr. Bright himself had been their safer choice. The second, that I am not in the least disposed myself to stand in any contest where it is possible that Mr. Bright might beat me.

Are there really no Scottish gentlemen of birth and learning from whom you could choose a Rector worthier than Mr. Bright? and better able than any Southron to rectify what might be oblique, or hold straight what wasn't yet so, in a Scottish University?

[1] [See above, p. 218.]

[2] [Compare the Preface to *The Bible of Amiens*, Vol. XXXIII. p. 21.]

[3] [Ruskin was probably thinking of his next Letter (89) in *Fors Clavigera*, addressed to the Trade Unions (Vol. XXIX. p. 398).]

Might I ask the favour of the transmission of a copy of this letter to the Independent Club? It will save me the difficulty of repetition in other terms.—And believe me, my dear sir, always the club's and your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER, Esq.

(2)

13th June, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am too tired at this moment (I mean this day or two back) to be able to think. My health may break down any day, and I cannot bear a sense of having to do anything. If you would take me on condition of my residence for a little while with you, and giving a little address to the students after I had seen something of them, I think I could come, but I won't stand ceremonies nor make long speeches, and you really should try to get somebody else.

Ever respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER, Esq.

(3)

24th June, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am grieved at my own vacillation, and fear it is more vanity than sense of duty in which I leave this matter of nomination to your own pleasure. But I had rather err in vanity than in heartlessness, and so will do my best for you if you want me.

Ever respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

(4)

ROUEN, *28th September*, 1880.

SIR,—I am obliged by your letter, but can absolutely pay no regard to anything said or done by Mr. Bright's Committee beyond requesting my own committees to print for their inspection—or their use—in any way they like, every word of every letter I have written to my supporters, or non-supporters, or any other person in Glasgow, so far as such letters may be recoverable.

Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER, Esq.

(5)

BRANTWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR,—What in the devil's name have *you* to do with either Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students at the University, and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching.[1]

Had you ever read ten words of mine [with understanding] you would

[1] [Compare the letter on "Politics in Youth"; above, p. 541.]

have known that I care no more [either] for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

Alex. Mitchell, Esq., Avoch, by Inverness.

P.S.—You had better, however, ask the Conservatives for a copy of my *entire* letters to them.[1]

DRAMATIC REFORM

[From the *Journal of Dramatic Reform*, November 1880. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. ii. pp. 279–281. The two letters were addressed to Mr. John Stuart Bogg, the Secretary of the Dramatic Reform Association of Manchester. The first was a reply to a request that Ruskin would, in accordance with an old promise, write something on the subject of the Drama for the Society's journal; and the second was added by its author on hearing that it was the wish of the Society to publish the first. In the second letter, "*Garin*" is here a correction for "*Gerin*."]

(1)

Brantwood, *July 30th*, 1880.

My dear Sir,—Yes, I began writing something—a year ago, is it?—on your subject, but have lost it, and am now utterly too busy to touch so difficult and so important a subject. I shall come on it, some day, necessarily.[2]

Meantime, the one thing I have to say mainly is that the idea of making money by a theatre, and making it educational at the same time,[3] is *utterly* to be got out of people's heads. You don't make money out of a Ship of the Line, nor should you out of a Church, nor should you out of a College, nor should you out of a Theatre.

Pay your Ship's officers, your Church officers, your College tutors, and

[1] [Upon the terms of this letter, which was written in answer to a question whether Ruskin sympathised with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, the reader is referred to the Epilogue to the original edition of *Arrows of the Chace:* see now above, p. 473; see also in Vol. XXXVII. a letter to Mr. Gladstone's daughter, of October 23, 1880. The bracketed words were omitted in the *Glasgow Herald*. Collectors of Ruskiniana have a difficult task before them if they seek to possess all the newspaper articles and fugitive broad-sheets, pictorial, poetical, and in prose, which were called forth by this contest for the Lord Rectorship and by Ruskin's letter about D'Israeli and Gladstone. The following references may be given: *Glasgow Herald*, October 7, 12, 1880; *North British Daily Mail*, October 8; *Illustrated London News*, October 16, 1880; *Punch*, October 23, 1880 (a skit, "The Complete Letter-writer, by John Ruskin, Esq."); *Daily Telegraph*, October 16 (leading article); *North British Daily Mail*, November 16.]

[2] [The time, however, did not come.]

[3] ["I have always held the stage quite amongst the best and most necessary means of education—moral and intellectual" (From *The Young Man*, May 1888, p. 60).]

your Stage tutors, what will honourably maintain them. Let there be no starring on the Stage boards, more than on the deck, but the *Broadside* well delivered.

And let the English Gentleman consider with himself what *he* has got to teach the people: perhaps then, he may tell the English Actor what *he* has to teach them.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

(2)

Amiens, *October 12th*, 1880.

My dear Sir,—I am heartily glad you think my letter may be of some use. I wish it had contained the tenth part of what I wanted to say.

May I ask you at least to add this note to it, to tell how indignant I was, a few days ago, to see the drop-*scene* (!) of the *Folies* at Paris composed of huge advertisements! The ghastly want of sense of beauty, and endurance of loathsomeness gaining hourly on the people!

They were playing the *Fille du Tambour Major*[1] superbly, for the most part; they gave the introductory convent scene without the least caricature, the Abbess being played by a very beautiful and gracefully-mannered actress, and the whole thing would have been delightful had the mere decorations of the theatre been clean and pretty. To think that all the strength of the world combining in Paris to amuse itself can't have clean box-curtains! or a pretty landscape sketch for a drop scene!—but sits in squalor and dismalness, with bills stuck all over its *rideau!*

I saw *Le Châlet*[2] here last night, in many respects well played and sung, and it is a quite charming little opera in its story, only it requires an actress of extreme refinement for the main part, and everybody last night sang too loud. There is no music of any high quality in it, but the piece is one which, played with such delicacy as almost any clever, *wellbred* girl could put into the heroine's part (if the audiences would look for acting more than voice), *ought* to be extremely delightful to simple persons.

On the other hand, I heard *William Tell* entirely massacred at the great opera house at Paris. My belief is they scarcely sang a piece of pure Rossini all night, but had fitted in modern skimble-skamble tunes, and quite unspeakably clumsy and common *ballet*. I scarcely came away in better humour from the mouthed tediousness of *Garin*[3] at the Française, but they took pains with it, and I suppose it pleased a certain class of audience. The *William Tell* could please nobody at heart.

The libretto of *Jean de Nivelle*[4] is very beautiful, and ought to have new music written for it. Anything so helplessly tuneless as its present music I never heard, except mosquitos and cicadas.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [By Offenbach (first produced 1879).]
[2] [Comic opera (first produced 1834); libretto by Scribe and Mélesville; music by A. Adam.]
[3] [A comedy by Delair produced at the Comédie-Française on July 8, 1880.]
[4] [An opera (produced at the Opéra Comique on March 8, 1880) by Léo Delibes.]

"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR"

[Printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 678, addressed to Mr. John T. Bacon. The date of the letter is there given as "1879," but this must be wrong, as it contains a reference to *Fors* of September 1880. For another letter on *The Queen of the Air*, see above, p. 504.]

[1880.]

My dear Sir,—Yes, *The Queen of the Air* was a great delight to myself; but I should never have thought of asking the British workman to read it,—and I doubt if you are a fair specimen of him. I have told my publisher, to whom I forward your letter, to send you a copy of the gratis letter:[1] and I will think over the experiment and a cheap edition of the *Queen*[2]—if you can get a hundred signatures of real workmen, in Blackburn or elsewhere—asking for it.

Very truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

A "CHESTERFIELD" LETTER

[This and the following letter, addressed to Mr. B. Douglas, appeared in the *Standard*, November 17, 1880. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. pp. 215, 216, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 33–34 (No. 29). Many of the daily papers of November 12, 1880, contained, together with articles thereon, the following extraordinary letter, as having been read at the Art School of Chesterfield, and being in answer to a request that Ruskin would come and lecture there:—

Harlesden, London, *Friday*.

My dear Sir,—Your letter reaches me here. Have just returned from Venice, where I have ruminated in the pasturages of the home of art; the loveliest and holiest of lovely and holy cities, where the very stones cry out, eloquent in the elegancies of iambics. I could not if I would go to Chesterfield, and I much doubt whether I would go if I could. I do not hire myself out—after the fashion of a brainless, long-tongued puppet—for the filthy ducats. You, and those who told you to write me, want me, I presume, to come that you may make money for your art class; and if I should get you much money you will then tolerate some good advice from me. No, I will not come.

I have heard of Chesterfield. Hath it not a steeple-abomination, and is it not the home—if not the cradle—of that arch-abomination-creator, Stephenson? To him are we indebted for the screeching and howling and shrieking fiends, fit only for a Pandemonium, called locomotives, that disgrace the loveliest spots of God's own land.

I will not come to Chesterfield. Tell your students that art is a holy luxury, and they must pay for it. Tell them to study, to ponder, and to work with a single thought for perfection, observing loving and strict obedience to the monitions of their teachers. Let them learn to do things rightly and humbly, and then, by the conviction that they can never do them as well as they have been done by others, they may be profited.

My good young people, this is pre-eminently the foolishest—yes, quite the foolishest—notion that you can get into your little egg-shells of heads: that you can be a Titian, or a Raphael, or a Phidias; or that you can write like Seneca. But because you cannot be great, there is no reason why you should not aspire to greatness. In joy, humility, and humbleness work together. Only don't study art because it will pay, and do not ask for payment because you

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[1] [Letter 89 of *Fors*, addressed "To the Trades Unions of England," and circulated gratis among them (Vol. XXIX. p. 398).]

[2] [No cheap edition was issued, however, until 1887.]

study art. Art will make you also wiser and happier, and is worth paying for. If you are in debt—as I suppose you are, or why pester me?—pay off your debts yourselves If you write to me only that you may get money, you are on the foolishest of all errands. Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and is offered to you as a blessing in herself. She is the reward of industry, kindness, and modesty. She is the prize of prizes, the strength of your life now, and an earnest of the life that is to come. This advice is better than money, and I give it to you gratis. Ponder it and profit by it.

Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

A reference to the Mansfield Art School notes (now reprinted in *A Joy for Ever*, Vol. XVI. pp. 155–159) will show the source from which the later part of the letter was taken. Ruskin at once telegraphed to the papers, "'The letter read by the secretary of the Art School, Chesterfield, as having been received from me, is a complete forgery"; while the *Globe* of November 13 contained a formal letter authorized and signed by Ruskin in these terms:—

> "A SCANDALOUS HOAX.—To the Editor of the *Globe*. SIR,—The letter you quote in your last night's issue as having been sent by me to the secretary of the Art School at Chesterfield is an impudent hoax from beginning to end, and you will oblige me by letting this be known as soon as possible.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN: Arthur Severn's, Herne Hill, S.E., November 13."

The *Observer*, November 14, 1880, also published a telegram from Ruskin thus: "The letter read by the secretary of the Art School, Chesterfield, as having been received from me, is a forgery."]

(1)

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, LONDON, S.E.,
15*th Nov.*, '80.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am heartily sorry to have been the cause of so much embarrassment and annoyance to you; but the fact is, when I have any work in hand which I care for, I don't read my letters, but as just now, at Chartres and Amiens, carry them about in bundles in my portmanteau and look at them as Ulysses at the bags of Æolus.[1] Hence none of your letters got any answer from me, and it must have come to the knowledge of some waggish pupil of the school that they had not. The rest "va sans dire." For my own part, I am heartily glad it has happened, the howl of all the papers being magnificent; but I am sincerely concerned for your annoyance and the various troubles you have gone through. It may be well to state, once for all, that I cannot now take part in public business, and rarely answer letters about it. My life is running short, and I mean to enjoy it as much as I can.

Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

(2)

HERNE HILL, S.E., 19*th Nov.*, '80.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the cutting from *Sheffield Telegraph*. I assure you I was quite sorry to disclaim the "Chesterfield letter": it was such a tasty dish of mince from things I had to my own notion said in

[1] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 19 (Vol. XIX. p. 312).]

a useful way enough, so that there was no wonder that it succeeded so generally. Of course I saw at once how it had been patched up, but there was no use in telegraphing to you the exact sources of its "shreds and patches."[1] If only the good British public would take half the interest in any half-page of my real writings—some thirty volumes of which now lie open to them—which they have done in these squibs upon them, I should be evermore grateful to the composer of the "Famous" (as I am proud to see it styled) "Chesterfield letter."

In case you should see fit to make any public use of this one, may it be understood as the announcement of my wish that the whole business may speedily reach its "Requiescat," and that, at all events, I must henceforth severely persist in mine.

Believe me, my dear Sir, ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

COUNSEL TO YOUNG SCOTS

[First printed in *Life and Work: a Parish Magazine*, November 1887 (Edinburgh, Publication Offices of the Church of Scotland), vol. ix. p. 173; published with other letters from J. S. Blackie and J. C. Shairp. Addressed, in reply to a request for advice, to the Rev. W. Forsyth of Abernethy, when organising a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. Reprinted in the *British Weekly*, November 4, 1887.]

BRANTWOOD, 1*st January*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is at any rate an encouragement to me in the opening of the New Year to find that a minister of Christ believes I am able to be useful to youth under his charge. But I have little hope myself of being heard in anything; for, on the whole, my messages are depressing to the worldly ardours of our day, and not glowing enough to kindle the heavenly ones. But it seems to me that if you could persuade your young Halbert Glendinnings[2] to set themselves first to get a pure and noble conception of Scottish life as it might be lived in Scotland, and then to found all their literary and other studies on a faithful desire to embellish their Scottish homes, and to stay in them, and make their days long in their own land,[3] —not rich nor powerful in other people's lands—you would get at a rule and system of reading, not to say of thought, which in itself would be extremely delightful, and open into higher walks for all who felt qualified for them. Perhaps if your little society were at first to acquaint itself accurately with the mineralogy and flora of the neighbourhood, it would be found a good beginning for all else. If you were to tell me more definitely your wishes and difficulties, I might perhaps make a more pertinent answer.

Believe me, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [*Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 4 ("shreds" has hitherto been misprinted "threads").]

[2] [For a reference to this "counsel," drawn from *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*, see in a later volume Ruskin's letter to Dr. John Brown, of February 6, 1881.]

[3] [Exodus xx. 12.]

A DRAWING LESSON

[This letter appeared in the *Cape Quarterly Review*, October 1, 1881 (Cape Town, J. C. Juta), vol. i. pp. 190–191. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. pp. 211, 212, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 29–30 (No. 21). The date of the letter was not given; it may have been very much earlier than 1881, possibly about the time of *Elements of Drawing*.]

[1881?]

My dear Sir,—I send you, in a folio, a woodcut of Albert Dürer's—a letter, magnified, of a thirteenth-century MS., and a memorandum of some ivy-leaves. I will ask you to go to the expense of having a simple deal frame made, of the size of the sheet on which the illuminated letter is, with a common glass, and any invention you like best for taking sheets of paper in and out, and I will ask you to put the drawings or prints I may send you into the said frame while you copy them,—as some of them, the Albert Dürer for instance, I could not replace easily if hurt.

I want you first to copy, with a common pen, the dragons' heads and the foliage in the foreground out of the Albert Dürer. Trace the heads and leaves if you like, to lose no time in merely placing. Then draw with a common—not steel—pen, and common ink. I want you to do this, in order to get accustomed to the great master's way of expressing himself with pure black lines. When you have done the dragon and leaves, I shall ask you (for you shall know your fate at once) to try and draw anything that comes in your way, in the same manner,—cocks, hens, all manner of poultry,—dogs, cats, mice, anything alive; always trying to get the life of the beast and its real nature, its doggish or cockish expression; not to make a pretty drawing, but a drawing with the essence of the beast in it.[1]

In the meantime, while doing the Albert Dürer, you can begin on natural leaves. Get a sprig, not too much, of any bush, dead or alive. Fasten it in any position you like before a sheet of white paper, so as to see it against the paper. Fix your position steadily. Shut one eye, and outline the leaf with pencil, on another sheet of paper, as you see it with the single eye, taking care not to change your position. Draw it always the natural size. Outline it finely with the pen, and fill it up with any colour that comes handy, merely to get the effect of its masses for future use. The ivy-sprigs sent will serve you for an example. (It is real size, a young ivy tendril in early spring.) Take care to foreshorten the leaves carefully when they appear so to you. Do a study of this kind carefully every day. You can copy the illuminated letter, first large, as it is, and then try to reduce it, keeping the details clear and distinct, to as small a size as you can. In the real MS. the square enclosing this letter is only this size. [About $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$.]

Pray do not hesitate to ask me anything you are in doubt about. I shall be most happy to tell you anything I can.

Faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 150 (Vol. XXII. p. 223).]

WOOD-CARVING

[The first letter is from the preface to the following book—*Examples of Carved Oak in the Woodwork and Furniture of Ancient Houses, chiefly of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, by William Bliss Sanders, 1883—where the author explains that the letter refers to the original drawings (submitted to Ruskin's inspection) by which the book was subsequently illustrated. Ruskin's letter was reprinted in the catalogue (No. 5, December 1883) of T. Thorp, bookseller, 7 and 8, Gun Street, Reading; and in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. p. 213; and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 31.

The second letter is from the *Artist*, March 1900, vol. 27, p. 374. The letter was written to Miss Eleanor Rowe, who had asked Ruskin about the carvings executed by Andrea Brustolone (1670–1732) for the library of the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Venice.]

(1)

BRANTWOOD, 18*th February*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—My respect for your earnestness and admiration of your skill have hitherto prevented my undertaking the difficult task of qualifiedly praising what, excellent for your immediate purpose, is not yet in harmony with the precepts of the best masters in wood-carving. Forgive me my inevitable delay. I am now more at leisure, but may not be able to think of the matter for some time to come. I trust this note may assure your public of my sympathy in your general aims, and my gratitude for the sincerity with which you have represented both the construction and decoration of old English furniture.

Believe me, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

(2)

HERNE HILL, *5th Decr.*, 1882.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am sorry not to be able to answer your question; but can assure you that you will only waste your time in looking after celebrated works in wood-carving. Nothing, in wood, is admired, but the snips and snacks of vulgar *tours-de-force* and mere redundancy of stupidity in accumulation of figure. Your duty at a school is not to teach the history of wood-carving, but to show your pupils unquestionably good examples of a simple style, and to explain to them why they are good. You may learn more from a moulding bracket or two in old French houses, than from all the celebrated pieces in Europe. There is excellent work on the stalls of some of our English Cathedrals also, and a week spent in one of their chancels will teach you more than all the books that exist on such matters.

I am, Madam, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

[From the *Oxford University Herald*, May 28, 1881. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 301–302, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 55–56 (No. 53).]

To the Editor of the "Oxford University Herald"

BRANTWOOD, *23rd May*, 1881.

SIR,—I am of course much interested by your kindly (so far as it is personal to myself) notice of my school in Oxford, in your Saturday's second leading article; and I think you may have pleasure in receiving assurance from me, for those of your readers whom the matter may interest, that I am not yet either out of heart or out of breath; and have much in mind and partly in hand for the completion of what I was permitted to found in the University galleries, of systematic art teaching. But I write this hastily in order to prevent your spending space or time on the idea that my system of teaching can ever be amalgamated with any commercial or decorative (upholsterers,—people really mean), or Departmental Exposition and Firm-patent-advertisement-Art schools, or schooling, whatsoever. The fact is, while in *matériel* and trained subordinate tutorship (I have really nobody working under me anywhere but Mr. Macdonald, to whose patient energy the persistence of the Oxford schools in their original method is greatly owing)—while, I say, in available copies—elementary books and minor matters—my system is yet little more than imaginary, in its laid-down principles it is already too copious. I have written not only far more than enough, but so *much* more than enough that nobody can find out the gist of the business through the voluminous text of it. But the gist has been given, and in very clear terms, over and over again, and to this following purpose; partly, indeed, as I have said, not discoverable without pains; but also when arrived at, so little popular or palatable, that the few detectors usually cover it up again the moment they catch sight of it, and never give hint of their *trouvaille* more, either to themselves or anybody else.

(*a*) Shopmen are to be educated in shops; craftsmen in working rooms: neither at universities.

(*b*) Artists, of whatever rank, are primarily craftsmen, and must be brought up in the schools of their craft. The universities have nothing to do with them, nor with their schools, any more than with Portsmouth dockyards or Carron furnaces.

(*c*) Universities are for the education of gentlemen (conceivably also of ladies—claiming, not the rights, but the lights, of loveliness); of Gentlemen and Ladies, so far as Beings of that nature are required by modern Developments.

(*d*) The universities should therefore teach consistently—universally—and without thinking it necessary to avail themselves always of the information contained in last month's magazines, so much Greek, Latin, Music, Drawing, Mathematics and Natural History, as all European Ladies and Gentlemen ought to know and practise.

(*e*) And English universities ought further to teach English Religion, English History and English morals, so far as their tutors chance to be acquainted with any of these things.

Under these five letters, the entire coherence of art-philosophy has been really arranged,—if anybody will take the time necessary to follow it out in the various books written during my professorship at Oxford;[1] and the special principles at the root of special requirements or inhibitions have always been stated somewhere in as short English as I could write.

The difficulty is to find them! I can't always now myself, but I think other people might, if they liked. Thus, respecting the question of figure study, chiefly touched upon in your article, here is the quite foundational law and unconquerable fact: *Eagle's Nest* (Lecture VIII., § 164[2]),—"So much of the nude body as in the daily life of the nation may be shown with modesty, and seen with reverence and delight, so much, and no more, ought to be shown by the material arts, either of painting or sculpture."

That law is irrefragable, for the craftsman and everybody else; and until our *artists'* schools are rediscliplined under it, you will find they remain—what you call Decorative—or worse. For what may be briefly called Laic teaching of drawing, the study of the figure is possible, if the student is first taught to study *any*thing accurately; but my general order —"be sure that you can draw a hoof before you try to draw a foot, and that you can paint a ruby before you try to paint a lip"—will be found an extremely expedient one, and highly economical of time and trouble by all students of average capacity.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE SHORES OF CONISTON

[From the *Times*, June 4, 1881. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. p. 254, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 46 (No. 44). The letter was read by Mr. Joseph Greenwood, the district surveyor, at a meeting of the Ulverston Union Rural Sanitary Authority, on June 2, 1881, when it was resolved that means should be taken in accordance with the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act to stop the nuisance complained of. Mr. Victor Marshall (of Monk Coniston) and Major Harrison (misprinted Mayor in the *Times*) are mentioned as being Ruskin's nearest neighbours, and two of the principal landowners in the district.]

BRANTWOOD, *May* 27, 1881.

SIR,—I believe few people are more unwilling than I to become troublesome to neighbours; but I find myself just now, in the absence of Mr. Marshall and Major Harrison, left almost sole curator of the shores of

[1] [On the point made in (*a*) and (*b*), see *Lectures on Art*, Vol. XX. p. 18, and Vol. XXI. pp. xviii., 165. On (*c*)—the education of a gentleman—see, again, *Lectures on Art*, Vol. XX. pp. 17–21. With regard to (*d*): for the place of drawing and natural history in university education, see *ibid.*, pp. 34, 35. On the necessity of some elementary Greek in general education, see Vol. XVIII. p. 68, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 494; its place in university education is implied in all Ruskin's Oxford lectures. Similarly, for Latin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 143. On music, see Ruskin's Rede lecture at Cambridge, Vol. XIX. pp. 174 *seq.* On mathematics in university education, Ruskin does not dwell. With regard to (*e*), the points are implied throughout his Oxford lectures.]

[2] [Vol. XXII. p. 234.]

Coniston Lake to the waterhead; and as it appears to me that the good people of the village have a general notion that their streams can wash anything down, and the lake swallow anything up finally and innocuously, I am a little afraid of the result of the religious faith in their waters of comfort[1] as the summer heats draw on. Already the scents of the shore have in many places become quite other than of narcissus and violet, and the dead cats, dogs, and even sheep, of the district seem to be most often unburied there like the unhappiest of Homeric chiefs. Would you kindly tell me in what least obtrusive manner I may, when necessary, bring some hint or shadow of legal as well as moral force to obtain earlier privileges of sepulture for these remains, and—which is still more a matter of importance in my mind—to prevent the fouling of streams by miscellaneous refuse?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

SHORT WORDS AND LONG

[Contributed by a correspondent to *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 63–64, and thence reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 91 (No. 96).]

BRANTWOOD, *1st July*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your book and letter. I am too old to read anything but first-rate work now. I have no time for my Plato or Pindar—how much less for new books!—but I can tell from your letter that you have good and tender feeling; only, once for all, never say "potentiality" for "power," nor any other word of six syllables for one of two—and don't mind my "lofty" teachings, but obey the simple and lowly ones—mine or anybody's.

Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

GEORGE ELIOT

[Addressed to some one who had complained of the criticism of George Eliot in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 17, 22, 29, 108 (above, pp. 282, 286, 294, 377). The letter was first printed in the *Star*, September 25, 1890; and was reprinted in the *Philadelphia Poet Lore*, November 1890, vol. ii. p. 610, and in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 10, 1890. Reprinted (No. 125) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 112 (where in line 6 from the end "ambiguity" was misprinted "antiquity").]

BRANTWOOD, *October* 2, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—You are not alone in your admiration of George Eliot; nor did I write my criticism of her in any expectation of its being accepted, but, as I do all my own work, with absolute disregard of public opinion,

[1] [Psalms xxiii. 2 (Prayer Book version).]

and on principles of taste which have been forgotten for three hundred years. No critic is good for anything who cannot judge of a painter by a line, and an author by a sentence. I read enough of George Eliot ten years ago to know her qualities; but, having some personal regard for her, said nothing about her, till the time when other people think the fitting occasion come for their praise. I have always praised the living, and judged—the dead.[1] The ambiguity you complain of means simply that, in detesting with my whole soul the paltry tragedies of the modern novelist, I would not trouble myself with such a vile story as that of *The Mill on the Floss* until my friend's confused report of it necessitated my doing so. Foregone conclusions are the business of modern cliques, parties, and sects. *Mine* have been tried for half a lifetime before a word of them is written.

Yours, etc.,
J. Ruskin.

NURSERIES

[This letter first appeared on pp. 82-83 of *Life and Teaching of John Ruskin*, by J. M. Mather (Manchester, 1883). It appears also in the numerous later editions of the book. It was reprinted in the *Daily News*, November 10, 1883; in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. p. 297; and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 51 (No. 47).]

Brantwood, *Nov.* 23, 1881.

My dear ——, I have never written a pamphlet on nurseries: first, because I never write about anything except what I know more of than most other people; secondly, because I think nothing much matters in a nursery—except the mother, the nurse, and the air. So far as I have notion or guess in the matter myself, beyond the perfection of those three necessary elements, I should say the rougher and plainer everything the better—no lace to cradle cap, hardest possible bed and simplest possible food according to age, and floor and walls of the cleanablest. All education to beauty is, first, in the beauty of gentle human faces round a child; secondly, in the fields—fields meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers and sky. Without these no man can be educated humanly. He may be made a calculating machine, a walking dictionary, a painter of dead bodies, a twangler or scratcher on keys or catgut, a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud; but a properly so-called human being—never. Pictures are, *I believe*, of no use whatever by themselves. If the child has other things right, round it and given to it—its garden, its cat, and its window to the sky and stars—in time, pictures of flowers and beasts and things in Heaven and Heavenly earth may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly.

I am, etc.,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [Compare Vol. VI. pp. 473-474; Vol. XIV. pp. 45-46; Vol. XVI. p. 32; and Vol. XX. pp. 27-28.]

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SOCIETIES

[This letter, written in reply to an offer of the Presidentship of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, was addressed to Mr. E. Monteith Macphail (Secretary), and printed in the *Daily News*, February 8, 1882. Reprinted in *Igdrasil* August 1890, vol. i. p. 303, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 57 (No. 55). Ruskin seems again to have been approached on the subject, for the *Globe*, January 17, 1883, said: "Last night at a meeting of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, a letter was read from Mr. Ruskin, the president, to the effect that he might be in Edinburgh in November next." As we have seen (Vol. XXXIII. p. xli.), he had thought of giving an address to the students.]

BRANTWOOD [*February* 1882].

MY DEAR SIR,—I very gratefully acknowledge your favour of yesterday's date, and the courtesy of its message, no less than its more serious meaning. The confidence placed in me by the youth of Sir Walter's town—may I say my father's also?[1]—and much more to me than mine, will, I hope, give me the best encouragement possible in the work which I am at present planning for years to come—if permitted to come—and whatever I can be to them as a helper I will be to the best of my power. I cannot, after reading your message from them, doubt their acquitting me of having paused at first in reply to their call, either in disrespect to them or in affectation. My late illnesses[2] have made it necessary for me, if not to cease work, at least to waste none; and I was entirely doubtful if any of my old-fashioned principles could be at present spoken for any good, except in the form of quietly recorded protest, which is not the duty of a "President." However, if even it turn out eventually that I cannot much help you, at least I will promise not to hinder; and to remain in such ways as you can show me, always your societies' respectful and faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

JUMBO AT THE "ZOO"

[From the *Morning Post*, February 25, 1882. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. pp. 100–101, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 113 (No. 129). Jumbo, who had been a popular favourite at the Zoological Gardens for many years, had become difficult and was sold to P. T. Barnum, the American showman; he was killed on the Grand Trunk Railway, near S. Thomas, Ontario, on September 15, 1885, by being struck by a passing goods train as his keeper was leading him and other elephants along the track (*Times*, September 17, 1885).]

To the Editor of the "Morning Post"

HERNE HILL, *Feb.* 23 [1882].

SIR,—Permit me, as a life fellow of the Zoological Society, to contradict in the sternest and most direct manner the statement made by its secretary in your columns of to-day that "it is quite certain that the members of

[1] [See *Præterita*, i. §§ 141–145.]
[2] [In 1878 and 1881: see Vol. XXV. pp. xxv.–xxvi.; Vol. XXXIII. p. xxviii.]

the council share in this regret" (at selling their old elephant to a caravan) "as much as any of the fellows." I, for one of the said fellows, am not in the habit of selling my old pets or parting with my old servants because I find them subject occasionally, perhaps even "periodically," to fits of ill temper; and I not only "regret" the proceedings of the council, but disclaim them utterly, as disgraceful to the city of London and dishonourable to common humanity. If the council want money let them beg it,—if they want a stronger elephant's house let them build it; there is brick and iron enough in London to keep a single beast safe with, I suppose, and if there are not children in London brave enough to back him in his afternoon walk, let them look at him and go to their rocking-horses. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Sclater's letter[1] is quite ground enough to justify the police in preventing any further direct violence to the animal; and while the council and Mr. Barnum's agent are concocting new methods of treachery to him, there is time for the children to say their say, and pay their pence, and make Jumbo their own for ever. Then, if there are any other fellows of my mind, we'll find board and lodging for him, and peace.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

A MEDAL FROM THE PRINCE OF MANTUA

[This letter was read at a meeting of "the Mantua and Montferrat Medal Fund held at Exeter Hall on June 15, 1883," and printed at p. 6 of the *Report of Annual Meeting*, etc. Reprinted in the *Biographical Magazine*, No. xv. vol. ix., October 1887. (Printed for the proprietors, 46 Lower Kennington Lane, S.E.) The *Magazine* gives (pp. 69-96) a biography of "His Royal and Most Serene Highness Charles de Bourbon d'Este Paleologus Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua and Montferrat and Ferrara in Italy, Prince of Nevers and Rethel and Alençon in France," and traces his descent further back to David, King of Israel. "Charles Ottley Groom Napier, calling himself Prince of Mantua," was the author of numerous works on scientific subjects, and an ardent advocate of Temperance and Vegetarianism. In imitation of the medals awarded by the Gonzagas in the Middle Ages, the Prince in 1879 "reconstituted the Academy of Sciences and Arts," denominating it "the Mantua and Montferrat Medal Fund." Among the earliest recipients of medals were Sir Richard Owen and Ruskin (whose letters of thanks appear on p. 35 of the *Magazine*).]

HERNE HILL, *2nd April*, 1882.

SIR,—I trust to your kindness and sympathy to express for me, better than in the weakness of just passed crisis of illness I am the least able myself to express, my most heartfelt recognition of the grace done me by the Prince of Mantua, and the extreme joy given me in being received into this roll of those who have loved Italy and been thought dear to her. For the Prince will do me the justice to trust my earnest saying of what is chiefly in my heart: this medal—the joy of seeing still such a Prince, such as my own English ancestors[2] used to seek the Courts of,

[1] [Mr. Philip Lutley Sclater, F.R.S.; secretary of the Zoological Society, 1859–1902.]

[2] [For Ruskin's ancestry, in England and Scotland, see Vol. XXXV.]

for all such lessons in what was noblest, whether in learning or the arts, (such as I trust when these dark times are past, with all their tumult, Italy may again surround the thrones of, and with them worship in Temples now laid desolate):—the joy of this, I repeat, is far more to me than the personal exultation; but I never yet—and I am now sixty-three—had so much pleasure given me by any notice or kindness. I must write again when I am better able—perhaps I may be permitted to do so when I send you the photograph, which I will have taken with careful sitting, in the best obedience I can render to the Prince's wish, as expressed by you at the close of your kind letter. The beautiful medal reached my hands in perfect safety this morning.

Believe me, Sir, with sincere respect,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
J. Ruskin.

The Secretary of the Prince of Mantua.

PHOTOGRAPHS

[From a facsimile circular issued by Mr. Herbert R. Barraud, the photographer. The letter was written after a visit by Mr. Barraud to Mr. Arthur Severn's studio at Herne Hill. Mr. Barraud published a lithograph facsimile of the letter, portions of which he also printed upon his prospectuses. Ruskin sat to him again in the spring of 1885. The letter was printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 12, 1886; also in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 101, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 113–114 (No. 130).]

30*th April*, 1882.

Dear Mr. Barraud,—We are all much more than pleased with these results of your extreme skill and care; they are the first photographs ever done of me that expressed what good or character there is in me for my own work; and as pure photography they seem to me to go as far as the art can at this day (and I do not believe it can ever do much better).

The portrait of Baby is also a rare success, both in your choice of action and the precision of effect: it is extremely and singularly beautiful. Mr. Severn was good—and my Lucerne drawing better than itself: only my favourite Ruth has failed;[1] but she was put off too long, and not studied enough. However, it was as well, seeing the hitherto difficulty of getting an endurable likeness of me for the friends who care for me, that you gave your time to that immediate business.

I admit, for *once*—as you have managed to use it—the good of studio light! But some day you must please do one of me in open light, for the sake of fair play to the Day and to your own skill, which I am sure can conquer more difficulties than you have tried.

And so believe me always gratefully and faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [Miss Ruth Mercier, who had nursed Ruskin through one of his illnesses.]

EMERSON

[To Alexander Ireland, author of *The Book-lover's Enchiridion, The Land o' Cakes and Brither Scots, with a Reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott* (1882), and *In Memoriam R. W. Emerson, Recollections of his Visits to England* (1882). Printed in facsimile in the *Bookman*, April 1892, vol. ii. p. 15.]

BRANTWOOD, *9th February*, '83.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely flattered and obliged by the gift of your books, especially the paper on Scott and the Enchiridion. I have never cared much for Emerson;[1] he is little more than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterates itself to provocation. Still I am extremely glad you have given these careful notes of him. All his friends seem to have loved him much.—With very sincere thanks,

Believe me respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

TO THE SALTAIRE SALT SCHOOLS

[From the *Times*, April 16, 1883. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 102, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 115 (No. 134). The Salt Schools were founded by Sir Titus Salt (1803–1876) in the town which grew up around his alpaca works and was called after him.]

[1883.]

I am sincerely grateful for the honour of your letter, but my only hope of being able to fulfil the duty lately resumed at Oxford is in total refusal of other responsibilities. None could be more grave, none declined by me with more regret, than this connected with the presidency of such an institution as the Salt Schools.

THE W. J. BUNNEY MEMORIAL FUND

[This letter, addressed to the widow of W. J. Bunney, the artist, was printed and circulated among subscribers to the Fund collected in memorial of him. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. p. 214, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 32. Bunney died in 1882, after completing his large picture of St. Mark's (for which, see Vol. X. pp. lxiii., 82). An exhibition of his works was held at the Fine Art Society in 1882, and Mr. Wedderburn wrote a Memoir of the artist which appeared as a preface to the Catalogue. A "communication from Mr. Ruskin" promised therein was not written. For notices of Bunney and his work, see Vol. XXI. pp. 33–34 *n.* and the places there noted. See also the General Index.]

BRANTWOOD, 10*th August*, 1883.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am honoured in receiving, from the subscribers to the fund which has been collected in memory of your husband, a charge to convey to you such expression as may be possible to me of the feeling in which it is presented to you for the fulfilment of his wishes, as you may

[1] [See, however, the numerous references to him in the General Index.]

judge fittest, in the education of his children. I have called it a memorial fund; but indeed the subscribers recognize that Mr. Bunney's name will remain ineffaceably connected with the history of all efforts recently made in Italy for preservation of true record of her national monuments; nor less with the general movement in which he so ardently and faithfully shared, for the closer accuracy and nobler probity of pictorial—more especially of landscape—art; a movement which was initiated about the time when he first took up his residence in Venice, and of which he remained, to the day of his death, the most clearly recognized exponent and representative to the foreign schools, both of Italy and America. This fund has been collected, therefore, not, as is too often the case in such efforts, for the idle inscription of a name which would otherwise have been forgotten, but, trusting your husband's just fame to the lovers of Venice, it is presented to you as a token of the solemn affection in which all we his friends hold, and with which we shall always think of, a man whose careful art was the constant and unstinted enthusiasm of an entirely pure, loyal, and rightly religious soul.

And I pray you, Madam, now and always, since you know me one of your husband's chief mourners, so also to hold me one of your most devoted servants,

J. Ruskin.

SEA PICTURES

[From the *Bookseller*, November 3, 1883, p. 1047. Reprinted (wrongly dated "1853") in *Igdrasil*, part i., 1890, p. 33, and thence in *Ruskiniana* (No. 28). The book referred to is *Sea Pictures*, by Dr. J. Macaulay (Religious Tract Society, 1883).]

Dear Dr. Macaulay,—The beautiful book came with your letter. It is far the best I have ever seen on its subject, and will be a most precious gift-book for me. It leans, I think, still a little too much to the terror of the sea; and instead of colouring only Stanfield's melancholy though admirable "Lost Ship,"[1] I should have liked the blue bays of Greece, or calm islet shores of the Pacific. But all is well done that you have endeavoured to do, and the book is extremely precious to me.

Believe me ever, yours faithfully,

J. Ruskin.

SYDNEY SMITH

[From the *Life and Times of Sydney Smith*, by Stuart J. Reid, 1884, p. 374. The letter was addressed to the author by Ruskin, to whom the book is dedicated. On the subject of the letter, see *Præterita*, ii. §§ 166–169.]

Oxford, *Nov. 15th*, 1883.

My dear Sir,—I wanted to tell you what deep respect I had for Sydney Smith; but my time has been cut to pieces ever since your note

[1] [A reproduction of Stanfield's "Abandoned," printed in colours by Edmund Evans, is the frontispiece to the book. For notices of the picture (Academy, 1856), see Vol. XIII. p. 29, and Vol. XIV. p. 52.]

reached me. He was the first in the literary circles of London to assert the value of *Modern Painters*, and he has always seemed to me equally keen-sighted and generous in his estimate of literary efforts. His *Moral Philosophy* is the only book on the subject which I care that my pupils should read, and there is no man (whom I have not personally known) whose image is so vivid in my constant affection.

Ever your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

"A PENNYWORTH OF THOUGHTS"

[From *John Ruskin: A Study*, by the Rev. R. P. Downes, 1890. Addressed to Mr. Downes, of Upper Norwood, editor of a periodical entitled *Great Thoughts*, and consisting largely of excerpts from great writers. Mr. Downes had evidently asked Ruskin's permission to make use of excerpts from his writings. The above letter is facsimiled at page 25 of the above pamphlet, which was published as No. I. of the "Great Thoughts Library," by A. W. Hall, 131, Fleet Street, E.C. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. pp. 101–102, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 114 (No. 131).]

BRANTWOOD, *30th Dec.*, '83.

SIR,—I am very glad to hear of a minister's editing such a periodical as you propose, but I am not sanguine of its success. Do you think you really can supply a pennyworth of thoughts a week? Anyhow, if mine here and there will serve, you are very welcome to them.

Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

MR. HENRY GEORGE AND LAND REFORM

[From the *Times*, January 2, 1884. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. pp. 347–348, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 65 (No. 65). Ruskin had been asked to preside at a meeting on "Progress and Poverty" to be held by Mr. Henry George, the author of the book of that name.]

BRANTWOOD, *December* 31 [1883].

MY DEAR SIR,—I am quite past attending or presiding at public meetings, but wish Mr. George all success in his efforts and an understanding audience.

Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

[In 1866, Ruskin, by way of giving employment to Cruikshank (then old and in need), had planned the publication of a volume of fairy stories; correspondence on the subject will be found in a later volume (in letters to C. A. Howell). Cruikshank executed two plates as a first instalment—representing "The Pied Piper" and an "Old Soldier" respectively; but these did not please Ruskin, and the project was abandoned: compare Vol. XVIII. p. 49. The two trial plates

were lost; but many years afterwards Mr. M. H. Spielmann discovered them in the hands of dealers, and restored them to Ruskin. Correspondence with Ruskin ensued, Mr. Spielmann having suggested that "his latest criticism on Cruikshank might be interesting to the public." Mr. Spielmann embodied Ruskin's letters in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 26, 1884, entitled "Mr. Ruskin on George Cruikshank," and, more fully, in his *John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 114, 115. For Ruskin's appreciation of Cruikshank's earlier work, see Vol. XV. pp. 204, 222; Vol. XIX. pp. 77–78; Vol. XXII. p. 488; and General Index.

The plate here introduced was etched by Cruikshank from drawings by Ruskin. The two lowest heads (from Verona and Venice respectively) were engraved by Lupton for *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 150). A sheet of drawings containing the other subjects was No. 177 in the Ruskin Exhibition of 1907, and is thus inscribed by Ruskin:—

> "The Spiritual Powers of Modern Life.
>
> ἐξουσία τοῦ ἀέρος—*Eph.* ii. 2.
>
> A. Scientific and Theological.
> B. Luxurious and Social.
> C. Contemplatively Progressive.
>
> Pieces from the sculpture of Inferno in Porch of St. Maclou, Rouen. Late Flamboyant. Sketched for 7 Lamps.—J. R."

"A" is the central of the three upper subjects, "B" the monster below, and "C" the head below the niche.]

(1) [1884.]

It was precisely because Mr. Cruikshank *could not* return to the manner of the Grimm plates, but etched too finely and shaded too much, that our project came to an end. I have no curiosity about the plates. . . . I never allow such things to trouble me, else I should have vexation enough. There's a lovely plate of *Stones of Venice—folio* size—lost these twenty years![1]

(2) *January* 21, 1884.

It is a pleasure to me to answer your obliging letter with full permission to use my note on Cruikshank in any way you wish, and to add, if you care to do so, the expression of my perpetually increasing wonder at the fixed love of *ugliness* in the British soul which renders the collective works of three of our greatest men—Hogarth, Bewick, and Cruikshank,—totally unfit for the sight of women and children, and fitter for the furniture of gaols and pigstyes than of the houses of gentlemen and gentlewomen.

In Cruikshank the disease was connected with his incapacity of colour; but Hogarth and Bewick could both paint.

It may be noticed in connection with the matter that Gothic grotesque sculpture is far more brutal in England than among the rudest continental nations; and the singular point of distraction is that such ugliness on the Continent is only used with definitely vicious intent by degraded artists; but with us it seems the main amusement of the virtuous ones!

[1] [Perhaps the additional plate in the *Examples of Venetian Architecture* now given at p. 350 of Vol. XI.]

J Ruskin

Etched by J. Tuikshank
Allen & Co Sc

Studies in Grotesque.

PAINTING AND MUSIC

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, February 11, 1884. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. p. 300, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 54 (No. 51).]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

HERNE HILL, *Feb.* 10*th* [1884].

SIR,—Will you permit me to enter a remonstrance against two general assumptions in your yesterday's article on the Queen Square School of Art?—the first, that no girl or woman will ever wish to paint except to get a living; and the second, that the diversion of a portion of the wages fund from the employment of girls in useful household work to their employment in the production of Christmas cards must infallibly be a benefit to the sex and the nation. Might not schools be instituted which should teach the rich and poor alike the arts of painting and music? and might not both these arts be occasionally practised by the women of England in modes beneficial to the public, yet not altogether dependent on its patronage?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED "TURNER"

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 29, 1884, thus introduced: "At the annual conversazione of the Literary and Philosophical Society, held at Sheffield last evening, considerable attention was given to a recently discovered water-colour drawing by J. M. W. Turner. It was picked up at a second-hand shop by Mr. Jackson Smith, a local manufacturer. Having a suspicion that it might be a Turner, he sent it to Mr. Ruskin for his opinion, who replied," etc. The drawing measured 13 in. × 10, and bore the words, "Lake near Lord Harewood's House, Yorkshire."]

[*February*, 1884.]

Your drawing is indeed a very curious and beautiful example of Turner's earliest works. You are extremely wicked to trust it to the post with only that bit of pasteboard, and it is a mercy it is not crushed into a curl paper. In case you are ever disposed to part with it, I think you might count on my being ready to outbid the dealer.

"THE CHURCH REFORMER"

[From the *Church Reformer*, February 15, 1884, vol. iii. p. 25 ("We quote the following from a welcome letter addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the editor"). Reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 15, 1884. The number for January 15, 1884, was sent to Ruskin. Its attitude is sufficiently indicated in the full title—*The Church Reformer: an Organ of Christian Socialism and Church Reform*, edited by Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, B.A.]

[*February*, 1884.]

I am very greatly obliged by your sending me the first number of your this year's issue. I never yet looked through a paper I thought so right, or likely to be so useful.

RAILWAYS IN DERBYSHIRE

[This and the two following letters first appeared in the *Manchester City News*, April 5, 12, and 19, 1884. They were reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. pp. 249–253, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 41–45 (Nos. 38, 39, and 40). The subject is the Dore and Chinley railway, projected by an independent company in 1884, afterwards taken up by the Midland Company and completed in 1894. It "opened up" the North Peak district (Castleton, etc.). Upon the subject of this projected new railway a correspondent, "C. E. T.," had, in writing to the *Manchester City News*, alluded to the opinions of Ruskin on railways. Thereupon Mr. J. F. Uttley had pointed out that "C. E. T." was wrong in his views of what Ruskin's opinions were. "If people," wrote Mr. Uttley, "would only read Mr. Ruskin's works straight through instead of picking out and objecting to the little bits they do read, there would be a great deal less misunderstanding of one of the greatest of living Englishmen." In the same issue with Mr. Uttley's letter appeared another letter, signed "Progress," in which the writer said, "We have no more right to poison the air than we have to destroy the scenery. Yet it is done, and must be done to an increasing extent every day." "Progress" empowered the editor to give his name (which was done in the issue of April 5)—Mr. S. Bramwell, of Cheetham Hill, Manchester. For Ruskin on railways, see in this volume, pp. 135–143, 603–604. There was a parody of Ruskin's letters in *Punch*, August 23, 1884 ("On all Fours Clavigera").]

To the Editor of the "Manchester City News"

BRANTWOOD, *2nd April*, 1884.

SIR,—I am obliged by your insertion of Mr. Uttley's letter in your impression of March 29, which has to-day been forwarded to me; and I should be glad to say a few words in reply to the letter next following from the advocate of poisoned air, if he will give his real name. There can be no possible reason for the concealment of it by so benevolent a character.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To the Editor of the "Manchester City News"

BRANTWOOD, *7th April*, 1884.

SIR,—I will at once meet the frankness of your correspondent, Mr Bramwell, by admitting, for the basis of all discussion, that he writes as a philanthropist, and has no personal interest in the proceedings he defends. On the other side, I confess myself no less frankly to write as a misanthrope. Not to the extent of wishing anybody any harm; but quite distinctly to the point of wishing most people out of my way when I am disposed to enjoy myself. Mine ease in mine inn[1] is not dependent on

[1] [*Part 1, King Henry IV.*, Act iii. sc. 3.]

the numbers of its *table d'hôte:* when I walk, I particularly like to go at my own pace, and not spend my breath in conversation. At a watering-place, I take pleasure in the springs, but not in the drinkers; and, were I to visit the Hebrides, would rather meet a black-headed gull than either the Lord of the Isles or Dr. Johnson.

But having openly made this admission, I beg that it may not be supposed that I either wish or anticipate that the world and his wife should keep themselves, either out of *my* way, or put themselves out of their own. Whatever I have advised or deprecated as to their homes, or their travels, has been absolutely in their interest, and from their point of view, so far as I could conceive either. But it has always been written also in a conviction founded on some knowledge of past history, that the things which people immediately want are not always those that are best for them, and that there may be other things which they don't in the least want, or are even incapable at present of imagining, which would be extremely good for them.

Take, for example, this singular unanimity of the inhabitants of Ambleside—that is to say, accurately, of the innkeepers, shopkeepers, guides, and other ministers to the strangers in Ambleside—for a railway from Lakeside into their midst. I have long known their wish, with anticipation of its probable success; and, having seen the results of railway enterprise from the beginning, can perhaps carry forward the "progress" of improvement in my imagination to a point beyond even the hopes of your philanthropic correspondent. It is easy to conceive—(I have seen far more wonderful changes)—a High Street of magnificent establishments in millinery and "nouveautés," running along under the hills from Ambleside to Grasmere, with the railway to Keswick immediately in their rear. I behold the sublimity of Wordsworth Crescent and Silver How Circus, commanding the esplanade which will encompass the waters of Rydal and Grasmere—principally then, of necessity, composed of sewage; while the "rivulets in May" which once leaped with Louisa in the shade,[1] will be usefully disposed in successive tanks, of which the scum will be inflammable. A "Lift" to the top of Helvellyn, and a Refreshment Room on the summit, will prepare the enthusiastic traveller for a "drop" to Ulleswater; while beyond the rectilinear shores of Thirlmere reservoir, the Vale of St. John will be laid out in a succession of tennis grounds, and the billiard rooms of the Bridal of Triermain[2] Casino be decorated in the ultimate exquisiteness of Parisian taste.

Such development of our resources in the Lake District is, I suppose, inevitable: I do not therefore question how far desirable. In Derbyshire, on the contrary, there may perhaps be yet somewhat alleged in defence of things as they are; only, having time to write no more to-day, may I first know from Mr. Bramwell whether, thus far, I have justly interpreted his aspirations?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [For the lines from Wordsworth's *Louisa*, here referred to, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 116.]

[2] [For other references to the Vale of St. John (the scene of Scott's poem), see above, p. 137.]

To the Editor of the "Manchester City News"

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Day* [*April* 13], 1884.

SIR,—In what I would fain further say in defence of the Peak of Derbyshire, I am compelled to admit not only the bias of my general misanthropy, but that also of a private interest—(so far as that word may be conceived as having any other sense than that of Dividend). Much as I have been wont to love Thirlmere and Helvellyn, there are in other climes lovelier lakes and sweeter strands; and though I should be driven out of Brantwood by the trippers dancing on my lawn and the smokers sauntering in my garden, I could still set up my rest where I could see the lamb leap and hear the Windhover cry.[1] But, speaking still wholly for myself, as an Epicurean Anchorite and Monastic Misanthrope, I pray leave to submit, as a deeply oppressed and afflicted Brother of that Order, that I can't find anything like Derbyshire anywhere else. "J'ai beau," as our polite neighbours untranslatably express it, to scale the precipices of the Wengern Alp with Manfred—to penetrate with Faust the defiles of the Brocken:—the painlessly accessible turrets of Matlock High Tor, the guiltlessly traceable Lovers' walks by the Derwent, have for me still more attractive peril and a dearer witchery. Looking back to my past life, I find, though not without surprise, that it owes more to the Via Gellia[2] than the Via Mala—to the dripping wells of Matlock than the dust-rain of Lauterbrunnen. And although I fully admit, as aforesaid, that we none of us know what is good for us; and though progressive England achieving her final purpose may one day be blessed, as eye hath not seen,[3] in her life of the forge and factory, varied only by excursions from one coal-hole to another,—in the meantime I must beg Mr. Bramwell to understand that we poor landscape lovers and painters at least know our own business and our own likings; and that it is perfectly open to him to ignore us; but neither to teach us nor to please. Let it be put to the vote by all manner of franchise which of us is to have our way; but do not hope to explain to us that the virtues of the Black Country "no delighted beauty lack."[4] If I admire, for instance, in my perversity, the statue of Psyche at Naples,[5] and your correspondent wishes to make lime of it, by all means let us vote about the matter with what triumph of majorities we may. But if Mr. Bramwell advises me that it is proposed—far from injuring, much to embellish my Psyche—that her principal features are to be left entirely unmodified, only a small smut put on the tip of her nose, and, quite in the style of the inlaid jewelling of the ancients, but with more propriety and economy, a red-hot cinder put into each of her eyes, I may not be able to express to Mr. Bramwell what Mr. Wordsworth calls

[1] [For Ruskin's delight in this bird, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxix., and Vol. XXVI. p. 305.]

[2] [The road that runs up Bonsall Dale, named in compliment to the family of Gell of Hopton, through whose estate it passes. For Ruskin's various visits to Matlock, see the General Index.]

[3] [Isaiah lxiv. 4; 1 Corinthians ii. 9.]

[4] [*Othello*, Act i. sc. 3, line 290.]

[5] [For another reference to the statue, see Vol. XII. p. 208.]

"the difference to me,"[1] but I hope that he will admit the possibility of my real discomfort, in an arrangement which is a matter of indifference to *him*.

Enough said in my own cause. I now—and I hope, after this candour, now without suspicion—take up that of the public—public in the widest sense, including the Derbyshire peasant, to whom his hills are, your correspondent says, no more than a landmark—the tripper from Manchester or Birmingham, and the traveller from beyond sea. That little heap of crystalline hills, white over with sheep, white under with dog-tooth spar, is a treasure alike to them all, richer than Cathay, brighter than Golconda.

"A landmark only!"—and Heaven bless the mark—what better should they be? and who is he, and what is his guilt, who removes his neighbour's landmark?[2]

Birmingham tripper! Oh, my expatiating friend, do you want to take Birmingham with you wherever you go, then?—or think to refresh yourselves from the foundry by picnic in a lime-kiln?

Learned traveller, gentle and simple—but above all English Paterfamilias—think what this little piece of mid-England has brought into so narrow compass, of all that should be most precious to you. In its very minuteness it is the most educational of all the districts of beautiful landscape known to me. The vast masses, the luxurious colouring, the mingled associations of great mountain scenery, amaze, excite, overwhelm, or exhaust—but too seldom teach; the mind cannot choose where to begin. But Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet; an alluring first lesson in all that's admirable, and powerful chiefly in the way it engages and fixes the attention. On its miniature cliffs a dark ivy leaf detaches itself as an object of importance; you distinguish with interest the species of mosses on the top; you count like many falling diamonds the magical drops of its petrifying well; the cluster of violets in the shade is an Armida's garden to you.[3] And the grace of it all! and the suddenness of its enchanted changes, and terrorless grotesque—Grotesque *par excellence!* It was a meadow a minute ago, now it is a cliff, and in an instant is a cave—and here was a brooklet, and now it is a whisper under ground; turn but the corner of the path, and it is a little green lake of incredible crystal; and if the trout in it lifted up their heads and talked to you, you would be no more surprised than if it was in the Arabian Nights. And half a day's work of half a dozen navvies, and a snuff-box full of dynamite, may blow it all into Erebus, and diabolic Night, for ever and ever.

Think of it,—how inexorable then the Deities, how irrevocable the Deed. Your Psyche of Naples made lime of, there is yet marble in Paris out of which Love may one day carve another, or if not, a Dovedale milkmaid may perhaps please him no less. But, once your snowy cliff blasted away, and your pure trout pool filled with potsherds,—Nature herself has no healing in all her compassion for you, Time no restitution in all his ages. And there is yet this to be noted of the ghastly *precision*

[1] [For another reference to the poem, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," see Vol. XXV. p. 389.]

[2] [Deuteronomy xix. 14.]

[3] [See Rogers's *Italy* ("Como") for a similar use of "Armida's palace" (in Tasso) as a type of enchantment.]

of the destroying force, in Derbyshire country, that it is in the very Eyes of it that the fiery brand is plunged. In almost every other lovely hill-district, and in all rich Lowland, the railway kills little more than its own breadth and a square mile or two about every station, and what it leaves is as good as what it takes. But in Derbyshire the whole gift of the country is in its glens. The wide acreage of field or moor above is wholly without interest; it is only in the clefts of it, and the dingles, that the traveller finds his joy, and *in* those clefts every charm depends on the alternate jut and recess of rock and field, on the successive discovery of blanched height and woody hollow; and, above all, on the floretted banks and foam-crisped wavelets of the sweetly wilful stream. Into the very heart and depth of this, and mercilessly bending with the bends of it, your railway drags its close clinging damnation. The rocks are not big enough to be tunnelled, they are simply blasted away; the brook is not wide enough to be bridged, it is covered in, and is thenceforward a drain; and the only scenery left for you in the once delicious valley is alternation of embankments of slag with pools of slime.

I have not said, I leave the clergyman and physician to say, what moral or sanitary changes follow the disgrace of the gifts of Nature and the wreck of her order. But I may at least advise your correspondent that envenomed air is deadlier to the young than the old, and that, under his progressive rule, women are seldom likely to attain the age at which he ceases to pity them. But the question of to-day is not for the crone, but the babe. What favours of high Destiny has England to promise to her children, who have been reared in mephitic fume instead of mountain breeze; who have had for playground heaps of ashes instead of banks of flowers; whose Christmas holidays brought them no memory, whose Easter sun no hope; and from whose existence of the present, and the future, Commerce has filched the Earth, and Science shut the Sky?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

BILLIARDS

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 6, 1884. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 302–303, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 58–59 (No. 58).]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

BRANTWOOD [*June* 1884].

SIR,—As you have honoured me by referring to my likes and dislikes in your interesting article on games, will you kindly correct the impression left on your readers that I "should dislike" either billiards or chess. I am greatly interested in the dynamics of billiards, but I cannot play, and I deeply deplore the popularity of the game among the lower classes on the Continent. Chess, on the contrary, I urge pupils to learn, and enjoy it myself, to the point of its becoming a temptation to waste of time often very difficult to resist; and I have really serious thoughts of publishing

a selection of favourite old games by chess-players of real genius and imagination, as opposed to the stupidity called chess-playing in modern days. Pleasant "play," truly! in which the opponents sit calculating and analysing for twelve hours, tire each other nearly into apoplexy or idiocy, and end in a draw or a victory by an odd pawn!

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

RULES OF PERSPECTIVE

[Given in facsimile at the beginning of a little book with the following title-page:—

Rules of Perspective. | Explained, illustrated, and adapted | to practical use. | By | M. M. Runciman. | With Letter of Approval | from | Professor John Ruskin, M.A., Hon. LL.D., etc., etc. | Ars probat Artificem. | London: | Winsor & Newton, Limited, 38, Rathbone Place, W.

The book was published in 1884. For Mr. Charles Runciman, Ruskin's first drawing master, see *Præterita*, i. §§ 84, 87.]

4th June, '84.

DEAR MISS RUNCIMAN,—I assure you it gave me true pleasure to see your writing again; and to learn that you had made the alterations suggested in the arrangement of your Father's rules,—before not wholly clear. Your having done so enables me at once to guarantee the scientific accuracy and easy applicability of the rules; and with the greater security because I myself learned all the perspective from them which I ever apply to landscape practice.

Believe me always, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

AMATEUR CHESS

[The first of these letters is from the *Chess Monthly*, edited by L. Hoffer and J. H. Zukertort (published by Jas. Wade, 18, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.), July 1884 (vol. v., No. 59, p. 321). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 305–306, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, pp. 59–60 (No. 59). Also reprinted in the "Chess Column" of the *Westminster Gazette*, January 27, 1900.]

(1)

To the Editors of the "Chess Monthly"

BRANTWOOD, *June* 25, 1884.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been much surprised and more flattered by the notice taken of my short letter to the *Telegraph* on Amateur Chess;[1] but will you allow me a word of reply in your columns to the article on that

[1] [That is, the preceding letter headed "Billiards."]

letter which appeared in *Land and Water*,[1] followed up by one from Mephisto in *Knowledge?* To the editor of *Land and Water* I would reply, that I never think of chess as a game to be played for money. I find it for myself a most useful means of turning my thoughts out of any too deeply formed channel; and I would teach it to boys and girls just as I would teach them to ride and dance, without wishing them to rival the skill, or even always to adopt the style, of professional riders and dancers. To Mephisto—and much more to the editor of *Knowledge*,[2] whose ideas, it seems to me, Mephisto is rather expressing than those of a great chess-player—I would reply that imagination, in all the arts, all the sciences, and all the games of men, is worth just as much now as it was in Newton's time, and will always be worth what it is now; that, however little coveted by the people who have not got any, it is a source of extreme pleasure to its possessors, and is an extremely interesting part of total human nature. In painting and poetry the workers scorn analysis, and the best work defies it; and, so far as chess is capable of analysis, it is neither art nor play. Mephisto tells us there is only one reliable opening known, and analysis will be doubtless crowned by showing that, as in a scientific game, there can only be one reliable beginning, so there can only be one possible end.

Meantime I am encouraged (and partly, indeed, provoked) by the various letters I have received on this subject to proceed in my notion of collecting a few pretty and easily-read games for examples of chess style to beginners, keeping the openings as irregular as possible, and never allowing the number of moves to pass forty.* But in the meantime, as there is no longer a chess column in *Society*, might not you, gentlemen, gracefully concede a little space to "social" chess, and record every now and then an easy but graceful game, well followed, wittily concluded, and yet comprehensible by the ordinary intellect of an amateur?

I am, gentlemen, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

* For example of a perfectly intelligible and pretty game in twenty moves, I may instance Captain Kennedy's, No. 86 in Mr. Bird's most useful collection of *Chess Masterpieces*. The kind of game which, however masterly, I call radically bad in style, may be as simply illustrated by the 58-move one, No. 70, in which the combatants exchange first their bishops, then their queens, then their knights, and then their rooks, and pass the rest of their time in skulking about the board with the odd rooks in chase of each other's pawns.

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[1] [In the Chess Column of June 14 (vol. 37, p. 563) Ruskin's letter was quoted, and the writer objected that though "the play of these times is wanting in vigour, colourless and watery," yet "brilliant dodges and imaginative traps will not pay."]

[2] [The late R. A. Proctor. "Mephisto," at the head of "Our Chess Column" in *Knowledge* for June 13, 1884 (vol. vi. p. 446), had quoted Ruskin's letter, and in the following week's issue he discussed it (pp. 467–468). The brilliant style of the early masters had been succeeded by "more modern analysts," and "Chess in this respect is only taking the same course which all other branches of human research and human skill have taken ever since Newton discovered the law of gravity. It is the 'positive' substance of a thing physical or moral which determines its relative position in the order of things. No amount of imagination can for a length of time sustain a fictitious value given to a body in nature or to a variation in chess."]

(2)

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *July* 2 [1884].[1]

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope this letter will get to the post-office anyhow—the fine weather puts us all off our work and letters!

Chess Monthly looks delightful, but *couldn't* you exist without Epps's Cocoa on the top!?

Oh—I see you *have* delivered your work. I couldn't open parcel till to-day.

Yours always,
J. R.

(3)

BRANTWOOD, *July* 4 [1884].[2]

DEAR MR. HOFFER,—So many thanks for your letter and the *Field*—and the article beforehand. I am sure to be pleased both by it and its English, but I've only *begun* saying what I have to say about the *temper* of chess. I think, in general, great players should never give odds, but openings, leaving weak points on purpose to show, or find, new forms of the game, and should name the move after which they mean to play their best! Above everything, I want to know, in the great games, *where* either of the players is first surprised. Andersen and Morphy seem to me the only ones that never are—they only are beaten by getting tired and making mistakes, or Morphy in trying a new opponent's style.

And I've ever so much more to say, but I want your letter, which I'm sure will be in the best English—not so slovenly as our own.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.

(4)

28, HERNE HILL, S.E., *Whit Monday* [1885].[3]

DEAR MR. BIRD,—Everything that you send me about chess interests me; but I have no right to express any opinion on the relative value of play, or to say more than that I congratulate you heartily on the variety, and, as far as I can judge, brilliancy of your recorded victories, and that, if only I had time to study your selections and notes with care, I should indeed hope to be a chess-player in my old age. But in all notes on

[1] [To Mr. L. Hoffer, editor of the *Chess Monthly*, as aforesaid, and author of "Chess" in the *Cyclopædia of Cards and Games* (1891). From the Chess Column of the *Westminster Gazette*, January 27, 1900, where it is explained that "The *Chess Monthly*—tastefully enough got up to satisfy even Mr. Ruskin—had an advertisement on its cover which seems to have been an eyesore to him."]

[2] [From the Chess Column of the *Westminster Gazette*, January 27, 1900.]

[3] [From the *Times*, June 24, 1885. The letter was addressed to Mr. Bird, the author of *Chess Masterpieces* and *Modern Chess*, in thanks for the volumes. For another reference to him, see *Ulric*, Vol. XXXII. p. 492 *n.*]

chess that I ever read there is to my notion a want of care to point out where the losing player first goes wrong. Often it is said, "Such a move would be stronger," but scarcely ever why stronger, and no player ever confesses by what move he was first surprised. You speak yourself sometimes of a move you regret, but not of an opponent's move that embarrassed you. And you know I am always pleading with you for a few chosen exemplary games, in which the reason for every move might be shown on both sides.

Believe me always, dear Mr. Bird, very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

ART CRITICISM

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, October 21, 1884, thus introduced: "A series of papers on journalism is being contributed by Mr. Arthur Reade to the *Printing Times*. Asked what a country reporter, who had no special knowledge of art, ought to do if sent to an art exhibition, Mr. Ruskin replied," etc.]

[*October*, 1884.]

Supposing—which I hope your question does suppose—the country reporter to be a man of natural sense and intelligence, the best thing he can do is to describe carefully the subject of the pictures he thinks likely to please simple people, if they are shown what is in them, and, as far as the editor will allow him, to take no notice of pictures attracting merely by their tricks of painting. I do not think the public value the affectations of art knowledge in a newspaper reporter, but they would always be grateful to him for the indication of elements of interest in a picture which they would have missed without his help.

CHEAP BOOKS

[Reprinted in the *Westminster Gazette*, July 12, 1905, from the *Great Central Railway Journal*. Ruskin's correspondent had written to complain of the price of his books. Ruskin was staying at the time in Mr. Macdonald's house.]

84, WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, *4th Nov.*, '84.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have ordered my publisher to send you in gift a book of mine you have not read. Be content with that, at present, and Carlyle.

Have not you Shakespeare, cheap? and the Bible, now-a-days for nothing? What good do they do you?

Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

STIPPLING

[From *Bartolozzi and his Works*, by Andrew W. Tuer (to whom the letter was addressed): Leadenhall Press, 2nd edition, 1885, p. 172 *n.* (The first edition had been issued in 1882.) Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 102, and thence in *Ruskiniana* (No. 135), part i., 1890, p. 115.]

BRANTWOOD, *Dec.* 16, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged for your letter and engravings enclosed, but the stipple in my plates is all Mr. Roffe's doing,[1] contrary to my reiterated request, and only permitted because Mr. Roffe facsimiles *lines* with it in a dexterous way. I *entirely* disapprove of stippled *plates*.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The Bartolozzi reached me safely, but I have no time to acknowledge books sent me out of my own line. I see it is rising in price, and when I come to it, with your good leave will return it, as it is of no use to me, and I do not wish to deprive you of the profit due to so carefully edited a work.

"WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE"

[Addressed to Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Fergusson, and printed by him at pp. 181–182 of his book, *The Laird of Lag: a Life-Sketch* (Edinburgh, 1886). The Laird of Lag, Sir Robert Grierson (1655–1733), persecutor of the Covenanters, is the Sir Robert Redgauntlet of Wandering Willie's Tale in Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*. In another letter to Lieut.-Colonel Fergusson (p. 182) Ruskin wrote (10th November 1881) on the subject of dialect: "I will not believe in anything to match 'Willie's Tale.'"]

24th January, 1885.

I think the reason that everybody likes "Willie's Tale" is principally that it is so short that they have time to read it, and so exciting all through that they attend completely to it. The great works [of Scott] require far closer attention in their intricate design[2] and beautifully quiet execution; and now-a-days nobody has leisure to understand anything,—they like to have something to dream idly over—or rush through.

In the second place, it is all of Scott's best. Few of the novels are without scenes either impossible to rational imagination, or a little padded and insipid. Sydney Smith thus condemns the whole of *The Pirate*,[3] and I do not myself contend for the great leap out of the cave in *Old Mortality*,

[1] [See, for instance, the frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 96 (Vol. XXIX. p. 517), and to *The Story of Ida* (Vol. XXXII. p. 3).]

[2] [On this point, compare Vol. XXIX. p. 265.]

[3] [See the passage quoted by Ruskin in *Fiction, Fair and Foul;* above, p. 290 *n.*]

the Bailie's battle or suspension in *Rob Roy*, or the caricature of Margaret's father in *Nigel*. But every word of "Willie's Tale" is as natural as the best of Burns, with a grandeur in the main scene equal to Dante—and the waking by the gravestones in the dew is as probable as it is sweet and skilful in composition. Nevertheless, the really fine and carefully wrought pieces of the novels themselves go far beyond it—the end of *Redgauntlet* itself, for instance.

GORDON AND THE SOUDAN

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 20, 1885, where the letter was headed "Mr. Ruskin on the Situation." Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 12, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 71–72 (No. 75).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

Brantwood, *Feb.* 19 [1885].

Sir,—Would you please tell an innocent outsider, whom you are often kind to, what on earth Mr. Punch means by talking about a "last rally"[1] and the like? or what folks in general mean by going about begging for help from everybody, because we have lost a few good men and officers in Africa, and, after dawdling for six months, been too late to save one very perfectly good officer, whom, as far as I can make it out, Ministers must have wanted to get rid of?[2] As far as I have any opinion on the matter myself, I entirely agree with the enclosed of M. de Lesseps, which I found quoted in a country paper. Bah![3] last rally! Good gracious! did all our colonies come offering to help us after the retreat to Corunna?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. Ruskin.

M. de Lesseps on the Soudan

M. de Lesseps in the course of an interview related by the Paris *Matin* said: "I have repeatedly warned the English that to send an expedition to the Soudan was to send soldiers to certain death. As for ancient Nubia, or Ethiopia, it is a country in which, as if in a sea, whole armies of conquerors have been engulfed. Cambyses left 100,000 men on the deserts, and he was only too glad to return home with a handful of followers. The son of Mehemet Ali was burned in his camp, with his army. To attempt to conquer the Soudan by force is a dream. It is quite possible to give laws to and to govern these intelligent, heroically brave races. In order to reach Khartoum, whatever the route taken, one must cross deserts in which there is absolutely no water. An army, whether going or returning, will always be an easy prey to the warlike populations of Nubia. These can turn on

[1] [The cartoon in the *Punch* of the week represented Mr. Gladstone as a warrior on horseback, and surrounded by his colleagues, and was entitled "The Last Rally," in reference to the general election then imminent.]

[2] [For other references to General Gordon, see Vol. XXXI. p. 386 *n.*]

[3] [Misprint for "But"—see next letter.]

the enemy as many as 100,000 fighting men, for whom death is only a secondary consideration, and who would be scoffed at by the women if they returned to their villages without having avenged the deaths of their companions. The longer the struggle is continued against the Soudan the more difficult will be the effecting of a settlement. Two years ago it would have been easy to negotiate; now it is difficult, the animosity of these fanatical soldiers having been roused."

GORDON AND CARLYLE

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 25, 1885. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 13, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 72 (No. 76).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *February* 24 [1885].

SIR,—Will you kindly correct the misprint of "Bah!" for "but" in my recent letter? I never have used this modern interjection, nor ever shall. I should have written with less haste and more indignation had I conceived the vileness possible in Englishmen of making the death of Gordon an occasion of party contest. Censure, and alas! praise, are alike too late. The Opposition will not redeem the Government's errors by encumbering its hands, and the Master of Balliol's sermon[1] should have been preached in the enthusiasm of sympathy with the living, not in encomium of the dead. I am edified also by the burst of funeral music from the lips of England in praise of Gordon's honour and faith, while she received for thirty years, with rage and hissing, the words of the one man, now at rest among his native hills,[2] who told her that her merchants should be honest and her statesmen sincere.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

USURY AND INTEREST

[This letter is communicated by Mr. T. Parton, to whom it was addressed. Mr. Parton had been attending a course of lectures given in Manchester by Mr. M. E. Sadler, who had stated that Ruskin did not condemn a moderate rate of interest of money. Mr. Parton, as a reader of *Fors*, challenged the statement, and wrote to Ruskin to ask who was right. For a note upon the development of his views on the subject, see Vol. XVII. p. xcviii.]

BRANTWOOD, 10*th March*, '85.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely obliged by your letter, and more than glad that people begin to care what I think or say.

When I wrote *Unto this Last*, and *Munera*, in 1860 and 1862, I had

[1] [Jowett's sermon on Gordon had been partly reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (from the *Oxford Magazine*), February 20, 1885.]

[2] [Carlyle had been buried at his birthplace, Ecclefechan, in February 1881.]

not studied the subject of usury, and was under the usual impression that moderate interest was harmless. It was Mr. Sillar who showed me the truth—and in all my *Fors* teaching, Usury is blamed in its essence,—as murder is—though the necessity of it for some time yet under existing conditions is granted also as of War,—the members of the St. George's Guild only vow to get quit of it as much and as soon as they can.

A pamphlet by Mr. Sillar is just coming out (with introduction by me),[1] of which the contents will I think surprise many.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FOOTPATHS

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 26, 1885. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. pp. 253–254, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 45–46 (No. 43).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

Brantwood, *March 25th* [1885].

Sir,—Will you kindly help me to direct general attention to the mischief now continually done by new landowners in the closing of our mountain footpaths? The two contrary evils go on—each aiding and completing the other. First, a railroad comes tearing a glen to pieces; and then a manufacturer comes to live beside it, who stops the footpath over the hill—and where are you? We shall have nothing left soon but the railway station and hotel garden to enjoy ourselves in. I have every right to speak in the matter, for there are two open footpaths through my own wood, coming out at my lodge door; and I think of all the small, mean, and wicked things a landlord can do, shutting his footpath is the nastiest. We have got to fight a man between Windermere and Esthwaite just now who wants to shut up one of the rarest views in Lancashire, and his neighbours talk as if he had some chance of doing it too![2] Of course his villagers dare not say a word for themselves, but every educated resident in the country is as much interested in stopping these abuses as they are.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. Ruskin.

MODERN ENGLISH SPORTS

[This letter was printed on p. ix. of a small volume entitled *Modern English Sports: their Use and Abuse. Dedicated by special permission to Professor Ruskin.* By Frederick Gale (The Old Buffer), Author of *The Life of the Hon. Robert*

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[1] [*Usury and the English Bishops:* see above, p. 443.]

[2] [The footpath in question is from Sawrey Hill to Far Sawrey; and it was stated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 7, 1885, that the landowner's application to Quarter Sessions had been abandoned.]

Grimston, etc., etc. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1885. The dedication is as follows: "This book is specially dedicated by permission to Professor Ruskin by the Author, who has received more kindness at his hands than many volumes could record. London: June 1885." Ruskin's letter was reprinted (with the misprint "marched" for "marvelled") in *Igdrasil*, and thence (No. 57) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 58. For other references to Mr. Gale, see Vol. XXIX. p. 220; and above, p. 342.]

CHISLEHURST, *5th June*, 1885.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,—I am delighted by the dedication of your new book to me, not only because it shows me that you have pleasure in my sympathy, but also because I want people who care about my own books to know that I can admire many things which I don't talk of. Only in thanking you for this charming compliment, you must let me guard your readers from imagining that I think exactly with you on all points. You always do me good, whether in talking or writing, by showing me the brightest side of what I may have seen mostly on the opposite one, by your memorials of the frank hearts and cheerful ways of the country people of half a century since, and your praise of frankness, cheerfulness, and simplicity in all persons and at all times; but I am not to be beguiled by your description of the interest of honest villagers in the success of a pretty and amiable horse, out of my general objections to horse-racing; neither by my joy in the "Lucas catch," which we marvelled at together, out of my steady wish that schoolboys should learn skill in ploughing and seamanship rather than in cricket; and that young ladies should often be sent to help the cook and housemaid, when they would rather be playing tennis. It seems to me also that you have not enough protested, in the name of all sensible players, against the turning of any play into a laborious or dangerous business. Only the other day Mr. Arthur Severn pointed out to me, in a painting by old De Wint, that women and children were standing near the wickets. It seems to me cricket must have been in its true zenith in the days when it commended itself to those gentle spectators, and needed not warn them away.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

THE IRISH QUESTION

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 5, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. pp. 13–14, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 73 (No. 77).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 4 [1886].

SIR,—In your recent articles on the Irish question you have taken no notice of certain peculiarities of the Irish race which I imagine you know as well as I do, and yet, by unlucky chance, you hitherto ignore them!

Would it not be well to take some account of these following ineradicable virtues of theirs in our schemes for their management? First: they are an artistic people, and can design beautiful things and execute them with indefatigable industry. Secondly: they are a witty people, and can by no means be governed by witless ones. Thirdly: they are an affectionate people, and can by no means be governed on scientific principles, by heartless persons.

Permit me to observe further, that as Scott is the authority for Scotch character, Maria Edgeworth is the authority for Irish; and that her three stories of *Ormond*, *Ennui*, and *The Absentee* contain more essential truths about Ireland than can be learned from any other sources whatsoever.[1]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS

[This and the two following letters first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 19, February 15, and February 23, 1886. They formed part of a discussion on the question, Which are the best hundred books? started by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1886. The original list was put forward by Sir John Lubbock in a lecture at the Working Men's College. Ruskin's first two letters were reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "Best Hundred Books" Extra, 1886, pp. 7–9. His emendations of Sir John's list were given by the *Pall Mall* in facsimile, and are here so reproduced. The letters were reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 79–84 (Nos. 84–86), where the blottesque emendations were represented by thick brackets [*sic*], and the lighter erasures by thin ones [*sic*], while his additions were given by italics. As some of the authors' names are not readily distinguishable, it may be said that under "History," Ruskin erased "Grote"; under "Philosophy," "Mill," "Darwin," Adam "Smith," "Berkeley," "Descartes," "Locke," and "Lewes"; under "General Literature," "Hume," "Macaulay," "Emerson," "Goethe," and "Marivaux." For other references to Bacon's *New Atlantis*, inserted by Ruskin in the list, see Vol. XVII. p. 282; Vol. XVIII. pp. 513–514; Vol. XX. pp. 290, 367; and Vol. XXII. p. 206.]

(1)

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 13, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—Putting my pen lightly through the needless—and blottesquely through the rubbish and poison of Sir John's list—I leave enough for a life's liberal reading—and choice for any true worker's loyal reading. I have added one quite vital and essential book—Livy (the two first books[2]),

[1] [Compare the similar remark in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 87 (Vol. XXIX. p. 363). For Ruskin's numerous references to Miss Edgeworth, see the General Index.]

[2] [For the importance attached by Ruskin to the first two books of Livy, see Vol. XXIII. p. 370; Vol. XXXI. p. xiv.; and *Præterita*, i. § 167. For his numerous references to the three plays of Aristophanes here mentioned, see the General Index; and for the *Plutus*, below, p. 688. For Humboldt, see again the General Index (and compare, below, p. 606); for Forbes, Vol. XXVI. pp. xxxiii.–xl., 586, and also the General Index.]

and three plays of Aristophanes (*Clouds, Birds,* and *Plutus*). Of travels I read myself all old ones I can get hold of; of modern, Humboldt is the central model. Forbes (James Forbes in Alps) is essential to the modern Swiss tourist—of sense.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.

NON-CHRISTIAN MORALISTS.

Marcus Aurelius ..... "Meditations."
Confucius ..... "Analects."
Aristotle ..... "Ethics."
Mahomet ..... "Koran."

THEOLOGY AND DEVOTION.

"Apostolic Fathers" ... Wake's collection.
St. Augustine ..... "Confessions."
Thomas à Kempis ..... "Imitation."
Pascal ..... "Pensées."
Spinoza "Tractatus Theologico Politicus."
Butler ..... "Analogy."
Jeremy Taylor... "Holy Living and Holy Dying."
Keble ..... "Christian Year."
Bunyan ..... "Pilgrim's Progress."

CLASSICS.

Aristotle ..... "Politics."
Plato ..... "Phædo" and "Republic."
Æsop ..... "Fables."
Demosthenes ..... "De Coronâ."
Eschines
Plutarch
Horace
Cicero ... "De Officiis," "De Amicitiâ," and "De Senectute."

EPIC POETRY.

Homer ..... "Iliad" and Odyssey."
Hesiod, Pindar
Virgil
Nibelungenlied
Malory ..... "Morte d'Arthur"

EASTERN POETRY

"Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" (epitomized by Fitzroy Wheeler)
Firdausi ... "Shahnameh" (translated by Atkinson)
"Shi-king" (Chinese Odes)

GREEK DRAMATISTS.

Æschylus... "Prometheus" the "House of Atreus" Trilogy, or "Persæ"
Sophocles ..... "Œdipus" trilogy
Euripides ..... "Medea"
Aristophanes ..... "The Knights"

HISTORY.

Herodotus
Xenophon ..... "Anabasis"
Thucydides
Tacitus ..... "Germania"
Gibbon ..... "Decline and Fall"
Voltaire ... "Charles XII." or "Louis XIV"
Hume ..... "England"
..... "Greece"

PHILOSOPHY.

Bacon ..... "Novum Organum"
Mill ... "Logic" and "Political Economy"
Darwin ..... "Origin of Species"
Smith ... "Wealth of Nations" (selection)
Berkeley ..... "Human Knowledge"
Descartes ..... "Discours sur la Méthode"
Locke ... "Conduct of the Understanding"
Hallam ..... "History of Philosophy"

TRAVELS.

Cook ..... "Voyages"
Darwin ... "Naturalist on the *Beagle*"

POETRY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Shakspeare
Milton
Dante
Spenser
Scott
Wordsworth
Pope
Southey
Longfellow
Goldsmith..... "Vicar of Wakefield"
Swift ..... "Gulliver's Travels"
Defoe ..... "Robinson Crusoe"
"The Arabian Nights"
Boswell..... "Johnson"
Burke..... Select Works
Essayists :—
Addison
Hume
Montaigne
Macaulay
Emerson
Molière
Sheridan
Carlyle... Everything "Past and Present" and "French Revolution"
Goethe ... "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister"
Manzoni ..... "La Vie de Marianne"

MODERN FICTION.

Selections (!) from—
Thackeray
Dickens
George Eliot
Kingsley
Scott
Bulwer Lytton

Every word.

(2)[1] [*February*, 1886.]

Sir,—Several points have been left out of consideration both by you and by Sir John Lubbock, in your recent inquiries and advices concerning books. Especially Sir John, in his charming description of the pleasures of reading for the nineteenth century,[2] leaves curiously out of mention its miseries; and among the various answers sent to the *Pall Mall* I find nobody laying down, to begin with, any one canon or test by which a good book is to be known from a bad one.

Neither does it seem to enter into the respondent minds to ask, in any case, whom, or what the book is to be good *for*—young people or old, sick or strong, innocent or worldly—to make the giddy sober, or the grave gay. Above all, they do not distinguish between books for the labourer and the schoolman; and the idea that any well-conducted mortal life could find leisure enough to read a hundred books would have kept me wholly silent on the matter, but that I was fain, when you sent me Sir John's list, to strike out, for my own pupils' sake, the books I would forbid them to be plagued with.

For, of all the plagues that afflict mortality, the venom of a bad book to weak people, and the charms of a foolish one to simple people, are without question the deadliest; and they are so far from being redeemed by the too imperfect work of the best writers, that I never would wish to see a child taught to read at all, unless the other conditions of its education were alike gentle and judicious.[3]

And, to put the matter into anything like tractable order at all, you

[1] [In an "Occasional Note" in the issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (February 15) containing this article, it was stated that "The article was written for the *Nineteenth Century* and was set up in type for it. The editor, however, wrote to Mr. Ruskin begging him to strike out all references to the *Gazette*. Mr. Ruskin thereupon wrote a letter in somewhat vigorous terms to the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* and sent the article for publication in the *Pall Mall Gazette*."]

[2] ["On the Pleasures of Reading," in the *Contemporary Review*, February 1886, vol. 49, pp. 240–251. This was the paper read at the Working Men's College, containing the List of the Best Hundred Books (p. 251), which started the *Pall Mall Gazette's* discussion. The paper begins thus: "Of all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books." Later on, the author says (p. 244): "There are of course some books which we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But these are exceptions. As regards by far the larger number, it is probably better to read them quickly." Ruskin's letters were widely noticed in the press, and provoked some replies—*e.g.*, in the New York *Critic*, May 1, 1886 ("Ruskin's Judgment of Gibbon and Darwin," by John Burroughs), and in the *New Englander* (New Haven), November 1886 ("Ruskin *v.* Gibbon and Grote," by G. Monroe Royce. This second letter of Ruskin's also inspired an answer in verse to his "studies in reviling and abusing" by Mr. William Watson ("To John of Brantwood. After reading a Letter, *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 15, 1886"). The poem was printed on pp. 42–44 of *Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems* (Cameo Series, 1890), but was withdrawn from later collections of the poet's works. The *Pall Mall Gazette* returned to the subject on June 4, 1904, and published "Lord Avebury's New List," with a letter reviewing the controversy. He now included Ruskin among his hundred, and with regard to Ruskin's "blottesque emendations," "could not but believe that he would have himself on further reflection modified his views."]

[3] [On this subject, compare Vol. XXVII. p. lxii.]

must first separate the scholar from the public. A well-trained gentleman should, of course, know the literature of his own country, and half a dozen classics thoroughly, glancing at what else he likes; but, unless he wishes to travel or to receive strangers, there is no need for his troubling himself with the languages or literature of modern Europe. I know French pretty well myself. I never recollect the gender of anything, and don't know more than the present indicative of any verb; but with a dictionary I can read a novel,—and the result is my wasting a great deal of time over Scribe, Dumas, and Gaboriau, and becoming a weaker and more foolish person in all manner of ways therefor. French scientific books are, however, out and out the best in the world; and, of course, if a man is to be scientific, he should know both French and Italian. The best German books should at once be translated into French, for the world's sake, by the French Academy;—Mr. Lowell is altogether right in pointing out that nobody with respect for his eyesight can read them in the original.

I have no doubt there is a great deal of literature in the East, in which people who live in the East, or travel there, may be rightly interested. I have read three or four pages of the translation of the Koran, and never want to read any more; the *Arabian Nights* many times over, and much wish, now, I had been better employed.

As for advice to scholars in general, I do not see how any modest scholar could venture to advise another. Every man has his own field, and can only by his own sense discover what is good for him in it. I will venture, however, to protest, somewhat sharply, against Sir John's permission to read any book fast. To do anything fast—that is to say, at a greater rate than that at which it can be done well—is a folly: but of all follies reading fast is the least excusable. You miss the points of a book by doing so, and misunderstand the rest.

Leaving the scholar to his discretion, and turning to the public, they fall at first into the broad classes of workers and idlers. The whole body of modern circulating library literature is produced for the amusement of the families so daintily pictured in *Punch*—mama lying on a sofa showing her pretty feet—and the children delightfully teazing the governess, and nurse, and maid, and footman—the close of the day consisting of state-dinner and reception. And Sir John recommends this kind of people to read Homer, Dante, and Epictetus! Surely the most beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced for them is the *Book of Nonsense*, with its corollary carols?—inimitable and refreshing, and perfect in rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful, for my idle self, as Edward Lear.[1] I shall put him first of *my* hundred authors.

Then there used to be Andersen![2] but he has been minced up, and

[1] [For other references to him, see Vol. II. p. xxv.; Vol. IV. p. 237; and Vol. XXV. p. 142.]

[2] [For another reference to him, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 447. In one of Ruskin's diaries, there is the following entry:—

"*Sept.* 8, 1856, *St. Laurent.*—Wet all day. Read Andersen's tales. There is a strange mingling of false sentiment, unchildlike, with their delicate fancy and wit: too much of rose-bowers and crystal palaces, prettily heaped together, but without detail of fact and bearing on the

washed up, and squeezed up, and rolled out, till one knows him no more. Nobody names him, of the omnilegent judges: but a pure edition of him gaily illustrated, would be a treasure anywhere—perhaps even to the workers, whom it is hard to please.

But I did not begin this talk to recommend anything, but to ask you to give me room to answer questions, of which I receive many by letter, why I effaced such and such books from Sir John's list.

1. *Grote's History of Greece.*—Because there is probably no commercial establishment, between Charing Cross and the Bank, whose head clerk could not write a better one, if he had the vanity to waste his time on it.[1]

2. *Confessions of St. Augustine.*—Because religious people nearly always think too much about themselves; and there are many saints whom it is much more desirable to know the history of. St. Patrick to begin with—especially in present times.[2]

3. *John Stuart Mill.*—Sir John Lubbock ought to have known that his day was over.

4. *Charles Kingsley.*—Because his sentiment is false and his tragedy frightful. People who buy cheap clothes are not punished in real life by catching fevers; social inequalities are not to be redressed by tailors falling in love with bishops' daughters,[3] or gamekeepers with squires'; and the story of *Hypatia* is the most ghastly in Christian tradition, and should for ever have been left in silence.

5. *Darwin.*—Because it is every man's duty to know what he *is*, and not to think of the embryo he was, nor the skeleton that he shall be. Because, also, Darwin has a mortal fascination for all vainly curious and idly speculative persons, and has collected, in the train of him, every impudent imbecility in Europe, like a dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars.

6. *Gibbon.*—Primarily, none but the malignant and the weak study the Decline and Fall either of State or organism. Dissolution and putrescence are alike common and unclean in all things; any wretch or simpleton may observe for himself, and experience himself, the processes of ruin; but good men study and wise men describe, only the growth and standing of things,—not their decay.

For the rest, Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or wit: his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid.[4]

> story. On the whole I am disappointed in him. The Ugly Duck is perfect. The 'Fat Needle' very good. Nearly all the others, too much of opera nymph in them, and of pure ugliness and painfulness—the princess making the nettle-shirts, and the grand Klaus, killing his nurse, and many other such pieces quite spoiling the tone of the book for me."]

[1] [For Grote, the banker-historian, whose book Ruskin at once used and abused, see Vol. XX. p. 381, and Vol. XVIII. p. xxxiv.]

[2] [Compare the letter headed "The Life of St. Patrick," below, p. 592.]

[3] [See *Alton Locke* (it was, however, a Dean's daughter, not a bishop's); and, for the gamekeeper in love with the squire's daughter, *Yeast*. On *Hypatia*, compare the letter on Kingsley, below, p. 609.]

[4] [For other criticisms of Gibbon's style, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 73, 74, 75.]

7. *Voltaire.*—His work is, in comparison with good literature, what nitric acid is to wine, and sulphuretted hydrogen to air. Literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and stench of him; but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl.

I cannot here enter into a very grave and wide question which neither the *Pall Mall* nor its respondents ask, respecting literature for the young, but will merely point out one total want in the present confused supply of it—that of intelligible books on natural history. I chanced at breakfast the other day, to wish to know something of the biography of a shrimp, the rather that I was under the impression of having seen jumping shrimps on a sandy shore express great satisfaction in their life.

My shelves are loaded with books on natural history, but I could find nothing about shrimps except that "they swim in the water, or lie upon the sand in shoals, and are taken in multitudes for the table."[1]

JOHN RUSKIN.

(3)

[*February*, 1886.]

I can only give brief reply to your correspondents' questions—full reply would mean the writing of another *Sesame*. I take them in their order.

Page 2, in your issue of the 17th. Mr. J. P. Owen.[2] Many thanks for reference to "the continual feast of a boy of eleven"; but Mr. Owen's quotation from it does not answer my question; nor do I know from what passage in my letter Mr. Owen gathered that I had never been fortunate enough to meet with a shrimp alive.

Same page. Mr. Andrew Wilson[3] may perhaps be in the habit of saying he has seen things when he is only "under an impression" of having done so. I am not; and will thank him, if ever he quotes again letter or book of mine, to quote with precision. My acquaintance with works on zoology does not indeed extend to those of Mr. Wilson;—but of the lessons in filth, folly, and cruelty, which form the staple of modern popular books on natural history, my forty years' study of woodcutting has probably

[1] [Put together from pp. 257, 258 of Thomas Bell's *History of the British Stalk-Eyed Crustacea*, 1853.]

[2] [Mr. Owen wrote: "I venture to commend to Mr. Ruskin's notice an easily accessible, most useful, and—*teste* a boy of eleven, who finds it a continual feast—deeply interesting publication called *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, in vol. viii. of which, under the article 'Shrimps,' he will find the following: 'The colours [of the shrimp] are such that the creature may readily escape observation, whether resting on a sandy bottom or swimming through the water. The quick, darting movements of shrimps, like short leaps, however, betray them to any one who looks attentively into a pool left by the retiring tide on a sandy shore.'"]

[3] [Mr. Wilson (of Edinburgh) wrote to say (*inter alia*) that "the animals which Mr. Ruskin saw swimming on the sea-shore, 'jumping' to express 'great satisfaction,' etc., were not shrimps at all, but sand-hoppers, which are poor relations of the shrimp kind." Mr. Wilson added that, as himself a writer of books on natural history for the young, he thought Mr. Ruskin's complaint of the dearth of such books was an unjustifiable grumble.]

given me wider experience than his. The sentence for which he asks my authority is from Bell's *British Crustacea;* and it is indeed accompanied with details respecting the shrimp's carapace, abdomen, and rudimentary thumb, for which it was unnecessary to ask space in your columns.

Page 2. February 18. T. F. W.[1] *Faust* never will be out of date: but it is both frightful and grievous in tragedy, to all sensitive persons (in my own life, for instance, it is a fixed horror and sorrow).[2] To the general public, it is a mere story of necromancy, seduction, and murder, in which they indulge as they do in other vicious excitements; to the real student, it is a poem of immense complexity and difficulty—on which his labour is misspent. The waste of time, money, and genius which it has caused in European society since its first presentation on the stage is beyond all calculation. *Wilhelm Meister* is in the same group of work. Carlyle could get good of it,—but got more harm, of which I cannot speak here.

Page 4 of the same issue. The letter from "A Mother" is the most valuable you have printed;—the real question is—not what books we give children to read, but how we train them to the reading. I have before now said that a good girl may be set free in her father's library;[3]—a clever boy may be so in any library; and I notice the letter chiefly to deprecate the writer's dread of either Dickens or Marryat. There is more vital amusement in them for young people than in any other books whatever, and I should make *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, staple of boys' libraries, together with the two beautiful novels of Cooper named by Mr. Wilkie Collins[4]—*The Deer Slayer* and *Pathfinder*.[5] (Incidentally—let me say—of all writers whatsoever of any people or language, I should most strictly forbid Thackeray.[6]) Some day I may try to arrange a library for young people,—and meant to have done so long since—it was not so easy as I thought.[7] But, to end as usefully as I can, let me say simply that the main use of books to the young is to acquaint them with noble and pleasant people, whether historical or fancied; and to form their own taste for tranquil and useful life. Give them Scott (excluding *Kenilworth*, *St. Ronan's*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and of course *Castle Dangerous* and the others written in his last illness); all Miss Edgeworth; *Sir Charles Grandison*, *The Spectator*, *Idler*, *Rambler*;—*The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Citizen of the World*;—Mdme. de Genlis's *Tales of the Castle*, Gotthelf's *Tour de Jacob* and *Ulric le Fermier*;[8] and the rest may be left to their discretion.

[1] [Asking what was Mr. Ruskin's objection to *Faust*, and saying, "Surely it is not out of date, not false in sentiment, nor frightful in tragedy"—expressions which Ruskin had used in explaining his exclusion of other authors.]

[2] [For other allusions to *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, see Vol. V. p. 330 *n.*]

[3] [See *Sesame and Lilies*, § 78 (Vol. XVIII. p. 130).]

[4] [In a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 11: see pp. 12, 13 of *The Best Hundred Books*.]

[5] [For other references to Marryat, see *Præterita*, i. §§ 118, 227; and to Cooper, Vol. I. p. 569 *n.*]

[6] [For Ruskin's criticism of Thackeray, see above, p. 72; Vol. XVIII. p. 130; Vol. XXVII. p. 562; and Vol. XXVIII. p. 548.]

[7] [For other mention of this intention, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 335–336.]

[8] [For Ruskin's notices of the various books and authors here mentioned, see the General Index.]

ADVICE TO A READER

[From the *Young Man*, September 1894, in an article on "All-round Culture," by the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, who had written to Ruskin in expostulation at his striking out Emerson from the list of the Best Hundred Books: see above, p. 582. Ruskin, however, quotes Emerson sometimes: see, for instance, *Sesame and Lilies*, § 25 (Vol. XVIII. p. 77).]

[1886.]

Read me or any other author whom you can trust for what you understand in us; and what you don't, leave alone; but don't doubt or dispute because you are puzzled. We can help you in whatever you are capable of doing well; and *you had better not try to do anything else.*

"MR RUSKIN'S VIEWS"

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 19, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 345, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 63 (No. 60). The "sentimental friends" were the admirers of Ruskin who had presented him with a Congratulatory Address on Christmas Day 1885 (see below, p. 733). The *Telegraph*, being misinformed on the subject, published a leading article, three weeks after the event, referring to "the movement now on foot for the presentation of an address to Mr. Ruskin." It continued: "A rumour was current some little while ago to the effect that the proposed testimonial was to take the form of a tribute of gratitude to the great writer for his contributions to the study of the social questions of the day; but, if that idea were ever entertained, it has been very wisely abandoned. . . . No man would more readily grant that his warmest admirers must find it impossible to signify their adhesion to all his tenets, because no man has with a more amazing candour confessed that he has not adhered to all his tenets himself. He has seen reason as time has gone on to revise, and in some instances altogether to renounce, doctrines which he had with more or less force of conviction laid down at early periods of his career." Another leading article in the same issue of the *Telegraph* discussed the bad quality of English butter; while a paragraph on the same page announced from Aldershot that the bayonets of the infantry battalions were being tested "with startling results."]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 16th [1886].

SIR,—I am not ungrateful for the kindness of your notice of my sentimental friends in your issue of the 14th inst., but must pray your correction of the false impression which your article would convey to many readers of my having altered my views on Political Economy. The changes of "doctrine" to which you refer have been merely whether students should draw on grey paper or white, and the like; my political teaching has never changed in a single word or thought, and, being that of Homer and Plato,[1] is little likely to do so, though not acceptable to the wisdom of a country whose milkmaids cannot make butter nor her blacksmiths bayonets.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Compare above, p. 547.]

MODERN EDUCATION

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 17, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 297–298, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 51–52 (No. 48).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *March* 16 [1886].

SIR,—Will you permit me in your columns to ask the editor of the *Spectator*,[1] with reference to the article on education in his last Saturday's issue, whether he has ever chanced to notice anything that either Mr. Thomas Carlyle or I, his pupil, have written on the subject during the last thirty years? and farther, what he, the said editor, understands by the term "education"? I know of nothing that has been taught the youth of our time, except that their fathers were apes, and their mothers winkles; that the world began in accident, and will end in darkness; that honour is a folly, ambition a virtue, charity a vice, poverty a crime, and rascality the means of all wealth and the sum of all wisdom. Both Mr. Carlyle and I knew perfectly well all along what would be the outcome of that education. And I should be extremely glad to know what else was expected from it by the members of the School Board.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY RESULTS

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 25, 1886 (under the heading "By Ear or Eye"). Reprinted in *Igdrasil* (as above), pp. 298–299, and in *Ruskiniana*, part i., pp. 52–53 (No. 49).]

BRANTWOOD, *March* 24, 1886.

SIR,—I cannot look at papers in the morning, or they put me off my day's work; so that I did not see Mr. Walter Crane's letter till late last night.[2] As it chanced, I had been a good part of the afternoon listening outside the drawing-room door to Mrs. Severn teaching her two younger children to sing "I had a little nut-tree" and "I saw three ships"—out of Mr. Walter Crane's Baby's Opera;[3] her two scholars being

[1] [The *Spectator* of March 13 contained a paper on Education and Discontent, in which it was asked why the results of modern education were so disappointing. Ruskin's letter was printed in the *Pall Mall* under the title "What are our children learning?"]

[2] [Mr. Crane's letter, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 22 under the heading "Out of the Mouth of Babes," began with the remark, "Mr. Ruskin's brilliant hand-grenade, flung into the burning question of elementary education, is calculated to astonish those whose general impression of the results and effects of the mixture called education is much less direct." After some observations on Ruskin's caricature of the Darwinian view of the descent of man, Mr. Crane went on to argue that the eye was the "chief organ for the reception of ideas."]

[3] [*The Baby's Opera. A Book of Old Rhymes with New Dresses.* "I saw three ships come sailing" is on p. 18; "I had a little nut tree," on p. 44.]

Baby himself (just three), at present Master of the house, and Violet, two years older.

Mr. Crane will not, I hope, think me ungrateful for his pretty book, and the many happy hours it has given us all, if I venture to observe to him that the two scholars were learning much more by the ear than the eye; that children, till they have been very seriously taught to look at things, usually do so; and that, broadly speaking, well-bred children learn through every bit of their bodies—by their eyes, their ears, their lips, their tongues,—and their Skins first of all, in having the said bodies daily washed with pure water, and thrashed—delicately—on due occasion. But that, above all, they learn with their hearts and consciences; and that the reality of Christening is not "calling the pretty baby names" at a passing moment, nor choking it with a sudden charity of a cup of cold water in its face, but resolutely seeing that, till it reach years of discretion, it has its heart sprinkled from an evil conscience.[1] And for other education, as I have no time to write further on the matter to-day,—will you allow me, Mr. Editor, space for three passages from Evelyn's *Diary*, which sufficiently explain by example what Mr. Carlyle and I mean by the word? They must be in your full-size print, please;[2] and so I remain, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

I.—WELL EDUCATED CHILDREN IN 1686

"I went this evening to see the order of the boys and children at Christ's Hospital. There were neere 800 boys and girls so decently clad, cleanly lodg'd, so wholesomly fed, so admirably taught, some the mathematics, especially the 40 of the late King's foundation, that I was delighted to see the progresse some little youths of 13 and 14 yeares of age had made. I saw them at supper, visited their dormitories, and much admir'd the order, œconomy, and excellent government of this most charitable seminary. Some are taught for the universities, others design'd for seamen—all for trades and callings. The girles are instructed in all such worke as becomes their sex and may fit them for good wives, mistresses, and to be a blessing to their generation. They sung a psalme before they sat downe to supper in the greate hall, to an organ which play'd all the time, with such cheerfull harmony that it seem'd to me a vision of angels. I came from the place with infinite satisfaction, having never seene a more noble, pious and admirable charity. All these consisted of orphans onely."

II.—A WELL EDUCATED GREAT LADY IN 1688

"The house, or rather palace, at Althorp, . . . is situate in the midst of a garden, exquisitely planted and kept, and all this in a parke wall'd in with hewn stone, planted with rows and walkes of trees, canals and fish-ponds, and stor'd with game. And what is above all this, govern'd by a lady, who without any show of solicitude, keepes every thing in such admirable order, both within and without, from the garret to the cellar, that I do not believe there is any in this nation, or in any other, that exceedes her in such exact order, without ostentation, but substantially greate and noble. The meanest servant is lodg'd so neate and cleanly; the service at the several tables, the good order and decency—in a word, the intire œconomy is perfectly becoming a wise and noble person."

[1] [Hebrews x. 22.]

[2] [Space and uniformity forbid this here. The extracts are from the *Diary* of (i.) March 10, 1686–1687; (ii.) August 18; (iii.) October 26.]

III.—A Well Educated Poor Girl in 1685

"There was amongst them a maiden of primitive life, the daughter of a poore labouring man, who had sustain'd her parents (sometime since dead) by her labour, and has for many years refus'd marriage, or to receive any assistance from the parish, besides ye little hermitage my lady gives her rent-free; she lives on foure pence a day, which she gets by spinning; says she abounds and can give almes to others, living in greate humility and content, without any apparent affectation or singularity; she is continually working, praying, or reading, gives a good account of her knowledge in religion, visites the sick; is not in the least given to talke; very modest, of a simple not unseemly behaviour; of a comely countenance, clad very plain, but cleane and tight."

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 5, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. p. 63, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 91 (No. 95).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

Brantwood, *April* 2 [1886].

Sir,—My Irish servant,[1] to whom I owe my life many times over, for the care he has taken of me in most dangerous illness, read to me last night your complaint that there was no good history of St. Patrick.[2]

Taking no notice at the time (for we were both tired), I asked him this morning what he himself knew of St. Patrick. To my surprise he gave me a quite clear abstract of what is usefully to be remembered by everybody—Irish, Scotch, or French—concerning the first great preacher to the Celtic race. Cross-examining him, I found he was so glib about it because he had just read the account of St. Patrick given by Mr. Thomas Sherlock in the March number of the *Catholic Fireside*. It is an absurd account, illustrated by a still more absurd picture, in which St. Patrick's power over the hagworm (if he had it) is confused with St. Michael's victory over the Devil. And the article is full of weak sentiment and reckless exaggeration;—but the material facts in it are true, and may be thence learnt, much to his advantage, by any ordinary English reader hitherto unaware of them.

For those who can read French, and care to get a good scholar's view of the matter, Montalembert's chapters on St. Columba, St. Columban, and St. Patrick[3] are altogether the best reading, out of whatever hundred books they like, which they could possibly set themselves to,—in the present entirely beautiful, but somewhat critical, condition of the British Parliamentary mind.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

John Ruskin.

[1] [The Irish servant was Peter Baxter, who came to Ruskin over thirty years ago, and is still (1908) a valued member of the Brantwood household.]

[2] [The *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 31 (referring to Ruskin's previous letter, above, p. 586) had said: "Mr. Ruskin says we need only read the life of St. Patrick, but there is no life of him worth reading."]

[3] [*Les Moines d'Occident:* St. Columba is the subject of Book xi. vol. iii. pp. 101–331; St. Columban and St. Patrick, of Book vii. vol. ii. pp. 409–580.]

KEEPING ONE'S MONEY

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 21, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 348, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 66 (No. 66).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *April* 20 [1886].

SIR,—I observe you have been enriching your columns lately with the wisdom of experience, touching the difficulty of doing any good by giving away your money. It happens, however, at this moment that I don't want to give away any of mine; and what I want to be told is how I am to do any good by keeping it. Would you mind asking *that* for me?[1]

Ever your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

WASTING IT

[From the *Globe*, May 20, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil* (as above) and thence in *Ruskiniana* (No. 67).]

BRANTWOOD, *May* 18 [1886].

SIR,—I entirely approve of the object of the Funeral Reform Association, but if I could stop people from wasting their money while they are alive, they might bury themselves how they like for aught I care.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE BIBLE

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 27, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 57–58, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 84–85 (No. 87).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *St. Mark's Day*, 1886 (*Easter Sunday*).

SIR,—Will you allow me, rather from Venice, in thought, than from poor little Brantwood, in body, to send you one quite serious word, for the close of my part in your book discussion?

I see, in your columns, as in other literary journals, more and more buzzing and fussing about what M. Renan has found the Bible to be or Mr. Huxley not to be, or the Bishops that it might be, or the School Board that it mustn't be, etc., etc., etc.

Let me tell your readers who care to know, in the fewest possible words, what it *is*.[2] It is the grandest group of writings existent in the rational world, put into the grandest language of the rational world in the first strength of the Christian faith, by an entirely wise and kind saint, St. Jerome; translated afterwards with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate, and happy.

[1] [A question which Ruskin had asked long before: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 66).]

[2] [Compare the *Bible of Amiens*, § 51 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 118).]

And by consultation of it honestly, on any serious business, you may always learn—a long while before your Parliament finds out—what you should do in such business, and be directed perhaps besides to work more serious than you had thought of.

For instance, I meant this morning only to have written some autobiography; but as it was St. Mark's Day, reading his first chapter, it struck me, if perchance anybody in this pious nation, proposing this year to effect sundry changes in its hitherto all-vaunted Constitution, wished in their Easter holidays to baptize themselves, confessing their sins, and abjuring them in a cheerful and hopeful manner—what sort of streams could they find to baptize themselves in, near most country towns?

I observe, Sir, you have complimented our—for the time reposing—Parliament on its hitherto devotion to business. I have not myself noticed much that it has done to any purpose, except virtually abolishing the Act against pollution of rivers.[1] Which repentance of theirs virtually signifies that the management of the millennium we have presently to look to is to be put in the hands of the sort of British patriot who is ready to poison the air, and the wells, for his neighbours, a hundred miles round, and to sit himself all his life up to his throat in a jakes, so only that he may lick up lucre from the bottom of it.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

A CHRISTIAN'S DUTY

[From the *Scotsman*, April 21, 1900. The letter, as there stated, "was written to a Scottish clergyman about the time when Home Rule for Ireland was beginning to be seriously discussed, and was in answer to a question as to the bearing which Vaticanism, as previously exposed by Mr. Gladstone [in his pamphlet of 1874, *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance*], might have on the safety and advisability of carrying out Home Rule proposals."]

BRANTWOOD, *6th May*, '86.

SIR,—I did not reply to your first letter, because its question was absurd. What Vaticanism or Protestantism may do is none of your, or any other Christian soul's, business. A Christian man's duty is to mind his own business—that which is under his hand and eye—and simply to be kind when he is in power, and patient when he is in subjection.

Your faithful servt.,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE CRIME OF DEBT

[This letter—written by Ruskin in reply to a circular asking him to subscribe to pay off the debt upon Duke Street Chapel, Richmond, S.W.—is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 9, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 348, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 66 (No. 68). The letter was again

[1] [On March 16, 1886, the second reading of a "Rivers Purification Bill" was moved by Sir Edward Birkbeck. It was opposed by Sir Henry Roscoe on the ground that it might interfere unduly with manufactures. Mr. Chamberlain (President of the Local Government Board) took the same line, and the Bill was thrown out without a division.]

reprinted in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 679, in an article on "The Handwriting of John Ruskin," by J. Holt Schooling, who says: "The recipient of this unique letter promptly sold it for a guinea, and so got something towards the debt on his iron chapel, which chapel, by the way, is about a hundred yards from the window where I sit writing; it is now a solid building of brick and stone." A correspondent (the Rev. J. J. Ellis) having doubted the authenticity of the letter, Ruskin replied:—

"Brantwood, 14*th June*, 1886.

"My dear Sir,—The letter is every word mine—more mine than those I write for publication, in which I check my temper. I should say exactly the same of the Nonconformist or any body of chapel-builders. Christ bids them pray and give alms. He never bids them build synagogues, or tells them to pray in those they had.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"John Ruskin."

This second letter appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 17, 1886; reprinted in *Igdrasil* (as above) and *Ruskiniana* (No. 69). To another correspondent who, doubting that Ruskin had really written the letter, was "irresistibly impelled" to write to him to ask if it was genuine, Ruskin sent the following reply:—

"You had better resist your impulsions, and use your common sense. No one who has the slightest understanding of my books need doubt that letter."]

Brantwood, *May* 19, 1886.

Sir,—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging—I don't mind if it's really needful—stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for!" And of all manner of debtors pious people building churches they can't pay for, are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or a coalhole—first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit—Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers—who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them.

Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant,

John Ruskin.

DARWINISM

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 25, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. pp. 103–104, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, 1890, part i., pp. 116–117 (No. 139). The *Gazette* in its "Literary Notes" of May 21 had said: "Mr. Ruskin excluded Darwin's works from The Best Hundred Books, because he thinks it our

duty to know what we are, and not to trouble ourselves about the embryos we were. What, then, will Mr. Ruskin say when he learns that a nice little legacy of some £15,000 has been left to the Jena University to be applied in Zoological research on the basis of Darwin's evolution theory? The testator is Herr Paul von Ritter, of Basle, who believes the teaching of Darwin to be the greatest sign of progress which the century has yet given."]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *May* 24 [1886].

SIR,—If you think your readers would really care to know "what Mr. Ruskin will say" of Herr Paul von Ritter's legacy to Jena, announced in your issue of the 21st—he says that the Herr is twice a simpleton—first for his faith in Darwin—and secondly for his faith in the University of Jena, or any other, teaching anything nowadays but what the public want of it.

I take the chance you give me of adding this farther word to what I before said[1] of Darwin's theory. It is mischievous, not only in looking to the past germ instead of the present creature,—but looking also in the creature itself—to the Growth of the Flesh instead of the Breath of the Spirit. The loss of mere happiness, in such modes of thought, is incalculable. When I see a girl dance, I thank Heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful; and envy neither the science nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a Dodo and a Daddy-long-legs.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

NATIONAL PENANCE

[From the *Times*, June 1, 1886. The letter was addressed to a North Wales correspondent with reference to Mr. Gladstone's proposed Irish measures, and published in the *Times* in the same column with and just under an article on the Political Situation. The letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 14, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 73 (No. 78).]

BRANTWOOD, 29*th May* [1886].

DEAR SIR,—Nothing that any Parliament could do would be of the least use at present. England and Ireland must suffer for their past sins. How long, and to what issue, Heaven only knows.

Your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

[In one of the letters on the Best Hundred Books; above, p. 586.]

A POLITICAL IDEAL

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 2, 1886 (in an article entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Politics"). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 14, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 73–74 (No. 79). The "inquiry" was that of a gentleman from Pollokshields as to whether Ruskin approved of the use made by political parties of his comments on Mr. Gladstone in *Fors Clavigera*, 1875, p. 248 (first edition), and *Arrows of the Chace*, ii. 284: see now Vol. XXVIII. p. 403 *n.*, and above, pp. 548–549.]

BRANTWOOD, *June* 26, 1886.

In reply to your inquiry of the 25th I can only tell you that I have other things to do than to watch how my words are used, whether at Pollokshields or elsewhere, so long as they are quoted accurately. Which in this instance they are, to a syllable. But if in connection with them you will favour me by circulating, also quoted accurately to a syllable, the passage closing Part III. of my book called *A Knight's Faith*, from A, p. 248, to the end,[1] in the book forwarded to you by this post, any careful reader of that passage need not afterwards either misunderstand or misapply any other words of mine which may chance to get abroad at this political juncture.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

UNOBJECTIONABLE THEFT

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 28, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 349, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 67 (No. 70).]

BRANTWOOD, *June* 27 [1886].

SIR,—You would wonder how many people have written to me from the neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest, and that of the Clachan of Aberfoil,[2] to express their surprise that I don't object to thieving![3] Well, I *do* object to some sorts of it, but one can't speak all one's mind to Mr. Spurgeon in ten minutes. I *don't* object to Orlando's coming in with his sword drawn and telling the Duke he shan't have any of his own dinner till Adam is served.[4] But I do extremely object to Mr. Forster's breaking into my own Irish servant's house,[5] robbing him of thirteen pence weekly out of his poor wages,[6] and, besides, carrying off his four children for slaves half the day to play tunes on Wandering Willie's fiddle, instead of being about their father's business.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [So marked by Ruskin in the copy sent. The passage is from "You have seen a course of actions" to "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God": see Vol. XXXI. pp. 505, 506.]

[2] [References, of course, to Robin Hood (*Ivanhoe*) and *Rob Roy*.]

[3] [See above, in the letter on "The Crime of Debt." Mr. Spurgeon is here taken as typical of "the modern English Evangelical sect."]

[4] [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]

[5] [For the Irish servant, see above, p. 592.]

[6] [For other reference to W. E. Forster's compulsory Education Act of 1870, see Vol. XVIII. p. 503, Vol. XXVII. p. 39.]

RUSKIN'S ILLNESSES

[From the *Glasgow Evening News*, January 30, 1900. The correspondent's name was not given.]

BRANTWOOD, *6th November*, 1886.

DEAR MR. ——, It is not "time"—but sight—that I have to be prudently economical in, in correspondence. My sight is still good for fine work by daylight, but I can only read large print by candlelight; and the most valuable and affectionate letter of three pages too often waits long before it can be read, however much I wish to do so. Else yours of the 15th would have been thankfully answered before now.

The actual illnesses of which accounts, to my great regret and inconvenience, go to the papers, are fits of, sometimes trance, sometimes waking delirium, which last their time, like a fit of the gout, and then leave me, weaker in limb and nervous energy, of course, but quite as "well" in the proper sense of the word, as I was before—only, with each fit, more cautious of plaguing, or even interesting, myself about things in general, and more grateful for letters expressing, as yours does, a sense of good in my past work. And it is quite possible that the sense of languor is rather because I have withdrawn from that work to forms of selfish study, than because my strength is materially abated.

At all events I shall be glad to hear from you on any occasion when you think a line from me would be useful.

Ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Sincere thanks to Mr. M——, also, please.

THE CHANCES OF REFORM

[The Edinburgh University Social Reform Society had elected Ruskin an honorary member, and this is a reply to the secretary's letter asking him to accept office, addressed to Mr. William Marwick. The letter was printed in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 350, and reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 68 (No. 72).]

BRANTWOOD, *23rd Nov.*, '86.

MY DEAR SIR,—I gladly accept the honour done me by the U.S.R. Society, of which your yesterday's letter tells me; but my teaching days are past,—if, indeed, they were ever present, it must now be for others to say. I have no insight into the future of this or any other country, and hope for no reform, till it will be too late for my eyes to see it.

Ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Please give my best compliments to your president.

THE ABOLITION OF RENT

[This letter first appeared on page 2 of the *Christian Socialist*, January 1887, where it is stated to have been addressed to a member of the Christian Socialist Society. The letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 346, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 64 (No. 63). It does not appear whether the passage from Carlyle (*Past and Present*, Book iii. ch. viii.) was enclosed by Ruskin in his letter, or added to it by the editor of the *Socialist*.]

BRANTWOOD, *Dec. 11th*, 1886.

DEAR ——, . . . I should have thought the question about raising rent had been, to your own knowledge, enough answered by me. I have in several, if not in many places,[1] declared the entire system of rent-paying to be an abomination and wickedness of the foulest kind; and have only ceased insisting on that fact of late years because I would not be counted among the promoters of mob violence. The future, not only of England but of Christendom, *must* issue in abolition of rents; but, whether with confusion and slaughter, or by the action of noble and resolute men in the rising generation of England and her colonies, remains to be decided. I fear the worst, and that soon. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

"Properly speaking, the land belongs to these two: to the Almighty God, and to all His children of men that ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it.

"Who made the land of England? Who made it, this respectable English land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand-over-hand for seventy millions and upwards, as it here lies: who did make it? 'We!' answer the much *consuming* aristocracy; 'We!' as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray. 'It is we that made it; or are heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did.' My brothers, you? Everlasting honour to you, then, and Corn Laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry enough! or some voice of human pity for our famine bids you hold! Ye are as gods that can create soil; soil-creating gods there is no withstanding. . . .

"Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England?"—T. CARLYLE.

TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN

[From the *Athenæum*, February 17, 1900, introduced as an instance of Ruskin's "boundless private benefactions." It seems that early in the 'seventies a country clergyman, entirely unknown to Ruskin, had written "expostulating with him for publishing his works at a price prohibitory to poor country clergy like himself. Mr. Ruskin replied that he was sorry to say he was just issuing a still more expensive edition of *The Stones of Venice*, a volume of which he would gladly send his

[1] [See, for instance, in this volume, p. 229; Vol. XXIX. pp. 136, 189–190 317; and see the General Index.]

correspondent. It did not come, and the parson naturally did not like to remind Mr. Ruskin of his promise. At length one Christmas, when sixteen years had elapsed, he ventured to recall to Mr. Ruskin, as delicately as he could, his long-forgotten promise." The edition of the *Stones* "still more expensive" than the "Works" series was that of 1873.]

BRANTWOOD, *December* 28, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—My Xmas letters are more than I can ever answer rightly, but the delay in reply to yours vexes me, almost as much as my sixteen years' forgetfulness. But you should have reminded me before now! You will, I hope, receive the entire new edition of the *Stones*[1] from my publisher on New Year's Day, and with every good wish for you and your family, believe me always,

Your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

PICTURES FOR THE POOR

[From "Ruskin and Girlhood: some Happy Reminiscences," by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 561. Ruskin's correspondent "had boldly written to him complaining that a photograph of his beloved Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been received with the scantiest approbation by a bedridden old woman."]

[1886?]

Give the poor whatever pictures you find they like—of *nice* things, not of merely pathetic or pompous ones. They're apt to like sick children starving in bed, beggars at street doors, Queen Victoria opening Parliament, etc. Give them anything that's simple, cheerful, or pious; always, if possible, coloured—never mind how badly. Shall I send you some coloured birds?

LIFE ASSURANCE

[From a pamphlet entitled *Life Assurance in Literature*, by A. Arthur Reade. Manchester: A. Ireland & Co., Pall Mall, 1888. 16 pp. Ruskin's letter is on page 12.]

BRANTWOOD, *6th Jan.*, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—I have never examined the question of Life Assurance, nor looked at the statistics of it, but I have hitherto considered it, if honestly effected, to be in most cases right, and in many, wise. It is certainly the contrary so far as it encourages the farther spending of any portion of income which would otherwise have been laid by.

Your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [The edition of 1886: see Vol. IX. p. liv.]

LEADERSHIP

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette* (under the heading "Mr. Ruskin on Lord Randolph"), January 10, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 16, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 75–76 (No. 82).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *January* 7 [1887].

SIR,—You have already given more space to your kind notices of *Præterita* than I can understand your sparing; yet I trust your still finding a corner in which I may correct a formality about which I am sensitive, as to the position of the partners of the Xeres house (Xerez I believe I should have spelled the word all through), called in your Wednesday's notice "Domecq, Ruskin & Co." There was no Co., and the title on the Billiter Street plate was "Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq." It would seem to a practical person that it should have been Domecq—Telford—and Ruskin; for Mr. Domecq brought the land into the business, Mr. Telford the money, and my father only his good, and extremely strong, will.[1]

You, Sir, being, as I have only begun lately to get well into my head, a Republican, are of course by nature incapable of conceiving the idea of authority. But, I assure you, my father, though not only a poor man, but "worth," in the City sense, much less than nothing, at the time of the firm's incorporation, was yet—then and always—as much the head of the firm as the Caliph Omar was Father of the Faithful.

Incidentally, may I also be permitted to represent to you that in your recent articles on the decomposition of the gaseous materials of the British Parliament you do not appear in the least to understand the difference between the head of a firm and the leader of a party. And, further, that in your comments on the position taken up by Lord Randolph Churchill with respect to economies,[2] you do not appear to see more clearly than other members of the wise Press Confraternity that the war expenditure of all nations is now directed—not to their good or safety, but much, and even infinitely—to their harm and peril, in paying their ironmongers for the manufacture of ironclads and stink-pots, and in maintaining the younger members of their governing bodies in the graceful, amusing, and certainly —I speak as an artist—decorative and dramatic profession of Arms.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [See *Præterita*, i. §§ 24, 25.]

[2] [On December 23, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill had announced in the *Times* his resignation of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground of the refusal of the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, to concur in suggested reductions in the Naval and Military Estimates.]

HOME RULE

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 17, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. p. 15, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 74–75 (No. 81).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 16 [1887].

SIR,—It was ever so nice of you to print my Tory letter last week. Will you now let me explain more seriously how much of it is really on your side; though, perhaps, more on your side than you will quite like? For I am with Ireland altogether in these present matters, as I am with Scotland, with India, with Afghanistan, and with Natal. I should like to see Home Rule (in *my* sense of Ruling—not yours) everywhere. I should like to see Ireland under a King of Ireland; Scotland under a Douglas, tender and true;[1] India under a Rajah; and England under her Queen,[2] and by no manner of means under Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Also I wish, when you are writing about what you call the British Constitution, that you would bring the great article of Magna Charta oftener into the British freeman's head that "Law shall not be sold." But chiefly to-day I pray you to print the following character of Grattan, by Sydney Smith, which should be of some use in showing the Irish members at Westminster under what conception of them Ireland should "expect" every man to do his duty.[3]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

"Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? Who did not remember him in the days of its burnings, wastings, and murders? No government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland: lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendours of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he kept for fifty years, without one side-look, one yielding thought, one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God or man."—From an article by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Ireland."[4]

ART IN MANCHESTER

[From the *Manchester Guardian*, February 11, 1887. Reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the same date. Thence reprinted in *Igdrasil*, June 1890, vol. i. p. 212, and in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 30 (No. 22). Mr. Partington, an artist associated

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[1] [Compare *Præterita*, iii. § 81.]

[2] [On this subject, see above, p. 220.]

[3] [For other references to Nelson's signal, see Vol. XX. p. 42, and Vol. XXVI. p. 182.]

[4] [See vol. i. p. 397 of Sydney Smith's *Works* (1845).]

with Manchester, had delivered an attack on the system of art education adopted by South Kensington, and pursued also by the Manchester School of Art. Following up a spirited controversy on the subject, a student in the Manchester school obtained the opinions of various notabilities, and among them the following letter from Ruskin.]

BRANTWOOD, *February* 2, 1887.

SIR,—I am sixty-eight this month, have my own business to do and books to read, and beg to decline reading the 3 by 8 equal 24 columns of Manchester "opinions" on the subject of art teaching, among which you honour me by the request that I should intercolumniate mine.

If the twenty-six students on whose behalf you sign will subscribe each of them a shilling fee for my opinion, let them buy my *Laws of Fésole* and lend the book to each other, and do what it bids, till they begin to understand a little what it means.

And for unfeed reply to your newspaper editors, here is my—not opinion—but very sure and stern knowledge.

That it is impossible for Manchester, or any towns the least like Manchester, to have schools of art in them at all.

Art cannot be taught by fouling the skies over their heads and stealing their drink from other lands.[1]

Ever your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

You have, of course, my entirely complacent permission to publish my reply in the *Guardian*.

THE PROJECTED AMBLESIDE RAILWAY

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 2, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. p. 253, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 45 (No. 41). The Railway Scheme, described above (p. 135), had been revived, and the Bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thereupon urged vigorous opposition (February 18) and collected various opinions on the subject. The Bill was ultimately rejected.]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

[*March* 1, 1887.]

I have been watching with deep thankfulness your paragraph about the railway, but my health is too much broken to allow of my writing with energy on subjects which excite me into indignant grief. And if I wrote at all it would be on war, and that you have told me is possible

[1] [On the former point, compare the letter entitled "On Art and Smoke" (above, p. 521); and on the Manchester water-works at Thirlmere, see above, p. 348.]

in this year of peace.[1] But you are at liberty to quote what I wrote about a similar railway scheme ten years ago;[2] although I fear that you will only weaken your cause with the present public by reference to me.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *March* 1, 1887.[3]

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not write now further concerning railroads here or elsewhere. They are to me the loathsomest form of devilry now extant, animated and deliberate earthquakes, destructive of all wise social habit or possible natural beauty, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE LAKE DISTRICT

[From the *Lancaster Observer*, March 25, 1887, headed "Railway Promoters." In its issue of March 18, the *Observer* had a leading article dealing with the proposed Ambleside railway, and suggesting, with reference to that and other projects of the kind, that the district should be acquired by the nation as a "National Treasure," on the analogy of Yellowstone Park in America.]

To the Editor of the "Lancaster Observer"

BRANTWOOD, 19*th March*, 1887.

SIR,—I am both obliged and pleased by your reference to me in your yesterday's article on the Ambleside railway, and entirely concur with you in the recommendation that the whole Lake district should be bought by the nation for itself; but with reference to the sentence imputing to me "a claim to carry out my theories at other people's expense," may I be permitted to remind (or inform) the public that I have given £14,000 to Oxford, £2000 to Cambridge, £7000 to the St. George's Guild, and some £3000 or £4000 to different schools and museums, beginning with the one I founded at Sheffield; that this total of £25,000 has been given out of a fortune probably reaching not the 25th part of the sum possessed by the people who want to enrich themselves further by the ruin of the Lake district; and that I do not intend, therefore, one farthing more to be compelled out of my pockets by the various tribes of louts and scoundrels who are promoting either the Ambleside Railway Bill or any other brutality of the kind.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[1] [The reference is to the Bulgarian question, which, in the opinion of the *Gazette*, was at this time threatening war. The Boulangist movement in France was also considered dangerous.]

[2] [The passages quoted were from the "Protest against Railways in the Lake District": see above, pp. 137–143.]

[3] [From the *Birmingham Gazette*, March 3, and the *Times*, March 3, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. p. 253, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, p. 45 (No. 42), where the date in the *Times* was wrongly given as "March 4."]

Ruskin

Allen & Co S.

Watendlath Tarn.
1838.

From the drawing in the collection of B B Macgeorge, Esq

THE BUSINESS OF UNIVERSITIES

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette,* March 15, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil,* August 1890, vol. i. pp. 302–303, and thence in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, pp. 56–57 (No. 54), where the date was wrongly given as "1885." The *Pall Mall Gazette* had recently published a series of articles (reprinted as an "Extra") on *English Literature and How to Study it;* a report (February 28) of an address by Mr. John Morley to University Extension students; and the results of a "Plébiscite" on an English Academy (February 24).]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *March* 14 [1887].

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been watching with great interest, as you may suppose—though not feeling it my business to intermeddle—all you've been saying lately, and getting said, on Academies and Universities—and Literature, and the like infinities of subject; and I merely write to-day to relieve my mind a little, feeling more than usually lazy, by observing that I entirely dissent from everything you've been saying, and everything that everybody has said, particularly your Plébiscite, and that the University's business in any country in Europe is to teach its youths as much Latin, Greek, mathematics, and astronomy as they can quietly learn in the time they're at it—and nothing else; that if they don't learn their own language at home, they can't learn it at a university; that if they want to learn Chinese they should go to China; and if they want to learn Dutch, to Amsterdam: and after they've learned all they want, learn wholesomely to hold their tongues, except on extreme occasions, in all languages whatsoever.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

"BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME"

[From the *British Weekly* Extras, No. I. (London: 27, Paternoster Row), pp. 43–45, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil,* November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 58–59, and thence in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, pp. 85–86 (Nos. 88 and 89).]

(1)

BRANTWOOD, 14*th May* [1887].

The books that have *most* influenced me are inaccessible to the general reader,—Horace, Pindar, and Dante, for instance,—but these following are good for everybody:—

Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* (the *Lady* first for *me,* though not for Scott).

Pope's Homer's *Iliad.*

Byron, all; but most *Corsair, Bride of Abydos,* and the *Two Foscari.*

Coleridge and Keats, in my youth.

Burns, as I grew older and wiser.

Molière, always.

All good modern French comedies.

All fine French divinity and science. I never read English sermons or scientific books, and only Humboldt[1] (translated) of German.

Good French sensation novels, chiefly *Les Mystères de Paris*, the *Comte de Monte Christo*, and Gaboriau's *Monsieur le Coq* and *L'Argent des Autres*.

(2)

BRANTWOOD, *June* 3.

SIR,—Your note of farther question, what books have most influenced my style, and which are my favourites, has lain these seven days in my desk, becoming less answerable the more I thought of it. Every book that I like influences my style,[2] and fifty years of constant reading have carried me through more pleasant books than I can remember. But what I suppose to be best in my own manner of writing has been learned chiefly from Byron and Scott.

Of favourite books I have—none; every book on my library shelves is a favourite in its own way and time. Some are the guides of life, others its solaces, others its food and strength; nor can I say whether I like best to be taught or amused. The book oftenest in my hand of late years is certainly Carlyle's *Frederick*. It is one of the griefs of my old age that I know Scott by heart; but still, if I take up a volume of him, it is not laid down again for the next hour; and I am always extremely grateful to any friend who will tell me of a cheerful French novel or pretty French play.

There is little difference, as far as I can see, between me and any other well-trained scholar, in the liking of books of high caste and cheerful tone. But I imagine few people suffer as I do from any chance entanglement in a foolish or dismal fiction.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

SCOTT AND SCOTSMEN

[This letter, addressed to an Edinburgh student (Mr. A. Stodart-Walker), is from the *Times*, June 3, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. p. 62, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 90 (No. 93).]

BRANTWOOD, *Whit Tuesday*, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,—You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth. "Best hundred books"! Have you ever read yet *one* good book well? For a Scotsman, next to

[1] [Compare above, p. 583.]

[2] [Ruskin elsewhere mentions Hooker and Johnson in this connexion: see Vol. IV. p. 334, and *Præterita*, i. § 2, ii. § 184.]

his Bible, there *is* but one book—his native land; but one language—his native tongue—the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe. Study your Burns, Scott, and Carlyle. Scott in his Scotch novels only, and of those only the *cheerful* ones, with *The Heart of Midlothian*, but not *The Bride of Lammermoor*, nor the *Legend of Montrose* nor *The Pirate*. Here is a right list: *Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, The Monastery, The Abbot, Redgauntlet, Heart of Midlothian*.[1] Get any of them you can in the old large-print edition when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature, and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics. I have written this note with care. I should be glad that you sent a copy of it to any paper read generally by the students of the University of Edinburgh, and remain always

Faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE FUNCTION OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 8, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 66–67, and thence (No. 104) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 94–95. The letter was suggested by the issue of the *Gazette* for June 4, which contained (on p. 3) an article on Eternal Punishment and (on p. 2) a criticism of "The Musical Knights" (Cusins, Stainer, Bridges, Stanford, and Barnby). The editor in a prefatory note observed: "There is a sad undernote of weariness in the postscript. If Mr. Ruskin were not somewhat worn with age, he would laugh at the 'cruel and wicked form of libel' which is only the invariable formula by which commonplace people have accounted for all human phenomena, from St. Paul to General Gordon, the secret springs of whose action are not to be found in the swine-trough of vulgar comfort or the most sweet voices of the applauding mob."]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *June 6th* [1887].

SIR,—Permit me, in anxious courtesy, to advise you that the function of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is neither to teach theology nor criticise art.

You have taken an honest and powerful position in modern politics—and ethics; you have nothing whatever to do with traditions of eternal punishment, but only to bring, so far as you may, immediate malefactors to immediate punishment.

It is quite immaterial to the great interests of the British nation whether a popular music-master be knighted—or left in his simple dignity of troubadour; but it is of infinite importance that the already belted knights of England should speak truth, and do justice; and that the

[1] [Compare the list of twelve in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, above, p. 292. The present list omits three there included—namely, *Fortunes of Nigel* (where the scene is English), *Quentin Durward* (where it is French), and *Woodstock*.]

ancient lords of England should hold their power in England, and of Ireland in Ireland, and of Scotland in Scotland,—and not gamble and race their estates away—nor live in London clubhouses at the cost of their poor tenants.

These things you have to teach, Sir, and to plead for; and permit me farther to tell you as your constant, but often grieved reader, that as you make your columns in part useless with irrelevant religious debate and art gossip, so you make them too often horrible with records of crime which should be given only in the *Police News*.

Use your now splendidly organized body of correspondents to find out what is well done by good and wise men, under the advancing conditions of our civilization—expose, once for all, the fallacies of dishonest or ignorant politicians—and name them no more—(how much type have you spent, do you suppose, in printing the names of members of the present scratch Parliament,[1] who know no more of policy than their parish beadle?)

Press home whatever wise and gentle and practical truth you find spoken, whether in Parliament or out of it, by men who are seeking for truth and for peace.

And believe me always your faithful and grateful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

I have not written this letter with my usual care, for I am at present tired and sad; but you will enough gather my meaning in it; and may I pray of your kindness, in any notice you grant the continuation of *Præterita*,[2] to contradict the partly idle, partly malicious rumours which I find have got into other journals, respecting my state of health this spring. Whenever I write a word that my friends don't like, they say I am crazy; and never consider what a cruel and wicked form of libel they thus provoke against the work of an old age in all its convictions antagonistic to the changes of the times, and in all its comfort oppressed by them.

Commenting on this letter, Ruskin wrote to a correspondent:[3]—

"*Its* (that is, the *Pall Mall Gazette's*) business is not to criticise art; but the *Spectator's*, *Athenæum's*, *Times'*, and myriads of minor gazettes which have criticism for a specialty, or a part of their general scope of work. No function can possibly be to-day more honourable or needful than that of a candid and earnest art-critic, whether of music or painting. Of the 'so-called' art-critics, surely you need not ask for my opinion! But I am not bitter against them: they only echo public conversation, and I would rather that conversation turned on art than politics."

[1] [The *Gazette* had during the General Election of the previous year (July 1886) published biographies, etc., concerning the members of the New Parliament; reissued as an "Extra."]

[2] [The Parts (which were successively noticed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) had been suspended after March 1887, and were resumed with Part 23 on June 9 (noticed in the *Gazette* of June 16).]

[3] [From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 24, 1887. The correspondent was Mr. M. H. Spielmann, at that time art-critic of the *Gazette*.]

CHARLES KINGSLEY

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 24, 1887. The letter was addressed to Mr. W. L. T. Brown, of the Homerton Grove Young Men's Institute, who wrote to Ruskin that his books and Kingsley's were the most effective with the members of the Institute.]

BRANTWOOD [1887].

MY DEAR SIR,—That two such opposite authors should take hold of the same minds is entirely probable if the opposites are both a part of the world and its sky. Kingsley liked east wind;[1] I like west. Kingsley stepped westward—Yankee way. I step eastward, thinking the old star stands where it used to. There was much in Kingsley that was delightful to raw thinkers, and men generally remain raw in this climate. He was always extremely civil to me, and to Carlyle, but failed in the most cowardly way when we had the Eyre battle to fight.[2] He was a flawed—partly rotten, partly distorted—person, but may be read with advantage by numbers who could not understand a word of me, because I speak of things they never saw or never attended to. I extremely dislike Kingsley's tragedy myself, but if other people like hearing of girls being devoured or torn to pieces, that is their affair.[3]

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

AT WHAT AGE A MAN SHOULD MARRY

[From the *Young Man*, August 1887, vol. i. No. 8, p. 85. The letter was sent, as explained on p. 88, in response to the editor's question, "At what age should a young man marry?"]

[1887.]

No man should marry till he has made himself worthy of a good wife, and able to maintain her and his children in comfort. And he should choose her as he would choose his destiny: with range of choice from Earth to Heaven.

No man should marry under four-and-twenty; no girl under eighteen.[4]

[1] [For another reference to Kingsley's Ode to the North-East Wind see Vol. XVII. p. 507. Another poem of Kingsley's ("The Invitation to Tom Hughes") contained, it will be remembered, the following playful lines:—

"Leave to mournful Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-lamps Seven—
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven."

For another reference to Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* see Vol. XIV. p. 346.]

[2] [On this subject, see Vol. XVIII. pp. xliv.–xlvi., where it is stated that Kingsley was on Governor Eyre's side. This is true, for Kingsley in 1866 had attended a banquet given to him at Southampton, and was violently abused in the press on that account (see *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife*, 1879, vol. ii. p. 195). Afterwards, however, Carlyle reported Kingsley as "hanging back afraid" (Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, 1885, vol. ii. p. 329). Ruskin never forgave Kingsley for this; and, referring one day to the subject in conversation with Mr. Wedderburn, he added, "I never thought much of muscular Christianity after that."]

[3] [See above, p. 586.]

[4] [See *Time and Tide*, § 125 (Vol. XVII. p. 421).]

CHEAP BOOKS

[From *Tit-Bits*, December 5, 1891, No. 529, p. 159.]

BRANTWOOD [1887].

MY DEAR SIR,—If I thought it good for you to have my books cheap, you should have them cheap or for nothing, but please remember the profits told you[1] are made by a man of sixty-eight after a hard life's work —just as he is dying. How many people do you suppose there are, making ten times that profit on other people's work, to whose gain nobody objects, and who are never asked to waive their profits to oblige anybody ?

That my books are not in your libraries is the fault of your general teachers, and of those very swindlers who want to bring you up in their swindling trades.

And it is your own fault also, because you ask for cheap sensation and gratis good-for-nothing books, instead of working to have what is best at its fair price, which it is perfectly in your power to do if you will.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

I return you your letter, because if you like to send it with a copy of my answer to any daily paper it might save others the trouble of writing to me.

OLD FOLKESTONE

[From the *Folkestone Express*. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. p. 255, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 47 (No. 46). Ruskin having bought some drawings of Old Folkestone, a correspondent suggested his giving them to the local museum. See further on this subject, the Conversation reported below, p. 672.]

To the Editor of the "Folkestone Express"

FOLKESTONE, *30th September*, 1887.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to the letter in your issue of the 28th, headed "A Peep at Old Folkestone," to which I can only reply that as New Folkestone has sold all that was left of Old Folkestone to the service of Old Nick, in the multiform personality of the South-Eastern Railway Company, charges me through the said company a penny every time I want to look at the sea from the old pier, and allows itself to be blinded for a league along the beach by smoke more black than thunderclouds, I am not in the least minded to present New Folkestone with any peeps and memories of the shore it has destroyed or the harbour it has filled and polluted, and the happy and simple human life it has

[1] [Presumably a reference to the "interview" with Mr. George Allen, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 28, 1887, in which it was stated that Ruskin's profits from his books in 1886 was £4000.]

Old Folkestone
1849.

rendered for ever in the dear old town impossible. The drawings were bought for better illustrations of Turner's work and my own on the harbours of England; and will, I hope, therefore, be put to wider service than they were likely to find in Folkestone Museum.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

MODERN SELFISHNESS

[From the *Magdalen Magazine:* a Journal of Magdalen College School (Oxford), New Series, No. 6, November 1887, p. 57. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 350, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 68 (No. 73).]

[1887.]

There is no remedy against this age of conquering selfishness, until it and all the thoughts of this generation are swept away—as all sin and folly must be—in our ultimate ruin. Live strongly and kindly; thinking of the cause of the poor always—all victory is in theirs.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT FLORENCE

[From the *Times*, November 21, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 104, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 117 (No. 140). The extract sent by Ruskin was doubtless from a letter by Miss Francesca Alexander. Further correspondence on the subject appeared in the *Times* of November 22, 23, and 29; on the latter day full accounts appeared from Mr. Spencer Stanhope and "An Old Resident." Beyond the fall of a chimney in the Via Bardi, no harm was done. The shocks occurred between 5.20 and 6.48 A.M., and were accompanied by a vivid Aurora Borealis.]

To the Editor of the "Times"

Sandgate, *Nov.* 18 [1887].

Sir,—You may possibly be glad (or grieved), with some of your old-world readers, to have the following short extract from a letter I received this morning from Florence. I could not copy it for you till this evening, as it brought more immediate business with it. You may depend on its accuracy, both in what it says and does not say:—

"*Di* 14 *Novembre*, 1887.

"We had an earthquake this morning, which frightened everybody, and my door shook so that I thought somebody was trying to break in, and then there was a terrible noise, but I believe no harm done. The bells rang of themselves at the Carmine, and some say that one or two chimneys fell, but nobody seems to know."

The not saying what o'clock in the morning it was, nor what the terrible noise was like, nor whether it seemed in earth or sky, nor whether any mortal had looked whether there was a crack in the Dome, or a newly twisted shaft in Giotto's Tower, or a shifted corner-stone in the

Strozzi Palace, leaves us, at the moment the letter was written, with something yet to be anxious about—doubtless, long before you print this, supplied by more scientific correspondents; but I will answer, on the word of this one, for thus much.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE RIOTS

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 9, 1887. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. pp. 16–17, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 76 (No. 83). Ruskin was staying at this time at Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square. There had been a series of noisy meetings of the unemployed and others in the Square, and on November 8 Sir Charles Warren, Commissioner of Police, had forbidden them. On Sunday, November 13, the Square was occupied by the Guards, and an attempted meeting was dispersed. Protests continued to be made, and Mr. John Burns, among others, was arrested, tried, and imprisoned.]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, *Dec.* 7, 1887.

SIR,—I have not been able to read the papers lately, but coming up on some business of my own find this old Square, and the new triangles and crescents of London, in a state of bewilderment and panic extremely curious to me. There are surely honest people enough in England to keep the average of rogues in quiet; and that they don't know how is the fault, not of the speakers in Trafalgar Square, but of the chatterers and babblers in the Houses of Parliament for the last twenty years.

As for right, any British citizen has a right to stand on the parapet of the terrace—if he can—and talk to any one who will listen to him, but he has no right whatever to use his paternal wealth to buy himself leave to talk nonsense in the House of Commons.

The shopkeepers have no business to ask the police to help them to swindle the public with cheap things or tempt them with showy ones. Let them shut their shops up—not on Sunday merely, to please God, but all the other days of the week, to give their shopboys and girls a good long Christmas holiday; and if the boys and girls like to talk to each other from the backs of the lions or the pillars of the lamp-posts, don't let the Life Guards interfere, nor the police listen to what they are saying.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

CHARLES DICKENS

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 6, 1888. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 60–61, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 88–89 (No. 91).]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

SANDGATE, *Jan.* 4 [1888].

SIR,—May I ask you to correct a false impression which any of your readers, who still care to know my opinions, would receive from the reference

to Dickens in your kind notice of my letters to Miss Beever, in your article in the "Book Market" of December 30?[1] I have not the letters here, and forget what I said about my *Pickwick's* not amusing me when I was ill; but it always does, to this hour, when I am well; though I have known it by heart, pretty nearly all, since it came out: and I love Dickens with every bit of my heart, and sympathise in everything he thought or tried to do, except in his effort to make more money by readings, which killed him.[2]

And would you also let me ask your North Shields correspondent what is wrong in the scientists' theory of waves?[3] I have found fault with some scientific notions about them myself;[4] but I see nothing in your correspondent's statement of the alternations between rough and smooth at variance with any principle hitherto stated about waves by men either of theoretical power or artistic knowledge. And, with what watching of waves I have had time for myself—and it is not a little[5]—I have never been able to count the big waves into three or four, any more than Burns could the horns of the moon.[6]

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

CEASING TO BE ENGLISH

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 17, 1888. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, October 1890, vol. ii. pp. 11–12, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 71 (No. 74).]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

Sandgate, *Jan. 9th* [1888].

Sir,—You are writing at present some of the most valuable and most candid articles I have ever seen in an English journal; but is it really

[1] [A review of *Hortus Inclusus*. The reviewer said: "In December 1887, labouring under an attack of cold and catarrh, Mr. Ruskin, to comfort himself, tried to read *Pickwick*, but characterised it in a way which will astonish admirers of Dickens." For the actual letter, see, in a later volume, the letter of December 16, 1877 (*Hortus Inclusus*, ed. 1, p. 49): "I seem entirely devoid of all moral sentiments. I have arrived at this state of things, first by catching cold, and since by trying to 'amuse myself'; for three days I tried to read *Pickwick*, but found that vulgar, and, besides, I know it all by heart."]

[2] [See above, p. 517. For Ruskin's admiration of Dickens, tempered, however, by much criticism, see the General Index. It may be mentioned that at a recent sale at Christie's a copy of the first edition of *The Stones of Venice* was sold (£37), bearing the inscription, "Charles Dickens, Esq., with the author's grateful regards."]

[3] [In the same issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, "A North Shields correspondent writes: 'The scientists' idea of a wave is purely theoretical'"—a description of the alternation of "rough" and "smooth" waves follows.]

[4] [This is a subject which Ruskin had intended to pursue, but which he abandoned: see Vol. III. p. 678, and Vol. VII. p. 7.]

[5] [See *Præterita*, i. § 86.]

[6] [For the lines from *Death and Doctor Hornbook* here referred to, see Vol. III. p. 652.]

in earnest that you defend the form of "Pax Romana" now kept in the streets of London, against the magistrate's (Mr. Bridge's) question, "Are we ceasing to be English?"[1] We are not ceasing, because for the last thirty years, at the least, we have ceased to be English. Swindling was not formerly the method of English trade, nor advertising its necessity. Luxury was not anciently the glory of English life, nor darkness and filth its inevitable conditions. Once we imported from America neither meat nor manners; from France neither art nor religion. Our British Navy did not use to fight with torpedoes under water, nor our British Army with rifles from behind a hedge. And to keep to the case before the magistrate—neither Roman nor English peace consists in allowing our police to be shot by burglars or forgers (unless perchance the revolver miss fire); but primarily in forbidding the sale of revolvers to any private person whatsoever.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. Ruskin.

NOVELS AND THEIR ENDINGS

[From the *Daily Telegraph*, January 17, 1888. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 61–62, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 89–90 (No. 92).]

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph"

Sandgate, *Jan.* 15, 1888.

Sir,—In the notice with which you honoured my short letter last week, you justly said that I had left the idea of English character, to which I appealed, without definition; while the tenor of your article implied that the manliness which was our birthright consisted chiefly in love of athletic exercise, and the courage which of late has, perhaps, taken too much the aspect of a scorn of life. My own first idea of British manhood would be trustworthiness of word and work; the second, independence of other people's opinions, in not living for display, but for comfort—as, for instance, Sydney Smith at Foston;[2] the third, respect for old rather than flexibility by new fashions; the last, and the chief, such honour for women as would prevent their being driven from home to get their living how they could, or provoked to insist upon rights of which that home had bereaved them.

[1] [The article (January 9) was written on a case in which Detective-Inspector Lansdowne was arresting a man charged with forgery, who drew out a six-chambered revolver, exclaiming, "Let me go or you are a doomed man." "The officer did not let go, there was a click, but one of the chambers was providentially unloaded and the trigger had descended on this." A struggle ensued, and a crowd assembled, but the people on catching sight of the revolver immediately ran away. Mr. Bridge, the police magistrate, on hearing the evidence to this effect, exclaimed, "Are we ceasing to be English?" The *Telegraph* in a leading article around the subject made excuses for the crowd, saying, *inter alia*, "Wherever England holds rule, there the 'Pax Romana' is established; there is no need for a man to be constantly thinking how to repel attacks," etc., etc.]

[2] [For the reference here, see Vol. VII. p. 357.]

I will not trespass on your indulgence by any attempt to expand these now discarded conceptions of our insular strength or felicity; but with respect to the subject of my previous letter—the way we lost Dickens, by the overstrain of modern conditions of popularity[1]—may I be allowed to express one of the increasing discomforts of my old age, in never being allowed by novelists to stay long enough with people I like, after I once get acquainted with them.[2] It has always seemed to me that tales of interesting persons should not end with their marriage; and that, for the general good of society, the varied energies and expanding peace of wedded life would be better subjects of interest than the narrow aims, vain distresses, or passing joys of youth.

I felt this acutely the other day, when the author[3] to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier, answered my quite tearful supplication to her, that Mignon and Lucy might not vanish in an instant into the regions of Præterita and leave me desolate, by saying that she was herself as sorry to part with Mignon as I could be, but that the public of to-day would never permit insistence on one conception beyond the conventionally established limits. To which distrust I would answer—and ask you, as the interpreter of widest public opinion, to confirm me in answering—that for readers even of our own impatient time, the most beautiful surprises of novelty and the highest praises of invention are in the recognized and natural growth of one living creation; and neither in shifting the scenes of fate as if they were lantern slides, nor in tearing down the trellises of our affections that we may train the branches elsewhere.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

RUSKIN AND HIS TRANSLATORS

[From the *Daily Telegraph* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 9, 1888. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 65–66, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 93 (No. 101). The letter was addressed to E. Horner, who desired permission to render *Sesame and Lilies* into German. The work was ultimately carried out by another translator in 1900: see Vol. XVIII. p. 15.]

SANDGATE, *25th Jan.*, 1888.

SIR,—I am obliged to refer all requests to translate my books to my publisher, as I do not know what arrangements may already have been

[1] [See above, p. 517.]

[2] [One of the reasons of Ruskin's dislike of George Eliot's novels was that they "end so wretchedly": see Vol. XXVII. p. 538.]

[3] [Mrs. Arthur Stannard, who, under the *nom de plume* of "John Strange Winter," has written *Bootles' Baby*, *Mignon's Secret*, and other popular tales. In one of these, *Mignon's Children*, she has expressly complied with Ruskin's request, and given some account of her heroine's married life: for her correspondence with Ruskin, see Vol. XXXVII.]

made with him. I am myself, however, entirely opposed to translations. There are good books enough for every nation in its own language; if it wants to study the writers of other races—it should be in their own tongues.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.[1]

WELSH SCENERY

[From Darlington's "Handbooks to North Wales" (*The Vale of Llangollen*, p. ix.). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, July 1890, vol. i. p. 254, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 46 (No. 45). At another time "Mr. Tracy Turnerelli received from Mr. John Ruskin a letter expressing sympathy with the former's 'good work at Llandudno.' Mr. Ruskin says it pains him deeply to find the most beautiful places desecrated wantonly by the hand of man, and he feels that the thanks of all true lovers of nature are due to Mr. Turnerelli's successful attempt to preserve the beauty of the Great Orme's Head" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 29, 1890). Ruskin's first visit to Llangollen was in 1831: see Vol. II. p. 316 *n.* For later visits, see Vol. XVII. p. xxxviii. *n.* (1861); Vol. XXVII. p. 694 (1876); and Vol. XXXIII. p. xlviii. (1883).]

SANDGATE, 27 *February*, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR,—The whole valley, when I once got up past the "Works"—(whatever the accursed business of them)—on the north hillside, seemed to me entirely lovely in its gentle wildness, and struck me more because our Westmorland ones are mere dells between disorderly humps of rock; but the Vale of Llangollen is a true valley between ranges of grandly formed hills;—peculiar above Valle Crucis in the golden mosaic of gorse on their emerald turf—where we have nothing but heath and ling. The Dee itself is a quite perfect mountain stream, and the village of Llangollen, when I first knew it—fifty years ago—one of the most beautiful and delightful in Wales, or anywhere else.

Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE SCENERY OF SCOTT

[The following note on Scott] was quoted on page 20 of *The Vale of Llangollen*, having been written in reply to an inquiry whether the scenery of *The Betrothed* could be localised. It was reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 11, 1888; in *Igdrasil* (as above), p. 225; and *Ruskiniana*, p. 47 (No. 45).]

[*February*, 1888.]

Touching the scenery of *The Betrothed*, it is to be observed generally that in his later work Scott is extremely careless of locality. In *Peveril of the Peak* there is no syllable of the Peak Cavern; in *Anne of*

[1] [Some years later (1896) the committee of the Welsh National Eisteddfod applied to Ruskin for permission to include in the programme of competition translations of portions of his poems into the Welsh language. Mr. W. G. Collingwood, writing in reply from Brantwood, said: "With regard to the proposed prize, Mr. Ruskin acknowledges with thanks the compliment implied; but he has always felt extremely indisposed towards translations from his works, and it would perhaps be hardly fair to persons to whom he has refused permission to translate into French and German, if he were now to sanction translations into Welsh."]

Geierstein no attempt at description of Baden or Strasburg; nor do I remember in *The Betrothed* a word of description which could localise its scenery.[1] In his later work Sir Walter used to make fricassee of his own impressions and serve out the first morsels that got into the spoon.

Mr. Ralph Darlington.

BICYCLES

[From *Tit-Bits*, March 31, 1888, p. 399. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 205, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 118 (No. 143).]

[1888.]

I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best "bad language" in reprobation of the bi-, tri-, and 4-5-6 or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, or dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard working.

JOURNALISM

[From the *Christian Union*, August 23, 1888. "A young man," it is there explained, "having asked Mr. Ruskin for advice as to entering journalism, Mr. Ruskin jotted down some rough notes for expansion by his secretary, who, however, forwarded the notes themselves, thus:—"]

[1888.]

Cannot advise—should say yes—if he resolves to be still a gentleman as he is a gentleman's son, and to remain honest.

THE ALPS

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 23, 1889.]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
March 21 [1889].

Sir,—Mr. Ruskin desires me to ask you to add to the statement (page 7 of your issue of the 19th) that he "asserted the splendour of the Alps to lie below the snow level, only a few years ago,"[2] that the

[1] [This letter having been printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a correspondent wrote to the editor of that paper to point out that "Clun Castle, on the Clun, on the border between Shropshire and Radnorshire, is universally considered in South Wales the scene of the story, upon the authority of the reference to the castle and river of Colune in the first chapter of the novel."]

[2] [For Ruskin's assertion to this effect, see in Vol. XXXVII. a letter of October 1, 1874, which had been published in 1887 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The passage

outline of the Matterhorn, figure 80, in *Modern Painters*, vol. 4 (1856), was the first photograph (Daguerreotyped) ever taken of a high Alp at all, and that his preference of the splendours of lower scenery depends on the fact that he prefers the Primula farinosa to the Ranunculus glacialis, and both to the flowers described in your article, page 4, of yesterday, "Flowers that bloom in the spring"[1] as the "Madame Van der Hoop hyacinth," the "Pottebakker white" tulip, and the "Cattleya Trianæ-amphiata" orchid, although these flourish under a sky which does not make the human figure "pewter-coloured in the high lights," and under which it is possible to "paint cows anywhere," of course under the level of Mr. Donkin's photographs, and in fields where more than one specimen can be secured of the "humble primrose."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOANNA R. SEVERN.

RUSKIN'S CREED

[From the *Standard*, May 28, 1889. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 105, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 118 (No. 142).]

BRANTWOOD [1889?].

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely thankful for the sympathy expressed in your letter,[2] but I fear you have scarcely read enough of *Fors* to know the breadth of my own creed or communion. I gladly take the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of my own family or nation who obey Him, and should be equally sure it was His giving, if I were myself worthy to receive it, whether the intermediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gipsy's.[3] It is not time that fails me for reading, but strength. I am but yesterday back out of the grave, and can read little.

Ever yours gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "MUNERA PULVERIS"

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, June 1, 1889. Reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 118–119 (No. 144). Among the contents of the *Gazette* of May 27 were: "The National Songs of Ireland: an interview with the Parnellite Tyrtæus

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cited from the *Pall Mall Gazette* is an extract from Mr. Douglas Freshfield's preface to a catalogue of Alpine photographs by Donkin (exhibited at the Gainsborough Gallery in 1889). "After studying these photographs," continued Mr. Freshfield, "taken on some of the wildest pinnacles of the Alps, it is difficult to believe that any one, outside a table d'hôte, can any longer be found to question the magnificence of the higher panoramas. Yet more difficult is it to believe that in scientific publications posterior to these photographs, illustrations of mountain phenomena are still produced which can only mystify the teachers and pupils who use them."]

[1] [This and the following references on "Flowers that bloom in the spring" (a title taken by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from W. S. Gilbert's *Mikado*) allude to a description in the *Gazette* of a show of spring flowers.]

[2] [Asking if Ruskin was a communicant.]

[3] [For a note on this letter, see Vol. XXXIII. p. lxi.]

(T. D. Sullivan)"; "The Eggs we Eat: where they come from and how to get them fresh"; "Training the Taste for Tea at the Paris Exhibition"; "The Pope's Summer Residence"; a column of "Tittle-Tattle"; and various other miscellaneous items. Search does not, however, explain in any edition of that day's issue now available the allusion to "Greek ashes." Ruskin's letter appears to be a playful remonstrance with the *Gazette* on the triviality of its contents—a triviality which the author of *Munera Pulveris* found significant of modern "civilization." The quotation "in their lucid intervals" may refer to the first line of Wordsworth's *Evening Voluntaries*—a poem which speaks of "some hour when Pleasure with a sigh Of languor puts his rosy garland by."]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

BRANTWOOD, *May 28th* [1889].

SIR,—I am especially interested by the articles in your yesterday's issue on Irish music, Danish eggs, French tea, and Greek ashes. But the "tittle tattle,"—mysteries—and references to the Courts of St. James—and St. Peter, are also extremely worth the attention—not of your own circle of readers merely,—but even of Wordsworthian Tories, "in their lucid intervals." What would you say to reprinting the whole number for me?—(allowing me first to rearrange the several articles a little)—in type as large as that of Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistants;* and publishing it as a small three-volume novel—under the title—suppose—of the *Patriot's Assistant*—or *The Parisian Cup of Tea*—or *The Pope's Hermitage*—or *Gray's Elegy on a Grecian Urn*—or *The Modern Adonais*—or *The British Egg-basket*—or—in fine, I think we shall easily agree about the title, if only we can about the print? Mind, I'm quite serious; I always *am* serious—if only people would attend to what I say. I'll publish the book myself, if you'll allow me; and meantime believe me always your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

P.S.—I meant to have signed—the Author of *Munera Pulveris*—but you don't seem to know *that* book, yourself; or, in the kind references you occasionally make to my Tory sentiments, you would surely have found a paragraph or two worth—contradicting.

ST. GEORGE'S FARMS

[From the *St. James's Gazette* (under the heading "Mr. Ruskin and the Socialists"), June 17, 1889. Reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 12, 1890. Also in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. p. 349, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 67 (No. 71). Also printed in part—more accurately—as No. 293 in a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* issued by Messrs. Newcome, of Manchester. The letter was next printed (correctly from the original) in *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents* (privately printed, 1892), No. 34, pp. 96-97.]

BRANTWOOD, *May* 29, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not only am I grateful for your letter and enclosed bit of newspaper; but they come precisely at the moment when I want to learn all I can of what has been doing or undoing since I was last at

Sheffield. I will answer the main point you inquire about to-morrow, having no time to *read* the article to-day; but in glancing at it, I see *one* statement which should be corrected at once. I am *not* the owner of the farm in question: the St. George's Guild is. What legal forms exist, inconveniencing my action, or yours, I don't know—and never could know—as I waste no moment of life that I can save in reading the obscure language of British law; but assuredly *I* get no good of the land, but have, on the contrary, paid constantly annual losses on it. Secondly, Mr. Riley was no friend of *mine*. I *tried* him as an exponent of modern Liberalism, and was as little pleased with the result as the members of *your* league were! I will conclude my reply to-morrow.[1] You may print this beginning (and the *end* I shall print myself, if you do not) when and wherever you like; as anybody else may, whatever I write at any time, or say—if only they don't leave out the bits they don't like!

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE WELSH LANGUAGE

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 6, 1889, where it is explained: "At the Borth (Cardiganshire) Eisteddfod, the president of the evening meeting, Mr. Bonsall, said he had lately asked Mr. Ruskin if he thought it would be well for the Welsh language to die out and be supplanted by English, and that Mr Ruskin had replied:—"]

[1889.]

God forbid. The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry, and the Irish all the wit, and how the devil we got Shakespeare I do not know.

ICELANDIC INDUSTRIES

[From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 14, 1890, where it is said: "A small exhibition and sale of Icelandic goods was opened yesterday in a room of the Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester, by Mrs. Sigridr Magnusson, with the object of raising funds for a girls' high school in Reykjavik. The collection includes cloth, knitted goods, embroideries, wood carving, and jewellery, and each department shows a distinctly marked national character. The jewellery exhibited is particularly interesting. Some of the specimens are of great age and of beautiful workmanship. Their necklaces and chains, with their simple yet graceful patterns, might serve as models to English jewellers, showing as they do what good effects may be produced by simple means."]

[1890.]

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am deeply interested by all the things you have sent; some of the silver work is extremely beautiful, and the pieces of dress alike quaint and becoming. No one can sympathise more earnestly

[1] [The second letter, however, if written, was not published by Ruskin or his correspondents.]

than I do in every effort to retain national manners and dress.[1] But I am tired of fighting, as I have done all my life, against the fury of modern avarice and injustice; and I can fight now no more. What help I can give to your school, once established, shall be yours with the truest joy, and I cannot but hope that you will have no difficulty so far as that is concerned. . . . Teach your children to be cheerful, busy, and honest; teach them sewing, music, and cookery; and if they want bonnets from Paris—why, you'll have to send for them.

Ever your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE FALLS OF FOYERS

[From the *Times*, September 16, 1895, included in a letter, headed "The Falls of Foyers: Mr. Ruskin's Opinion," from the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley as Hon. Sec. of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty. The British Aluminium Company was utilising the water and making new roads, etc. There was much correspondence on the subject in the *Times* during August, September, and October, and three hundred petitions were presented to the Inverness County Council begging it to interfere; but it declined to do so (*Times*, October 17 and 18). For a description of the works then in progress, see a letter from Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley in the *Times* of October 15.]

BRANTWOOD, *August* 31, 1895.

DEAR MR. RAWNSLEY,—I have read all the account to Mr. Ruskin, who listened and feels most indignant at the proposed destruction of the "Falls of Foyers."[2] He has no words strong enough to express what he feels at such an iniquity, and is in great sympathy with any steps taken to prevent it. He says you are welcome to use his name in any way you like, as a vice-president in the opposition party if necessary, or on your provisional council. I have read this as he sits beside me as I write, and heartily applauds each sentence as expressing the wishes he authorised me to express to you.

Believe me, yours very truly,
JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

[From the *Times*, December 19, 1896. The restoration of the Cathedral was the subject of a long and heated correspondence in the *Times* during December 1896 and January 1897; for a summary of the case, see a leading article in the issue of December 23. The suggestion of Mr. Philip Webb (taken up by a voluntary committee and by the Society of Antiquaries) was to leave the outer skin of the wall untouched and to renew the rest of it from inside by cutting away and rebuilding piecemeal; he held that the mischief was due to settlement of the

[1] [Compare the letter on "Right Dress"; above, p. 492.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 121, where Ruskin takes them as typical of Scottish waterfalls.]

foundations below, and not to weather above (December 5 and 7). The plan of Mr. Pearson, R.A., architect to the Dean and Chapter, was to replace the decayed stones and take down and rebuild part of the gables (December 15). Mr. Pearson's plan was carried out (January 28).]

To the Editor of the "Times"

BRANTWOOD, *Dec.* 17, 1896.

SIR,—I am desired by Mr. Ruskin to write and ask you "to use all your influence in preventing one stone of the west front of Peterborough Cathedral from being touched until the matter of needful restoration has been fully considered by the most competent experts. He says it is one of the grandest monuments that has ever been left to us of perfectly pure Gothic architecture,[1] and it would be a disgrace to the Nation if any steps are taken to carry out so monstrous a plan as that last proposed for its destruction. He is no longer able to fight a battle himself for it; but those who still can, he hopes will, with all their might, to prevent such an iniquity."

Mr. Ruskin "has always asserted that the mischief was due to the settlement of the foundations below, and, without doubt, the best plan at present to adopt is that suggested by the voluntary committee carrying out Mr. Philip Webb's method to protect, and not Mr. Pearson's plan to demolish."

Believe me, Sir, faithfully yours,

JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN.

P.S.—Mr Ruskin asks me to enclose his card with this letter.

RUSKIN HALL

[From the *Times*, March 4, 1899. Ruskin College, Oxford, founded in 1899 (see Vol. XXX. p. xli.), was "established in order to bring an education worthy of a citizen to the door of every man and woman. . . . The work is carried on in two ways:—(1) By the education at the College; this is specially intended for those who show promise of being *leaders* of working-class opinion, such as working-men members of Parliament, and officials of Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies; by this means they are enabled to come to Oxford for one or two years and study scientifically the problems which they have to solve. (2) By the Correspondence School. By means of this all who are interested in the problems of our own time are enabled to study the subjects taught at Ruskin College, by home reading in their leisure hours. . . . The Council consists of members drawn from the University of Oxford, the Co-operative movement, and the Trade Union movement." Various Trade and Co-operative Societies have made levies in support of the College. For further particulars, see *A Report of Ruskin College, Oxford* (1904).]

BRANTWOOD, *March* 1, 1899.

Mr. Ruskin received with great pleasure on his eightieth birthday a photograph of Ruskin Hall, Oxford, and also a letter of congratulation, which has given him happiness and encouragement, and he desires to convey his most grateful thanks and best wishes for the success of Ruskin Hall and its students.

[1] [Compare Vol. IX. p. 215, and Vol. XII. p. 35.]

IV

RUSKINIANA

ADDRESSES

EPITAPHS

CIRCULARS, NOTICES, Etc.

CONVERSATIONS

FROM RUSKIN'S NOTE-BOOKS

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY AND MARGINALIA

ANECDOTA

ADDRESSES PRESENTED TO RUSKIN

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The collection in this section of the volume is made from very many different sources, as specified in notes to the several pieces. The only previously published work which need here be described is the second part of the *Ruskiniana* above mentioned (p. 466).

RUSKINIANA—PART II. (1892)

In *Igdrasil* during 1891 and 1892 a collection was made of various reports of Lectures by Ruskin. The reprints appeared in No. 13 (June 1891), 14 (September), 15 (December), 16 (March 1892); vol. iii. pp. 11–38, 81–104, 161–187, 241–268. The collection was made by Mr. Wedderburn.

In 1892 Mr. Wedderburn reprinted the collection, with additions, in a privately-issued volume with the following title-page:—

> Ruskiniana. | Part II. | Lectures and Addresses | Reported in the press, but | not reprinted in | Collected Works. | Reprinted | For Private Circulation Only. | 1892.

Royal 8vo, pp. iv. + 121–241. Half-title, p. i. Title-page (with imprint in the centre of the reverse—"Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Ld., | London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Half-title to Part II., p. 121; List of "Lectures, etc.," p. 123; Lectures, pp. 125–241.

Issued in March 1892 in paper wrappers as before (see p. 466); lettered up the back, "Ruskiniana. Part II.—Lectures and Addresses"; and on the front cover, "Ruskiniana. | Part II." Ten copies only were printed.

CONTENTS OF "RUSKINIANA—PART II"

	Pages.	In this Edition.
1. Addresses on Decorative Colour	125–153	Vol. XII. pp. 474–508
2. Design as Applied to Manufacture	154–156	Vol. XVI. pp. 427–430
3. The Oxford Museum	157–161	,, pp. 431–436
4. Thomas Seddon	162–166	Vol. XIV. pp. 464–470
5. The Value of Drawing	167–175	Vol. XVI. pp. 437–447
6. Preservation of Italian Pictures	176	,, p. 448
7. Architectural Carvings	177–179	,, pp. lv.–lix.
8. The Study of Art	180–184	,, pp. 455–460
9. Venetian Architecture	185–190	,, pp. 461–468
10. Religious Art	191–192	,, pp. 469–471
11. Tree Twigs	193–196	Vol. VII. pp. 467–478
12. Architecture in France	197–199	Vol. XIX. pp. 461–464
13. Competition and Mechanical Art	200–202	,, pp. 465–468
14. The Eyre Defence Fund	203–205	Vol. XVIII. pp. 552–554
15. Modern Art	206	See Vol. XIX. p. 196
16. Trades Unions and Strikes	207–209	Vol. XVII. pp. 536–539
17. The Three-Legged Stool of Art	210	Vol. XIX. p. 469
18. Verona and its Rivers	211–217	See Vol. XIX. p. 427
19. Lectures on Landscape	218–224	See Vol. XXII. p. 5
20. A Lecture on Stones	225–226	Vol. XXVI. pp. 563–565
21. Communism and Art	227–229	Vol. XXX. pp. 306–309
22. St. George's Museum	230–233	,, pp. 311–314
23. Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	234	Below, p. 631
24. Vivisection	235	,, p. 643
25. A Christmas Greeting	236–237	,, p. 632
26. A Drawing-room Lecture	238–239	Vol. XXXII. pp. 535–538
27. Mr. Ruskin's Latest	240–241	*

* This is merely a short report from the *St. James's Budget* of March 16, 1883, of Ruskin's first lecture on *The Art of England* (Vol. XXXIII.); a note from the Report, containing a remark not included in the published lecture, is printed at page 286 of that volume.]

ADDRESSES

I. LECTURES AT ETON (1873, 1875, 1877)

II. PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS (1877)

III. A CHRISTMAS GREETING (1881)

IV. THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY

1. 1878

2. 1882

V. AN ADDRESS TO "ACADEMY GIRLS" (1884)

VI. VIVISECTION (1884)

writers, noticing its peculiarities in order to show the influence it exercised on art both in ancient and modern times, and to prove how vastly superior are all the works of the Supreme Creator, even in their most minute points, to the best and noblest imitations of even the most exalted genius.

THE BEAK OF THE CHOUGH[1] (1873)

In his second lecture, Mr. Ruskin took for his leading subject "The Beak of the Chough," though he also traced the different formations of the beak in other members of the crow tribe, and added illustrations to explain his meaning from various families of birds, notably the pelican, the cockatoo, and toucan, as examples of the extremes of variation in the position of the *chin* of birds. He remarked that the beak of the crow suggested to the ancient Greeks the form of several instruments; also even the *shape* of the ancient ship. He then proceeded to consider the effect of nature on art, observing that the secret of art is to represent the life, and that not merely the body, but especially the soul; he instanced Michael Angelo as the head of the material school, Giotto of the spiritual. He concluded by making a sweeping criticism of the art of the present day, characterising the works of Gustave Doré[2] as "the slimy efflux of the waters of the Styx" (*sic*), especially condemning *par exemple* that artist's illustration of La Fontaine's fable of the Lark and her Young, which he showed to be quite marred by the "pitchfork of a foot" belonging to the bird, "stuck into" so prominent a position as it is, and finally said that he found on examination the Royal Academy of the present year to be wanting in three very essential particulars, viz., that there is no work representing the national manner of rejoicing (for though we have "eaten an indigestible quantity of humble pie in respect of the Alabama claims,"[3] yet there is cause in many respects for national rejoicing), no work commemorating any national deed, no work immortalising the religious feeling of the country at large.

(Mr. Donaldson was Secretary.)

THE SPANISH CHAPEL AT FLORENCE[4] (1875)

On Saturday, November 27th (1875), Professor Ruskin gave a lecture on "The Spanish Chapel at Florence" to an audience numbering nearly 200. The subject was one on which Professor Ruskin was at that time lecturing at Oxford, and his keen appreciation of it did not fail to rouse a corresponding enthusiasm on the part of the audience. To those who had heard him before, the lecturer seemed to have lost no whit of his grace and tenderness; while nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of those

[1] [For this lecture, see the chapter on "The Chough" now added to *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV. pp. 152 *seq.*).]

[2] [See *Love's Meinie*, § 182 (Vol. XXV. p. 170 and *n.*).]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 140, and Vol. XXV. p. 170.]

[4] [This lecture was a repetition, doubtless with some variations, of the last in the Oxford course entitled "Studies in the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds" (Vol. XXII. p. 492).]

who were at last enabled to realise what they had but been able to guess from his published lectures—his wonderful power and beauty of expression combined with a sublimity of thought, which rendered every word he spoke of surpassing interest even to the superficial hearer.

The chair was taken by the Provost.

(Z. J. Jones, Secretary.)

[The following are reports of the same lecture from the *Eton College Chronicle* (December 15, 1875) and the *Etonian* (December 2, 1875) respectively:—]

For some time past we have all been looking forward with eager expectation to Saturday, November 27th, the date fixed for Professor Ruskin's long-awaited lecture. It has come and gone. The Professor has again been amongst us, and Eton may now reckon among the things of the past another of those treats which from their very rarity are all the more to be appreciated.

The Library had been arranged in such a manner as to admit a larger number than usual, and every available space in the room was taken up by an audience consisting of Eton boys and masters, together with a large contingent of ladies, while the place of honour nearest the lecturer was assigned to members of the Literary Society.

Turning to the lecture itself, we shall not attempt to reproduce that which when clothed in print, instead of in Mr. Ruskin's delightful eloquence, could not but suffer irretrievably by the exchange. Such a task would be at once hopeless and thankless. Suffice it, then, to say that what Professor Ruskin told us of Florence and its Spanish Chapel must have roused in the many, to whom that fair city has hitherto been but a name, a desire to make it a reality, while in the minds of the favoured few to whom already "continuit adire Corinthum" it must have revived pleasant recollections, and suggested new ideas. We imagine, however, that the interest of the lecture centred not a little in the incidental points which the Professor made in his frequent digressions from the main subject; as when he breathed defiance against Niebuhr, "half Polonius, half rat," or deplored the officious interference of the College clock to save that historian from the force of his epithets; when again, not even "our glorious Constitution" could find immunity behind the barriers of its grandeur, and the unfortunate British tourist was mercilessly, yet amusingly satirised. Finally, the deep feeling and earnest convictions which characterized much of the lecture cannot but have left some impression on those who heard them, by suggesting new matter for thought and reflection.

In his concluding remarks, Professor Ruskin expressed the pleasure he always felt in coming down to Eton and lecturing to the boys. Let us assure him that this pleasure is not on his side only, but entirely mutual; and let us hope that the interest which he awakened in so many on Saturday last will not be allowed to be dormant, but that ere long we may again have him amongst us; a wish which will, we are sure, be echoed by all who heard him on his last visit.

On Saturday, November 27th, Professor Ruskin gave his long-looked-for lecture to a large audience, among whom we were glad to see a considerable

number of present Etonians. The subject, as stated on the tickets, was "The Spanish Chapel at Florence," but though this formed the basis of the lecture, it did not prevent Mr. Ruskin from making observations in his well-known style upon various topics, apparently far removed from his nominal theme. It would be impossible to give any summary of such a discursive lecture; the attention with which it was received from first to last will sufficiently attest its merits. Many and various were the comments upon it, according as the Professor tickled the fancy, or excited the wrath, or trampled upon, or exalted, the hobby of each individual. Some may be worth subjoining. To begin with the adverse criticism, "I could not quite understand the construction of that last hyperbole" reached our ears as we gained the door. "Might as well have had Macfarlane over again," growled some unsympathetic hearer. "If he had only stuck to his subject, and not abused the British Constitution." "What business had he to talk about rain, I should like to know." "I disagreed with every word he said." These were, however, far outweighed by the enthusiastic praises we heard on all sides, which, however, are not so easy to describe, chiefly consisting as they did in single epithets with unlimited notes of admiration —Beautiful! glorious!! superb!! "Uniting the fervour of emotion with the majesty of repose."

But the effect of the lecture must not be judged by mere words and ejaculations; it might have been found in the grave faces and saddened yet strengthened hearts of those few who penetrated into the inner feeling of the lecture, to whom it gave many a thought too deep for words, and upon whom its influence cannot but work for good.

It is by these and such as these that a lecturer is repaid for his trouble; let us assure Mr. Ruskin that such hearers were not wanting to him on Saturday night.

STREAMS OF WESTMORLAND[1] (1877)

On Saturday, December 8th (1877), Professor Ruskin delivered a lecture on the "Streams of Westmorland." The lecturer was introduced by the Provost, who occupied the chair. Professor Ruskin commenced by announcing himself as "Professor of Common Sense," in which capacity he proceeded to examine some of the theories of modern geologists. He complained that they failed to give him the information he required concerning the Cumberland Lakes, and that while telling him what that part of the country was like thousands of years ago, and through what stages it had passed to its present perfection, yet these were unable to say how the beautiful lake scenery was painted, or what chisel had shaped the outline of the mountains.

Passing from the general to the particular, the lecturer proceeded to bring before his audience several points in which modern geologists failed to satisfy him. First he had never heard a satisfactory explanation of

[1] [See chapter xii. ("Yewdale and its Streamlets") in *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. pp. 243 *seq.*]

the fact that deep pools, never encumbered with stones, might be found between two series of rapids which *were* thus encumbered; and he did not understand how streams could be cutting out the basins of lakes, which they tended rather to fill up. Secondly, he had tested experimentally the statements of geologists that the irregularity of adjacent strata may be accounted for by lateral pressure; and on comparing the irregularity produced by lateral pressure in adjacent streaks of white and crimson dough with a section of geological strata, he had found it radically different. Moreover, he doubted the possibility of water scooping out rocks, because honey would not scoop out tea spoons. Thirdly, he could not see how the explanation of denudation accounted for the fact that the outline of the Cumberland Hills is wholly irrespective of the various consistency of the rocks of which they are composed. After thus disposing of modern geologists and their theories, Professor Ruskin concluded with an eloquent appeal to his hearers not to disregard the beauties of nature which lie close and plain before us in futile examination of the really insoluble problem so rashly attempted by scientific men. "How far more improving to the body, to the mind, and to the soul is the contemplation of a squirrel in its native woods than that of its skeleton, mouldering in a closet." Such was the burden of the lecturer's eloquent peroration, which he entwined with an anecdote of the discovery by himself of a very interesting inscription in Venice,[1] and an invective against Greek terms in English science,[2] which might be paralleled by the introduction into modern Greek of such a scientific hybrid as "Nastibeasteum." It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Ruskin was attentively listened to and enthusiastically applauded, and that the power of his language and kindly interest which he took in his audience made this as welcome as the preceding (and we hope we may add his subsequent) lectures to the Society.

The Provost offered the unanimous thanks of the House and audience to the lecturer.

(J. K. Stephen, Secretary.)

II

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

[A speech delivered at the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. From the *Daily News*, July 11, 1877. The report was reprinted in a note in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 186. Also in *Igdrasil*, March 1892, vol. iii. pp. 263–264, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part ii., 1892, p. 234 (No. 23).]

Mr. Ruskin, in supporting the adoption of the report, said as he was somewhat concerned in the studies of the scientific world it might be thought that he sympathised in the resistance offered, not without some

[1] [For this inscription on S. Giacomo di Rialto, see Vol. XXI. p. 268.]
[2] [On this subject compare Vol. XXV. p. 200.]

ground of reason, to some of the more enthusiastic and, he feared in some respects, exaggerated and sentimental actions of the Society. He pleaded in the name of poor animals, that none of them should act too much on the feeling of pity, or without making a thoroughly judicial inquiry. In looking at the report, he found part of the Society's admirable evidence mixed up with sentimental tales of fiction, and other means of exciting mere emotion, which had caused them to lose power with those who had the greatest influence in the prevention of the abuses which the Society desired to check. The true justice of their cause lay in the relations which men had had with animals from the time when both were made. They had endeavoured to prevent cruelty to animals; they had not enough endeavoured to promote affection for animals. He thought they had had too much to do in the police courts, and not enough in the field and the cottage garden. As one who was especially interested in the education of the poor, he believed that he could not educate them on animals, but that he would educate them by animals. He trusted to the pets of children[1] for their education just as much as to their tutors. He rejoiced in the separate organization of the Ladies' Committee, and looked to it to give full extent and power to action which would supersede all their expensive and painful disputable duties. Without perfect sympathy with the animals around them, no gentleman's education, no Christian education, could possibly be of any use. In concluding, he pleaded for an expansion of the protection extended by the Society to wild birds.[2]

III

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

[From *Soulby's Ulverston Advertiser*, January 13, 1881. Reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part ii., 1892, pp. 236–237 (No. 25). The following sentences from the *Advertiser* explain the occasion on which these remarks were made:—

"Professor Ruskin, of Brantwood, on Thursday last, gave a sumptuous dinner in the schoolroom, Coniston, to all the children of the place and neighbourhood, to the number of three hundred and fifteen. The event was one of unusual interest to the parents, as well as to the children, making as it did a new era in the character of our Christmas festivities. The day was opportune—Old Christmas Day—and the weather most auspicious, indicative more of early spring than the depth of winter.

"A flag from the church tower signalled to the children the coming festival, and a little before the time for assembling, troops of the young expectants might be seen wending their way to the place of rendezvous, converted for the nonce into a banquet-hall of a very attractive kind.

"At twelve, Mr. Ruskin, accompanied by Mrs. Severn, Miss Gale, and others, arrived; and forthwith the children were marshalled in, under their respective heads, to the places assigned to them.

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[1] [See, in Vol. XXXVII., Ruskin's letters on the "Friends of Living Creatures" Society.]

[2] [On this subject, see Vol. XXX. p. xxxv. *n.*]

"The proceedings commenced with singing the hymn 'Great God! and wilt Thou condescend'; then a few words of introduction from the incumbent; next Moody and Sankey's hymn 'Shall we gather at the river?' was sung in admirable time and with much feeling; after which Mr. Ruskin kindly addressed the children in something like the following words."]

I had been thinking, my dear children, what to say to you, and I felt it extremely difficult to shape my thoughts aright; but the remarks which have just been offered, and the hymn which you have so well sung, have removed the difficulty, and I feel it a pleasure to say a few words to you. 'Tis true, I wish to see children happy, and to be happy is to do what's right and good. Christmas time, of all times, is most calculated to make young people happy, because of the great event celebrated at this gladsome season—when the infant Saviour was born, that He might make all people happy, and especially the little ones whom He so much loves. But, to be happy, my dear young friends, you must try to make others happy, your parents, and those who have charge over you, by seeking to do what is right and good. I was noticing, in the hymn you sang, the words, "Shall we gather at the river, where bright angels' feet have trod?" which seem to carry one on to the future instead of thinking of the present. Not only have angels trod this earth in old times, but they do tread it even now, for they are often about us, helping us in many ways; present at our tables, and also at our beds; and we ought to think of this, and rejoice that we have such heavenly companionship. I was much interested this morning in reading the account of the angels visiting the shepherds of Bethlehem, and telling them about the infant Saviour born there. You know what shepherds are, and what are their duties. The children of our towns, many of them at least, have never seen a shepherd or a sheep, or beautiful green fields, or mountain scenery. But you are living in the midst of them; and you ought to be very happy and very kind one towards another. It is a strange thing that shepherds were more honoured than the "wise men from the East";[1] for these were simply guided by a star, and directed to make inquiry where Christ was to be born; but the shepherds were told by an angel the precise place where they were to find Him.[2] And He was born in Bethlehem. You, perhaps, know that that means "the house of Bread": singular thing that He, who is the Bread of Life,[3] should have the house of bread for His birthplace. He wishes us to be happy here, as well as hereafter. See how He looked after the wants of those around Him. He fed five thousand men with bread. He gave to His disciples bread, and fish, already cooked on the margin of the lake of Galilee.[4] You have your lake here, and fish swimming in the lake. So you can imagine the disciples feeding upon what He had supplied—and how thankful they must have been. I am glad to give you this feast, to help you to be happy and to encourage you to be good. Then, again, I see in that beautiful hymn we are taught to pray, "Jesus, here from sin deliver,"—

[1] [Matthew ii. 1–10.]
[2] [Luke ii. 8–16.]
[3] [John vi. 35.]
[4] [Matthew xiv.; John xxi.]

that is what we want to be delivered from, our sins. You know Jesus came as "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."[1] This was what John the Baptist said, and so we must look to the Saviour to deliver us from sin. It is right we should be punished for the sins which we have done; but God loves us, and wishes to be kind to us, and to help us, that we may not wilfully sin. So try, my dear children, to be good and kind to those about you and over you. Remember our Saviour said, "I stand at the door and knock; if any man (or child) open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me,"[2]—that is, He will make us happy, if we but receive Him in our hearts, and will minister to our present as well as our future wants. And now, children, I hope you will all enjoy yourselves.

IV

ADDRESSES TO THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY

1. 1878[3]

The Arundel Society is now, both by numbers and by the rank, influence, and intellectual position of its members, not only one of the most important but also one of the most conspicuous bodies in Europe concerned in the furtherance of the Arts.

But I am not sure that hitherto—though it has existed for some thirty years[4]—its objects have been clearly defined. I am sure it has not with complete energy urged their accomplishment.

It, I say—the Society. I am not speaking of its Council. Whether we have failed in our duties to you, or not, I have not any intention to-day of making apologies. Perhaps, of all the members of the Council, the one now addressing you most needs your pardon:—but permit me to say that the chief fault in any of us has not been neglecting your interests, but in failing to remind you of your responsibilities. Nay, we have perhaps sometimes, tacitly—but too frankly, assumed that you were all interested persons, and none of you responsible ones; that you were only a company gathered—like a commercial one, for the sake of what it could gain; not a scientific Society, for what it could ascertain, preserve, or communicate.

So far as we have this thought of you, I am sure we have wronged

[1] [John i. 29.]
[2] [Revelation iii. 20.]
[3] [These notes for an address to the Arundel Society are printed from MS. sheets at Brantwood; they appear to be incomplete. The second address of 1882 (below, p. 637) says that it was four years since he last addressed the Society—a remark which enables the date of the present address to be fixed as July 1878. For Ruskin's connexion with the Arundel Society, see Vol. IV. p. xliv.]
[4] [The Society was founded in 1849: see again Vol. IV. p. xliv.]

you. So far as we have acted on such thoughts, we have injured you. Your interests, in the end, would have been best promoted by steady mindfulness of your functions.

The Arundel Society, as I have always conceived,—and as, I trust, many other members of it from the beginning understood,—was founded, first, to preserve record of good art that was perishing, and secondly, to make more general the knowledge of good art that was too little known. It was not founded with the view of obtaining for each of its members more than twenty shillings' worth of coloured prints for twenty shillings—though that may be an agreeable result and reward of its operations. But it was never its first object—any more than that of the Bible Society was to get handsome Bibles for themselves. The Arundel Society proposed—as I repeat—to copy the illuminated manuscripts of sacred art before they perished—and to place what multiplications might be possible of them in the hands of those who had never read, and never more could read the originals. The conscientious fulfilment of so noble a design would, I am persuaded, bring more true pleasure to the greater number of our members than the mere enrichment of their own folios, or decoration of their own walls. But I believe that both the riches and the decoration would by such disinterested efforts be made for ourselves more covetable—and more brilliant.

For my own part, I have always been desirous, and I think I have the concurrent feeling of the Council with me on this point, that even the definitely, so to speak, educational work of our Society, should be distinctly separated from its conservative one: and that, in this crisis of European politics, and this opportunity of European peace, the work of record and rescue should much surpass—if not for the moment even supersede—the processes of publication. For I beg you very earnestly to observe how these conditions of publication restrain your Council's power, no less than the details of it occupy their time and thought. To superintend and correct the engraving and chromo-lithotint is often far more difficult—always far less useful ultimately—than superintending the artist's copy from the original work. But while we have so much publication in our hands, more than half our power is spent in such details; and farther, in order to reduce a drawing to publication-size our copy is made comparatively valueless.

Nothing can be rightly copied but on its own scale. I need not tell the members of this Society that every good painter's mode of execution varies with the size of his design: and that it would have been just as impossible for Sir Joshua or Velasquez to have shown their peculiar powers in miniature painting as for Angelico to have extended his minutely delicate multitudes over a colossal canvas. You only represent, you only can represent, any picture justly, by absolutely accepting the conditions of its situation—its magnitude, and its method. And I believe all the members of the Council are agreed, after the experience we have had of the efforts of even the most intelligent draughtsmen to remedy in their copies the accidents of time, that we must make it henceforward an absolute rule that our copies shall represent only the existing remains of the picture, and by no means attempt a conjectural restoration of it.[1] But of course, if we

[1] [Compare Aphorism xix. in *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 363.]

gave orders for the execution of drawings such as these, other drawings would have to be prepared from them afterwards for publication, the cost of the Society's operations would be increased by at least one third, and the annual money value of its publications diminished in that proportion.

The money value, I say. The intrinsic value would assuredly be greater than it is now, and the power of correction, by reference to an accurate copy, quite invaluable to earnest students.

The only way I see of meeting these difficulties satisfactorily, and justly, is by a straightforward appeal to the members of this Society to express their wishes to us individually, and to give us, those of them who concur in what I hope may be stated by me as the opinion of their Council, their help individually. The publications should continue to be issued at their present rate, but there are surely some of our members who would further subscribe to a separate copying fund to be spent in simply acquiring facsimiles—so far as possible, of the works which are likeliest soon to perish. And now let me approach the business from another point of view.

I do not know how far the idea of art-patronage distinctly enters, as a practical motive, into the habit of giving large prices for pictures, which characterises our time.[1] But the system is, in fact, as ruinous to the painter as destructive of your own interests, and I feel myself standing on absolutely sure ground in stating to you that it is impossible for you ever to see a good picture again on the walls of your Academy while you pay such prices as those into which you have been lately urged by the dealers. The proportion to the old and proper prices paid to the noble artists whom we once possessed, may be expressed to you by one fact. The commission at ten per cent. to the dealer, on the sale of any average Turner drawing, is now about three times as much as Turner got for making the drawing. And the fatality to your schools of art is quite irresistible. The bribe is so enormous for success that the most conscientious of painters cannot resist it. He can get his ten thousand a year, if he hits the public fancy. And his only concern is to hit it. And on these terms his life becomes a luxurious idleness, and his work a vulgar exhibition, and I speak with entire deliberation—and in great sorrow —when I tell you there is not, at this instant, on the walls of your whole Academy, one picture of sincere and enduring quality, nor while you pay such prices will you ever see one again. And now observe on the other hand; your Council are entirely unable to carry out the intended functions of this Society, because, while these enormous prices are given for so-called original art, which is wholly worthless, only a pittance can be offered to an artist who would devote himself to faithful copying. A picture executed with cleverness enough to catch the public eye—and to open its purse—and able in the present market to fetch its two hundred or three hundred pounds—can be dashed off in a couple of days' work—a hundred pounds a day; say roughly three thousand a year is an easily attainable income by any ordinarily clever artist who is dishonest or weak enough to seek it. But no moderately accurate copy can be made of any good historical picture—with less than three months' labour—faithful and

[1] [For other references to this subject, see Vol. XVI. pp. 82, 83.]

skilful; and for that three months of useful and honest art your Council think it much if they venture to pay a hundred pounds. Can you wonder that, on such terms, we get no clever or powerful painter to work for us. Every man who has any real gift sells his soul to the dealers;—or at best to popularity and a house in the West End; and we can only employ, to render the work of Giotto—of Luini—and of Tintoret—men who for the most part have not essential ability enough for the work at all—or if they have, are driven to every sort of expedient to get their daily bread at the prices now given.

Now, if you will only put it in our power to offer something like fair prices for fair talent, I am persuaded that we can produce for you drawings altogether different from any copyist's work yet seen. I speak to you in the name of the honest copyists, because, I am bold to say, I have been one myself. The power of accuracy and habits of attention are not always found in equal degree in men of true artistic sensibility. The man who can copy best is often pained by the efforts of producing original design, just as the man who designs with facility is often too conceited and too inattentive to copy with success. Give the same moderate, just pay to both, and you will have the original work guarded from vanity; and the copy animated by genius.

What are you to do with such copies? you will ask. Do you think that a group of figures by Perugino, or Luini, as beautiful in many respects as the original, would not be a better decoration for your drawing-rooms than an oil picture such as you are likely now to get for them—of an old gentleman with his family late at a party—and a drowned child and a starving dog tied to a mast?

2. 1882 [1]

Mr. Ruskin, who looked fairly well, commenced by saying he had had a great joy lately. The British Museum authorities had allowed him to examine their gems, and to number them, as he wanted, for his Sheffield Catalogue.[2] He said: "It is four years since I had the pleasure of speaking in this room, and it appears to me there has been great quietness in the meetings ever since I left. Everything seems to have gone on better, and much more smoothly, since I left, and I think you have done very wrong in re-electing me.[3] Everything has gone on perfectly and beautifully since I ceased to attend the meetings.

[1] [This is a report of an address delivered by Ruskin at the annual meeting of the Arundel Society, Old Bond Street, on June 22, 1882, Lord Elcho in the chair. After the formal business had been concluded, Ruskin was called upon by the chairman to address the meeting—which consisted of about six members of the Council, the Secretary, one lady, and some half-dozen gentlemen visitors, of whom Mr. Faunthorpe was one. Ruskin's words were taken down, as nearly as possible verbatim, by Mr. Faunthorpe, who placed his manuscript at the disposal of Mr. Wise for publication in an Appendix to *Letters from John Ruskin to Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, edited by Thomas J. Wise*, 1896, vol. ii. pp. 93-97.]

[2] [Nothing answering to this has been found among Ruskin's memoranda.]

[3] [On the Council of the Society.]

"In this room are many very great treasures of Art, and I quite agree with Lord Elcho that they are not sufficiently seen of men.[1] We are insured, I believe, for £14,000, and what we possess should certainly be rendered far more accessible.[2] These pictures are records of work quite precious in every way, but especially in the steady value they bear in their protest against many tendencies of modern Art. In the direction in which modern Art is advancing I observe, with keenly increasing regret, the want of *seriousness*, the want of any *set purpose*, or, indeed, of any purpose at all.

"In this year's Academy, for example, this stricture seems to me to apply to nearly every picture. The only picture that pretends to any historic accuracy is Marks' 'Lord Say brought before Jack Cade.'[3] The strangest tendency of modern English Art, and one from which, unfortunately, the Pre-Raphaelite School is not exempt, is towards affectation. Now all the pictures of the great times are absolutely free from affectation of any kind whatever. Even our caricature is not free from it. A picture, Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate,'[4] exhibited just opposite to these rooms for instance, is better than anything I ever expected to see in modern Art at all. In many points it is nearly as good as Tintoret.

"All the pictures of the great times contain certain attitudes known to be beautiful, and these their painters were content to reproduce. These attitudes originated in Byzantine Art, afterwards passing over to Italian. There is no seeking in any of them to attract attention by invention of new position or attitude.

"When these pictures, the copies of which surround us on these walls, were painted, the artist took his place in the school, and did his best, throwing his whole life and soul into his work. The subjects were all ready to his hand. But now if any man has any real power he is impelled first to weary himself in search for a subject, and then for a new method of treating it. But the grand subjects of the older artists were well suited to any picture, to any power. There is no affectation in one of them. That is the rock on which our modern Art is undeniably wrecking itself.

"We certainly ought to be possessed of a gallery in which we might be able to exhibit the treasures we own, now hidden away, it seems to me, altogether from the view of men. But we have, by their production, done good work in more ways than one. We have enabled M. Grüner and others to educate a set of German workmen able to do anything tenderly and perfectly, far better, indeed, than I ever anticipated we should have been able to do. We are going on with our work, and we believe in it.

"There is a great deal of Art talk in modern drawing-rooms. Much of this might be rendered effective of good if those who know so much already would make a point of seeing what we have accomplished, and

[1] [Matthew vi. 1.]

[2] [On the dissolution of the Society, its drawings were deposited in the National Gallery, where they are now (1908) exhibited in the basement.]

[3] [No. 242 in the Academy of 1882. For another reference to the picture, see *Art of England*, § 74 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 317).]

[4] [Exhibited at the Conduit Street Galleries: see a Descriptive Account of the Picture issued in April 1882. The rooms of the Arundel Society were then at 24 Old Bond Street.]

would, when they journey abroad, look out for things worthy our attention, and ask us to reproduce them.

"The picture of a girl in the Grosvenor, ridiculed in *Punch* as A—lass! had great power in it—might have been anything, in fact—but was spoilt by affectation.[1]

"I thank you," etc.

V

AN ADDRESS TO "ACADEMY GIRLS"

(*February* 1884)

[In a letter given in the preceding volume (p. xlix.), Ruskin, in describing a day's doings in London in February 1884, writes: "Into National Gallery by half-past eleven—went all over it, noting things for lecture to the Academy girls on Saturday." Some students at the Royal Academy had asked him for tickets for his lecture on "The Storm-Cloud." He replied that the lecture would be of no particular interest to them; but would they think him very forward if he invited himself to take a cup of tea with them and talk over their art-studies? The tea-party was held, and in return he invited his hosts, and any other girl students they might choose to bring with them, to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Severn and himself at Herne Hill. It was on this latter occasion that the informal address, here printed, was given. The report is taken from the *Boston Herald* (U.S.A.) of June 28, 1884. Another, but less full, account of the address, by Marion Reid, appeared in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* of April 7, and the *Sunday Sun*, April 8, 1900. The latter writer adds that at the conclusion of the address one of the party said, "'I hope you will shake hands with us all, Mr. Ruskin.' 'Why, certainly, my dear,' replied the Professor, with that charming smile which no beard, however ragged, could conceal. And so the whole party filed past, and each had a warm hand-shake. I even heard afterwards that some right-hand gloves were thenceforth hung up as trophies, accompanied with a leaf of laurel—such is the enthusiasm of youth."]

"I have long wished," he said, "to meet you, but of course could not initiate an interview, as it might seem that I desired to interfere with the teaching you get under the Royal Academicians, which would never do. Before we begin, I want to try and find out what school you have studied in. For that purpose I have noted down some pictures at the National Gallery, and if any of you have copied any of them, please hold up your hands."

One or two hands were held up during the course of his criticism, and he nodded approvingly; but, on the whole, it seemed the students had neither copied nor studied very deeply the great examples of painting which he brought specially to their notice.

[1] [No. 16 in the Summer Exhibition of 1882, "Alas!" by H. Schmalz. Caricatured, with other "Grosvenor Gems," in *Punch*, June 24, 1882 (vol. 82, p. 300): "No. 16. A—lass! quite so! Also a—lack—of a good deal."]

"Now, the first work I shall refer to," he said, "is one of the grandest at the National Gallery—'The Three Graces Adoring the Bust of Hymen,'[1] by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I don't say that it is the best picture ever painted, by any means, and I don't say that Reynolds does not go wrong sometimes. His 'Snake in the Grass,' for instance, is exaggerated in chiaroscuro and colour, but when he goes wrong he almost seems to do it on purpose. Then, there is Gainsborough's 'English Family.' This is a composition full of dignity and simplicity. It represents just our English family—the average English husband, average sweet English wife, slightly above the average English daughter, and a nice boy. This work is well worthy of your attention. It is well worth the while of students also to copy parts of Paolo Veronese's 'Vision of St. Helena' and the 'Family of Darius,' because of their splendid workmanship.[2] Take any square post or bit of drapery; it will show you how to lay the colour on; Perugino's 'Tobias and the Angel'[3] will give you an example of absolute purity of drawing with the keenest sense of colour. I would not recommend you to look at anything of Holbein's few colours; not that he could not colour, but he did not choose to. Neither would he condescend to fleeting expression; he preferred repose. You should copy Holbein's drawings which you can get from the Autotype Company.

"What works do you chiefly copy for practice and for premiums at the Academy?"

"Principally Vandyke, Velasquez, and Murillo," replied one of the students.

"Well," said the Professor, "Vandyke will not do you much good. He can, however, teach you one thing, how to draw and how to arrange hands—a most important thing, and one in which all great masters excel. No amount of the study of the bones of the hands will teach you this—but only careful study and observation of nature.

"One thing necessary to a high and noble perfection in art is that artists must be pure and good in their lives. Some people may tell you this is not so, because there have been artists who have not been moral in their lives who yet have painted great pictures. This is true in a way, for men with strong constitutions and the artistic faculty have done great work, but they have never attained to the purest and best eminence. There are different ideas of morality. A man may be moral and yet do a great many things that would be disapproved of by Mrs. Grundy. But what I mean by a moral life is one directed by a good and honest purpose. You must have a kindly, loving heart and large sympathy.

"For more than five-and-twenty years of my life I would not believe that women could paint pictures,[4] and all history seemed to be on the side

[1] [For other references to this picture (No. 79), see Vol. XIV. p. 472, and Vol. XIX. p. 3. The "Snake in the Grass" (or "Love unbinding the zone of Beauty") is No. 885; for Gainsborough's "English Family," see Vol. XXXIII. p. 376 *n.*]

[2] [The "St. Helena" is No. 1041. For numerous other references to the "Darius" (No. 294), see General Index.]

[3] [One of the side compartments in No. 288; for other references to it, see General Index.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XIV. p. 208.]

of this conviction. One learns vaguely of a daughter of Titian who painted, but one never sees anything she ever did. But I was wrong in that established conviction of mine; women can paint.

"Of course," he went on, "there was Rosa Bonheur to correct me, but she only developed in her art a woman's somewhat morbid love of animals, coupled with some Landseer-like talent. Landseer studied and loved dogs, but Rosa Bonheur's feelings for animals were, I think, more akin to the menagerie keeper's love. Landseer was not so much an artist as one who studied dogs and knew their ways. Rosa Bonheur paints in a clever grey French style, and in a masterly kind of a way, more pleasing, perhaps, than masterly.[1] I knew a young lady with a great talent for painting animals. She studied London cab horses, and went down into the cellars and studied rats, and she kept a furious parrot and a lot of dogs, and made herself generally disagreeable; but it all came to nothing. But coming back to the question of woman's capacity in art, let me confess that I am quite subjugated, converted, my ideas entirely overthrown by Mrs. Butler's (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) 'Waterloo.'[2] At first I thought she might only have a woman's love for cavalry officers and cavalry chargers, but after I had seen the picture and knew her, I saw a great many of her sketches, and found her to be a great artist, and I have now the profoundest admiration for her. Since she made a name we have had several women artists, all distinguished in their different ways —Mrs. Allingham, Miss Greenaway, Miss Alexander, and Miss Trotter.[3] There are many clever, brilliant girls who take to art from ambition, but their place is rather in society or on the stage than in the studio. Ambition to shine in the theatre or in society is not the disposition that makes an artist; you should have the disposition of a nun, and too much sense to become one. I never recommend girls not to get married, though I think marriage need not be the mission of all. I think a painter's life is a very happy one, even if you don't make much money or obtain great fame. Most girls think it very nice to be married, but I should think to be an artist is quite as happy a life. The greatest joy in life, it seems to me, is when you feel that your pencil is obeying your will. Women, above all, should have infinite patience. Men might be impatient and do good work—women never. For instance, Rubens and other great artists often painted furiously. Women were meant to endure and put up with everything; that is their mission. At the same time, I think some of you may well find something else to do beside—or as well as—making puddings and sweeping up other people's messes."

Questioned as to making notes and sketches of visits to picture galleries, the Professor said:—

"When you go into a gallery, always come away with a coloured note; it may be a very imperfect one, but it will be better than anything you can carry away in your head. Do not think of light and shade; think of shadow simply as darker or lighter colours.[4] Do not trust

[1] [For other references to Rosa Bonheur, see Vol. XIV. pp. 173, 174; and for Landseer, Vol. IV. p. 334 *n.*]

[2] [See Vol. XIV. pp. 306, 308.]

[3] [For these artists, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 327 *seq.*, 283, 280.]

[4] [On this point, see *Lectures on Art*, Vol. XX. pp. 121 *seq.*]

to chiaroscuro for heightening effect. The great fault of Rossetti was the false shadows he put in—wilfully, and for the sake of obtaining expression. Work in a broad, full light. Guard against caricature and satire as fire that can 'burn you up, body and soul.' It is useful to be able to see the blemishes in a face, but try rather without flunkery to dwell on the nobler and more beautiful qualities. Choose the most beautiful faces to paint, and do not paint any that have not something pleasant in them. People talk of Hobbema's [1] moles and wrinkles, but if he had worked far enough off from his models, he ought not to have seen them. Gainsborough worked eight feet away from his sitter. This painful minuteness that sees and depicts wrinkles and moles partakes of half truth, and half truth is born of the devil. You are all so fond of *Faust* in these days that I need not apologise for mentioning Mephistopheles, who never told a direct lie. He only left out the good side of nature and insisted on the bad. Satan said to Eve: 'You shall not surely die.' [2] She did not die, but she did worse. Artists sometimes paint these half truths, and people exclaim: 'How true!' This is diabolical work, and is like the devil, who seems to speak the truth, though he is still, as ever, the father of lies."

A student asked the Professor if he would say something about decorative art.

"Yes," he replied—and I venture to put his words into the first person singular, though I can really only give the direct purport of what he said, and not a verbatim report of it. "We English have not the inborn power of design that oriental nations have; [3] but by following nature faithfully, and not working in mere conventional patterns, we may excel in decorative art in a different way. The Indian woman, when she has swept her doorstep, takes some coloured sand and sprinkles it in a pattern on the ground. She forms the pattern easily and gracefully and more beautifully than anything you could learn to do after years of study in the school of design at South Kensington. But by patient study of nature you can do work that may have excellences of another kind. Those of you who find you cannot reach to the higher branches of art may take up decorative work; but don't do so until you have tried the other."

A student asked: "What is the good of second-rate art?"

"I am glad you have asked me that question," replied the Professor. "Fifth-rate, sixth-rate, to a hundredth-rate, art is good. Art that gives pleasure to any one has a right to exist. For instance, if I can only draw a duck that looks as though he waddled, I may give pleasure to the last baby of our hostess, while a flower beautifully drawn will give pleasure to her eldest girl, who is just beginning to learn botany, and it may also be useful to some man of science. The true outline of a leaf shown to a child may turn the whole course of its life. Second-rate art is useful to a greater number of people than even first-rate art—there are so few minds of a high enough order to understand the highest kind of art. Many more people find pleasure in Copley Fielding than in Turner.

[1] [So in the report; but obviously a mistake. Ruskin probably said Denner: see Vol. III. pp. 32, 36.]

[2] [Genesis iii. 4.]

[3] [On this subject, see *The Two Paths*, Vol. XVI. pp. 261 *seq.*]

Most people only see the small vulgarisms in Turner, and cannot appreciate his grander qualities."

Going back again to technical points, the Professor said: "Use the same colours in the shadows as in the lights. Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler'[1] is a fatal example of the false principle of using entirely transparent colours in shadows and opaque in the lights. The consequence is that not only is it false in colours, but the whole surface is covered with cracks, and the picture will soon fall a prey to the restorer. You should never load on your whites. Turner was very wrong often in this respect. The less paint you use the better, and your surface should be even. Leonardo is a good example for you to follow in this respect."

VI

VIVISECTION

(*December 9, 1884*)

[From a report of a meeting on Vivisection held on December 9, 1884, at Oxford. Printed in the *Zoophilist* of January 1, 1885, and reprinted in a pamphlet with the following title-page:—

The | Bishop of Oxford | and | Prof. Ruskin | on Vivisection.

Octavo, pp. 7. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; text, pp. 3–7. Page 8 is filled with an advertisement of the "Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, united with the International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection," 1 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. The pamphlet was issued sewn, without wrapper; Ruskin's address appears on pp. 6–7; it was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1892, vol. iii. pp. 264–265, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part ii., 1892, p. 235 (No. 24).]

Professor Ruskin said he had learnt much from the speakers,[2] but there were one or two points which he should wish to refer to. It was not the question whether experiments taught them more or less of science. It was not the question whether animals had a right to this or that in the inferiority they were placed in to mankind. It was a question—What relation had they to God, what relations mankind had to God, and what was the true sense of feeling as taught to them by Christ the Physician? The primary head and front of all the offending against the principles of mercy in men and the will of the Creator of these creatures was the ignoring of that will in higher matters, and these scientific pursuits were now defiantly, provokingly, insultingly separated from the science of religion; they were all carried on in defiance of what had hitherto been

[1] [For another reference to this picture (No. 99 in the National Gallery), see Vol. III. p. 643.]

[2] [The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Mackarness) was among those who had preceded Ruskin.]

held to be compassion and pity, and of the great link which bound together the whole of creation, from its Maker to the lowest creature. For one secret discovered by the torture of a thousand animals, a thousand means of health, peace, and happiness were lost, because the physician was continually infecting his students not with the common rabies of the dog, but with the rabies of the man, infecting them with all kinds of base curiosity, infecting the whole society which he taught with a thirst for knowing things which God had concealed from them for His own good reason, and promoting amongst them passions of the same kind. No physician now dwelt in the least upon the effect of anger, upon the effect of avarice, upon the effect of science itself pursued without moral limit; and the rabies of all defiance and contradiction to all the law of God had become the madness abroad, which was without reason at all, and was setting itself against everything that was once holy, once pure, once reverenced among them. For his part, he thought they must not dwell upon minute questions as to whether this or that quantity of pain was inflicted. The question was that here in Oxford their object was to make their youths and maidens gentle, and it seemed to him that they might at least try to concentrate their efforts to prevent these subjects of science being brought into contact with the minds of the noblest youths and maidens who came there to be made gentlemen and ladies. Their noblest efforts and energies should be set upon protecting the weak and informing the ignorant of things which might lead them to happiness, peace, and light, and above all other things upon the relation existing between them and the lower creation in this life. He had always said that a gentleman was primarily distinguished by his fellowship with the nobler animals of creation, and the peasant chiefly by the kindness which he showed to every useful one.

EPITAPHS

ON PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY

ON OSBORNE GORDON

[Other memorial inscriptions by Ruskin have already been given:—

On his father, Vol. XVII. p. lxxvii.
On his mother, Vol. XXII. p. xxiv.
On "Margaret's Well," Vol. XXII. p. xxiv.
On the "Colenso Diamond," Vol. XXVI. p. lv.
On the "Edwardes Ruby," Vol. XXVI. p. lv.
On the "Couttet Rose-Fluors," Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]

EPITAPHS

ON H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY

In Esher Church

[Printed in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 102, and thence (No. 133) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 115 (No. 133). The memorial was unveiled by the Duchess on December 3, 1884. It consists of a bust by Mr. F. J. Williamson, standing in an alabaster niche.]

To
Leopold
Duke of Albany
Youngest son of Queen Victoria,
Who, with the chosen partner
of his life,
passed his closing years
at Claremont
in culminating honour, kindly
labour, and thoughtful peace.
His widow and neighbours
inscribe this tablet
in his parish church
recording
the reverent affection in which they held his presence
and guard his memory.

Born 7th April, 1853. Died at Cannes 28th March, 1884. Buried at Windsor.

ON THE REV. OSBORNE GORDON

In Easthampstead Church

[For Osborne Gordon, Ruskin's tutor at Oxford, see *Præterita*, i. §§ 219, 225, ii. §§ 8, 10, etc. (Vol. XXXV.), and General Index. This inscription was printed at p. viii. of *Osborne Gordon: a Memoir, with a Selection of his Writings*, edited by G. Marshall, M.A. (Oxford, 1885); also in the *Guardian*, October 21 (vol. xl. p. 1560), 1885; and reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 102, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 114 (No. 132): "A memorial has been placed in the church of St. Michael and St. Mary, Easthampstead, by the parishioners and friends

of the late Rev. Osborne Gordon. It consists of a window in the north side of the chancel, and a mosaic pavement within the altar rails. The subject of the window is the Adoration of the Magi. The glass has been painted by Messrs. Morris & Co., from a design by Mr. Burne-Jones. The pavement is from a design of Mr. T. G. Jackson, executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. A brass tablet has been placed on the adjacent wall, with the following inscription, written by Mr. Ruskin, who was an old friend and pupil of Mr. Gordon:—"]

This Window and Mosaic Pavement are dedicate
to God's praise, in loving Memory of His
Servant, Osborne Gordon, B.D.,
Student and Censor of Christ Church, Oxford,
Rector of this Parish from 1860 to 1883.
An Englishman of the olden time,
Humane without weakness, Learned without ostentation,
Witty without malice, Wise without pride,
Honest of heart, lofty of thought,
Dear to his fellow men, and dutiful to his God.
When his friends shall also be departed,
And can no more cherish his memory,
Be it revered by the stranger.

JOHN RUSKIN.

CIRCULARS, NOTICES, ETC.

I. EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE (1868, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1886)

II. AN OXFORD PROTEST (1874)

III. AN APOLOGY AT A CONCERT (1880)

IV. A CHARITABLE APPEAL (1884)

V. PICTURES FOR JUDGMENT (1884)

[Other notices have already been given:—

To his class at the Working Men's College, Vol. XVI. p. 471.
To his drawing class at Oxford, Vol. XXI. p. 316.]

CIRCULARS, NOTICES, ETC.

I

EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE

(1)

DENMARK HILL, LONDON.[1]

——, I am about to enter on some work which cannot be well done or even approximately well, unless without interruption, and it would be desirable for me, were it in my power, to leave home for some time, and carry out my undertaking in seclusion. But as my materials are partly in London, I cannot do this; so that my only alternative is to ask you to think of me as if actually absent from England, and not to be displeased though I must decline all correspondence. And I pray you to trust my assurance that, whatever reasons I may have for so uncouth behaviour, none of them are inconsistent with the respect and regard in which I remain,

Faithfully yours,

(2)

[*March* 1880.[2]]

Mr. Ruskin has always hitherto found his correspondents under the impression that, when he is able for average literary work, he can also answer any quantity of letters. He most respectfully and sorrowfully must pray them to observe, that it is precisely when he is in most active general occupation that he can answer fewest private letters; and this year he proposes to answer——none, except those on St. George's business. There will be enough news of him, for any who care to get them, in the occasional numbers of *Fors*.

[1] [This letter, printed as a circular, was at various times used by Ruskin in reply to part of his large correspondence. A copy of it, dated "April 15th, 1858," is printed in *Letters from John Ruskin to William Ward* (No. 14), vol. i. pp. 39–40. Another copy, dated "2nd February 1868," was printed in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 272.]

[2] [This is a similar excuse, printed at the end of the "list of works" issued (March 1880) by Ruskin's publisher. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 272.]

(3)

BRANTWOOD, *August* 14*th*, 1881.[1]

Mr. Ruskin never gives autographs but to his friends, and of late has scarcely, even for them, consented to add in any wise to his usual task of daily penmanship,—irksome enough even when reduced within the narrowest possible limits.

(4)

July 1882.[2]

I have directed Mr. Allen, in this and all future issues of his list of my purchaseable works, to advertise none but those which he is able to despatch to order by return of post. The just estimate of decline in the energy of advancing age,—the warnings, now thrice repeated,[3] of disabling illness consequent on any unusual exertion of thought,—and chiefly, the difficulty I now find in addressing a public for whom, in the course of the last few years of Revolution, old things have passed away, and all things become new, render it, in my thinking, alike irreverent and unwise to speak of any once-intended writings as "in preparation."

I may perhaps pray the courtesy of my readers,—and here and there, the solicitude of my friends,—to refer, at the time of the monthly issue of Magazines, to this circular of Mr. Allen's, in which they will always find the priced announcement of anything I have printed during the month. May I also venture to hint to friends who may at any time be anxious about me, that the only trustworthy evidences of my health are my writings; and that it is a prettier attention to an old man, to read what he wishes to say, and can say without effort, than to require him to answer vexing questions on general subjects, or to add to his day's appointed labour the burden of accidental and unnecessary correspondence.

(5)

BRANTWOOD, *March* 30, 1886.[4]

Mr. Ruskin trusts that his friends will pardon his declining correspondence in the spring, and spending such days as may be spared to him in the fields, instead of at his desk. Had he been well he would have been in Switzerland, and begs his correspondents to imagine that he *is* so; for there is no reason, because he is obliged to stop in England, that he should not be allowed to rest there.

[1] [Printed in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 100; and in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 112 (No. 126). "Task" was misprinted "bulk." For other replies to autograph-collectors, see above, p. 495.]

[2] [This "Advice by Ruskin" was printed at the beginning of Mr. George Allen's List of Works by Mr. Ruskin, and repeated in its subsequent issues for many years. Reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 112–113 (No. 128).]

[3] [In 1878, 1881, and 1882.]

[4] [Printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 2, 1886. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 100; in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 112 (No. 127); in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 61.]

II

AN OXFORD PROTEST

[From the *Globe*, October 29, 1874. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 274. Ruskin had recently changed the hour of his lectures from two till twelve, and the latter hour clashing with other lectures, some complaints had been made. This "protest" was then issued on the morning of October 29, and reprinted in the *Globe* of the same day.]

The Slade Professor has tried for five years to please everybody in Oxford by lecturing at any time that might be conveniently subordinate to other dates of study in the University. He finds he has pleased nobody, and must for the future at least make his hour known and consistent. He cannot alter it this term because people sometimes come from a distance and have settled their plans by the hours announced in the *Gazette*, but for many reasons he thinks it right to change the place, and will hereafter lecture in the theatre of the museum.[1] On Friday the 30th he will not begin till half-past twelve to allow settling time. Afterwards, all his lectures will be at twelve in this and future terms. He feels that if he cannot be granted so much as twelve hours of serious audience in working time during the whole Oxford year, he need not in future prepare public lectures at which his pupils need not much regret their non-attendance.

III

AN APOLOGY AT A CONCERT

[From the *Westminster Gazette*, January 24, 1900, where it is explained: "Some time ago Mr. Ruskin induced Miss —— to promise to sing at Coniston in aid of the charities, and to stay with him as his guest; but she did not turn up, and afterwards explained the cause. He felt very keenly the breaking of her engagement, and wrote the following, which was read to the audience at the concert." The date of the circular is December 3, 1880.]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

Mr. Ruskin cannot too strongly express to the audience the regret he has felt at the breaking of her engagement by Miss —— on the present occasion. He does not, however, feel called upon to express his sense of the slight put upon Mrs. Severn and himself, and he is sure that the disregard of the feelings and expectations of others, for which he can offer no defence, has not been in reality so great as it appears, that the mischance has been mainly owing to thoughtlessness and to the certainty felt by the

[1] [Instead of in the drawing schools at the Taylor Gallery.]

young lady that she can make us all forget our quarrel with her at the first notes of her voice on some future occasion. Whatever our immediate disappointment, it must be remembered that the presence of an executant whose merits, real or supposed, discourage other performers, may not be always a benefit to a concert, and Mr. Ruskin may perhaps be permitted to state that his own feeling in such matters is that a song rendered with simplicity of feeling by a soft and clear voice of average power possesses all the elements of the most delightful music, and that the intricacies and splendours of modern compositions for voices of extraordinary power too frequently efface pleasure in astonishment.

IV

A CHARITABLE APPEAL

(1884)

[From the *Westminster Gazette*, January 24, 1900; reprinted from the *Leeds Mercury*, to which the circular was supplied by Mr. John Bell, the Coniston Registrar of Births and Deaths.]

My good neighbours, the Watkinsons, of Lawson Park, have been put to great distress since they came here on the 7th of April of last year, with goodwill to work, all of them, husband and wife, elder son and little daughter, but little more than their own hands and goodwill to trust to, and they have had a run of ill-luck since, besides the sorrow of losing their younger boy, a child of six, by the blow of a scythe. On the 17th of July they lost a cow, for which they had given £20; then a calf, which they had reared; then the first of the great storms blew their grange roof off, and scattered irrevocably or destroyed all their hay, forty-three carts, all but a cart full. I partly reimbursed them for their loss myself, enabling them to buy another cow, and the horse they now have, but this horse is now taken ill, just when they needed him (the shoulder and limb affected by abscess); and I believe myself quite justified by the worth and the good courage of the family in asking now for some little further help for them so as to enable them to get another horse, and hire a farm labourer for the work which the son is scarce strong enough for.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *26th March*, 1884.[1]

[1] [The newspapers add: "Mr. Ruskin started the subscription at £5, and it ultimately totalled up to £35, 5s. 6d., the following being the final entry in the subscription-book now in the hands of Mr. John Bell, and in Mr. Ruskin's own handwriting:—

"'8th April, received total to here £35, 5s. 6d., which I think quite as much as is needed in the case. I am sure it is far more than was looked for, and my most true thanks are rendered with Mrs. Watkinson's rejoicing ones, to the subscribers.—JOHN RUSKIN: Brantwood, 8th April, as aforesaid.'"]

V

PICTURES FOR JUDGMENT

[The following circular has been found among Ruskin's papers. For Mr. Sewening, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 507.]

84 Woodstock Road, Oxford [1884].

All pictures on which Mr. Ruskin's opinion is desired are to be sent to Mr. H. W. Sewening, 29 Duke St., St. James's, London. If Mr. Sewening judges them worthless, they will be returned, charging only the expenses of carriage and a fee of five shillings. If Mr. Sewening thinks them worth giving an opinion upon, he will return them with that opinion written, charging a fee of ten shillings.

If Mr. Sewening judges them worth submitting to Mr. Ruskin, he will do so at the owners' request, charging a fee of a guinea, to be paid to the St. George's Guild, and half a guinea for his own trouble, besides expenses of carriage.

CONVERSATIONS

1. WITH SPURGEON, IN 1858, ETC.
2. AT VENICE WITH HOLMAN HUNT, 1869
3. IN AN OXFORD DRAWING-ROOM
4. AT BRANTWOOD IN 1883 WITH JOWETT
5. AT BRANTWOOD IN 1884 WITH M. H. SPIELMANN
6. AT FARNLEY, 1884
7. AT SANDGATE WITH AN AMERICAN VISITOR, 1887
8. WITH AMERICAN VISITORS
9. AT SALLENCHES, 1888

[For other Conversations and Reminiscences given in this edition, see the "Minor Ruskiniana" in Lists of Contents of the several volumes.

For a notice of some Conversations at Hawarden, see the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI.]

CONVERSATIONS

1. WITH SPURGEON[1] (1858, Etc.)

Towards the end of 1858 Spurgeon had a serious illness, and Ruskin called to see him during his convalescence. "How well I remember," writes Mrs. Spurgeon, "the intense love and devotion displayed by Mr. Ruskin, as he threw himself on his knees by the dear patient's side, and embraced him with tender affection and tears. 'My brother, my dear brother,' he said, 'how grieved I am to see you thus!' His sorrow and sympathy were most touching and comforting. He had brought him two charming engravings,—gems of artistic taste, which still adorn the walls of one of the rooms at Westwood,—and some bottles of wine of a rare vintage, which he hoped would prove a cordial to the sufferer's much weakened frame. My husband was greatly moved by the love and consideration so graciously expressed, and he very often referred to it afterwards in grateful appreciation; especially when, in later years, there came a change of feeling on Mr. Ruskin's part, and he strongly repudiated some of the theological opinions to which Mr. Spurgeon closely clung to the end of his life." (*C. H. Spurgeon: an Autobiography*, by his Wife, vol. ii., 1898, pp. 287–288.)

On this, or some earlier, occasion, Ruskin "told my husband," adds Mrs. Spurgeon, "a very remarkable story, for the truth of which he himself could answer. I think they had been talking together of the interpositions of God's providence, of His care over His people, and of the singular deliverances which He had vouchsafed to them when in danger or distress; and Mr. Ruskin then related, with an impassioned tenderness and power which my pen cannot possibly imitate, the following instance of direct and Divine preservation from a dreadful death: A Christian gentleman, a widower, with several little ones, was in treaty for an old farmhouse in the country. One day, he took his children to see their new residence. While he talked with the agent, they set off on a tour of inspection, and scampered here, there, and everywhere over the garden and grounds. Then they proceeded to examine the house, and rushed up and down stairs, looking into every room, dancing with delight, full of fun and frolic, and shouting out their joy over every new discovery. Presently, when they seemed to have exhausted the wonders of the old house, one of them suggested that the underground premises had not yet been explored, and must therefore be visited at once. So the merry band went helter-skelter

[1] [In *Punch* for March 28, 1857, there was a paragraph (with sketch), entitled "Ruskin at the Feet of Spurgeon," quoting a paragraph from the *Morning Advertiser* in which it was stated that Ruskin "sent a cheque, after hearing him preach, for 100 guineas to Mr. Spurgeon towards the fund for building a new place of worship." Compare above, pp. 217, 296.]

in search of a way below, found a door at the head of some dark stairs, and were rushing down them at a great speed, when, midway, they suddenly stopped in startled amazement, for, standing at the bottom of the steps, they saw *their mother,* with outstretched arms and loving gesture, waving them back, and silently forbidding their further passage. With a cry of mingled fear and joy, they turned, and fled in haste to their father, telling him that they had seen mother, that she had smiled lovingly at them, but had eagerly motioned them to go back. In utter astonishment, the father listened to the children's tale. Search was made, and close at the foot of those narrow, gloomy stairs, they found a deep and open well, entirely unguarded, into which, in their mad rush, every child must inevitably have fallen and perished, had not the Lord in His mercy interposed." (*Ibid.*, pp. 289, 290.)

"Mr. Ruskin came to see me one day, many years ago, and amongst other things he said that the apostle Paul was a liar, and that I was a fool! 'Well,' I replied, 'let us keep the two things separate; so, first of all, tell me how you can prove that the apostle Paul was a liar.' 'He was no gentleman, and he was a liar, too,' answered Mr. Ruskin. 'Oh, indeed!' I rejoined, 'how do you make that out?' 'Well,' he said, 'there was a Jewish gentleman came to him one day and asked him a polite question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" (1 Corinthians xv. 35.) Paul began by saying to him, "Thou fool," which proved that the apostle was no gentleman; and then he continued, "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die," which was a lie.' 'No,' I answered, 'it was not a lie; Paul was speaking the truth.' 'How do you prove that?' asked Mr. Ruskin. 'Why,' I replied, 'very easily. What is death? Death is the resolution into its original elements of any compound substance which possessed life.' Mr. Ruskin said, 'That is the most extraordinary definition of death that I ever heard, but it is true.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it is true; and that is what happens to the seed when it dies; it is resolved into its own original elements, and the living germ which is within it becomes the centre and the source of the new life that spring from it.' 'Then,' asked Mr. Ruskin, 'what do you mean when you talk of the death of the soul?' 'I mean,' I replied, 'the separation of the soul from God; it was originally with God, and when it separates from Him it dies to God; that is its death, but that death is non-existence. The separation of the soul from the body is the separation from itself of that which quickened it, and it falls back into its original condition.' 'Well,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'you have proved that Paul spoke the truth, but you have not proved him to be a gentleman.' 'At all events,' I answered, 'the Apostle was as much a gentleman as you were just now when you called me a fool.' 'So you are,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'for devoting your time and talents to that mob of people down at Newington, when you might employ them so much more profitably upon the intellectual and cultured few, like that Jewish gentleman who came to Paul, and others whom I might name.'" (*Ibid.*, vol. iii., 1899, pp. 195–6.)

In one of his sermons, Spurgeon made the following allusion to another conversation with Ruskin: "I had some time ago a conversation with a very eminent man whose name is familiar to you all, but whose name I do not feel justified in mentioning, who was once a professed believer but is

now full of scepticism. He said to me in the course of our argument, 'Why, how foolish you are, and all the company of preachers. You tell people to think about the next world, when the best thing they could do would be to behave themselves as well as they can in this!'" (*Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 562, containing the sermon preached by Spurgeon on March 27, 1864. Ruskin kept the number, writing on it "Spurgeon on me.")

2. IN THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO WITH HOLMAN HUNT (1869)

In his Autobiography (*Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, 1905, vol. ii. pp. 258–271), Mr. Holman Hunt describes a chance meeting with Ruskin at Venice in 1869, after some years' separation. The friendliest relations were at once resumed, and they spent much time in seeing pictures together. Ruskin refers to this meeting in a letter to his mother of July 1, 1869 (see Vol. XIX. p. lv.). They stood, in the Scuola di San Rocco, before the "Annunciation," described in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii.[1] Mr. Hunt, as an examination of the picture convinced him of the truth of Ruskin's reading of the symbolism, "thought what happiness Tintoretto must have felt when he had this illuminating thought presented to him, and of his joy in carrying it out on canvas, and was wondering how few were the men who had pondered over the picture to read it thoroughly until in fulness of time the decipherer came and made it clear. This decipherer," continues Mr. Hunt, "when he spoke, made it apparent that his mind was dwelling more on the arrangement of lines in his design and the technique displayed in the handling, than on the mysteries that he had interpreted five-and-twenty years before." Ruskin proposed that they should see what he had written about it twenty or more years ago—doubtless "marked by much boyish presumption and by inflated expression." *Modern Painters* was produced, and Ruskin began to read. "The words brought back to my mind," says Mr. Hunt, "the little bedroom, twenty-two years since, wherein I sat till the early morning reading the same passage with marvel.[2] When Ruskin had closed the book, he began: 'No, there is no exaggeration or bombast such as there might have been; the words are all justified, and they describe very faithfully the character of the picture. I am well content.'

"In ascending the stairs . . . we arrived at Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion';[3] this more than warranted all of Ruskin's enthusiasm and eloquence, and we dwelt upon it for a full hour ere the *Modern Painters* was called into requisition. How many, I thought, would envy me as I listened to his precise and emphatic reading of the ever memorable passage in which he describes this picture, and as I heard him say, 'No, again I decide that what I wrote in past years is well,'—and it was well."

[1] [See ii. ch. iii. § 17 (Vol. IV. p. 263).]
[2] [See Vol. III. p. xli.]
[3] [See Plate XXVI. in Vol. XXXV. for a study made by Ruskin from this picture in 1845; and for his description of it, see Vol. IV. p. 270.]

Mr. Holman Hunt afterwards said: "I observed to-day, Ruskin, that when we were dwelling on the pictures, your interest was in the æsthetic qualities of the work alone. Was this because, having previously dwelt on the symbolism, you felt free to treat of the painter-like excellence of Tintoretto's labours only?" He goes on to report a conversation, in which Ruskin explained the change in his religious views which had taken place since his earlier books were written. Mr. Holman Hunt's notes of the conversation, though accurate in substance, hardly succeed in catching and reproducing Ruskin's manner. Ruskin himself has given account of the change. He had been brought up in the strictest school of evangelicalism, and in the acceptance of the literal accuracy of statements in the Bible. He describes his gradual abandonment of this position, in *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. In an earlier volume, we have seen how difficulties in regard to the observance of "the Sabbath" had occurred to him,[1] and Mr. Holman Hunt notes another point of the same kind:—

"On entering the nave of the empty church [the Salute], observing that the marble pillars of a side altar were rich in embedded shell fossils, Ruskin walked up the steps, and pointed this out as an evidence of the much greater antiquity of the earth than the Bible records state. 'But, Ruskin,' I agreed, 'surely this question is not a new one. Most of us considered such facts in our teens.' But he, ignoring my remark, continued to urge importance in the argument that this marble, though not of igneous formation, must have been many millenniums anterior to man's appearance on earth."

Ruskin was deeply impressed by Bishop Colenso's writings, as we shall see in his Letters; and the shaking of the early foundations of his evangelical faith had, as we have already seen from letters to his father,[2] induced a mood of wider scepticism. This was the mood which Ruskin explained to Mr. Holman Hunt at Venice in 1869. Mr. Hunt expressed his astonishment, on the ground that the scepticism was not apparent in Ruskin's writings of the time. To this Ruskin replied: "When first I was shaken in my faith, in speaking to a lady whose general judgment deserved the greatest respect, I declared that I must publish my change of views to the world. She restrained me from doing so, and made me promise not to act on this impulse for ten years.[3] Being afterwards called upon to lecture, I had to debate with myself in what way I could satisfy the demand without breaking my compact, and I was led to allow the greatest latitude to the possibility that my new views might not be permanent. It was wise to test this by reverting to my earlier theories, and I therefore determined to deliver one of my old lectures, which, when written, was heartfelt and thoroughly conscientious; the report of this was what you read."

Ten years later Mr. Holman Hunt met Ruskin again, in London. "We had been dwelling upon a picture for which he expressed great enthusiasm. As we were driving together, he said, 'One reason I so much value the

[1] [See Vol. XVII. pp. xxiii.–xxiv.]

[2] [See *ibid.*, pp. xxxviii.–xxxix.]

[3] [A letter to Ruskin's father (from Mornex, February 21, 1863) mentions this promise: "I promised Mrs. La Touche when I was in Ireland not to publish anything on religion of a serious kind for ten years."]

picture we have seen is that it carries emphatic teaching of the immortality of the soul.'" Ruskin, it seems, explained the change of view, upon which Mr. Hunt remarked, by reference to spiritualistic experiences. His movement back to the Christian faith has been noticed and explained, with reference to Ruskin's own words, in earlier volumes of this edition.[1] He had, as Mr. Collingwood says, "passed through many wildernesses of thought and doubt, and returned at last—not to the fold of the Church, but to the footstool of the Father."[2]

3. IN AN OXFORD DRAWING-ROOM[3]

"'Don't wriggle up your nose, and please look at me,' I was saying for at least the twentieth time, in tones of despair, to my sitter, when his little sister, who was perched on the window-sill, exclaimed, 'Here comes a visitor—a gentleman. Oh, it is Mr. Ruskin!' 'Ruskin!' I almost shrieked out. 'You surely don't mean the great art critic!' 'He tells us such nice fairy tales, that is all I know about him,' replied the small maiden, and she bounded out of the room. . . . 'This giant brandished a big sword, then leapt upon a big brown horse.' I heard him utter these words; his peculiar pronunciation of the letter 'r' struck me he had a kind of burr. It was a charming *tableau*. Ruskin evidently enjoyed the fairy tale as much as his small audience. The evening light was stealing in, casting mysterious shadows; it was a harmonious setting. I stood there fascinated and no longer afraid; the soft voice conquered me. 'Here she is,' shouted my small sitter. 'You know,' looking earnestly at the master, 'she is painting my picture; only my head, not my legs or feet.' (I could have choked on the spot this *enfant terrible*.) My hour had come; no use fighting against destiny;[4] I was now face to face with the prophet. It was not so terrible after all. A hand took hold of mine, a pair of deep-set pathetic eyes, with a twinkle of amusement, rested upon my flushed face. 'So here you are! At last we meet in the flesh! I am glad to see you here,' said the beautiful voice. I found myself seated close to him. He did not look as if he remembered my past act of rebellion, and if he did, evidently I was forgiven. 'So you are painting a portrait. You have a fine subject, at all events, for colour. You like drawing

[1] [See especially Vol. XXIII. pp. xlv.–xlvii.; Vol. XXIV. pp. xxii.–xxiv.; Vol. XXXIII. pp. lxi., lxii.]

[2] [*Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 361.]

[3] ["Slight Recollections of Three Great Men," in *Temple Bar*, August 1895, p. 515. The Recollection of Ruskin was reprinted, with some touchings up, in Miss Henriette Corkran's *Celebrities and I*, 1902, pp. 256–261, where the following remarks (made by Ruskin at "an exhibition of pictures, mostly by impressionists") are recorded (p. 261): "Leave this place; don't allow your eyes to dwell on these impertinent, insolent daubs. It is a sin to prostitute a noble calling in such a miserable way. It really makes me feel ill."]

[4] [Miss Corkran had written to Ruskin for advice some years before, and had fallen into displeasure for refusing to allow a letter of hers to appear in *Fors Clavigera* (*Celebrities and I*, p. 257).]

children. You ought to go to Ireland. I never saw so many lovely faces as I did there, especially amongst the beggars—such eyes, such colouring.' Like Topsy of old, who blurted out without reflecting about her words, I exclaimed, 'It would not pay to paint Irish beggar-children, and, alas! I have to earn money.' 'Not pay!' thundered out Ruskin, with a fine expression of scorn on his face. 'What a sentiment! Never work for money; it is degradation. You cannot execute anything of merit if actuated by so mean a motive.' I suppose I looked ashamed of myself, for the master's voice grew softer. 'No, you must love art for its own sake. That unhappy system of Kensington has raised up a countless multitude of inferior artists, vainly struggling to live by what will not prove a grain of wheat or stitch a rag together. I assure you I would far rather, if I had a daughter, that she were a scullery-maid, or a milkmaid, than a London hack-artist.' I muttered something about not liking to paint for money, and that I did not care to be rich. 'That is nonsense. You are far too impulsive and talk sometimes without thinking, though you have often shown that you have plenty of common sense and much spirit' (he added this *sotto voce*). 'If what you say now is quite true, you would be an absurd creature to hate to be rich. Think, now, how you would feel if a messenger came from the Bank of England, saying you might draw unlimitedly. Don't flatter yourself that the feeling would only be charitable.' I could not help langhing; but Mr. Ruskin puzzled me, he was so inconsistent. 'Art is a severe taskmaster' (he continued in a more serious tone of voice); 'to succeed you must drudge and love your work. You cannot serve God and Mammon.' Then he asked me what I had been lately studying. I told him that I had been copying some autotypes from Michael Angelo's Sistine Chapel. 'What has an Irish-woman to do with Michael Angelo?' he exclaimed, smiling. 'You are Irish, I know. No; go to Nature, study her, that is the real teacher. You have a gift for colour; study form; do everything as well as you can; even if you give a month's work for half-a-crown, no matter, it is practice, and future capital. Now, I have preached enough, and must go on with my giant's adventures.' After I had thanked him for his excellent advice once more the children gathered round him, the sympathetic voice continued the fairy tale."

4. WITH JOWETT AT BRANTWOOD[1] (1883)

"Ruskin talked about philosophy and religion, denouncing both logic and rhetoric: 'he did not need them, nobody did.'

"As an illustration of his religious belief, he told me this story. 'Once I had been very much excited by a letter which I had received from a friend, and so great was my passion that my nerves were shaken for a fortnight. On a dark and stormy day I walked up the hill out of Keswick, and as I walked a sign came to me from heaven. I was praying to be delivered from my burden, when suddenly a streak of light appeared

[1] [*Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. 1897, vol. ii. p. 257.]

in the heavens.[1] I walked on, and the clouds gathered, and the old frame of mind returned. Again I prayed, and again I saw the light. This,' he added, 'I believe to have been the state of mind of pious men in the Middle Ages. They had signs from heaven, and so have Catholics at the present day.' Speaking on painting, he said that there was no feeling whatever in the old painters for natural scenery.[2] Education he would like to make voluntary. Children should only learn what they like. He never took an interest in the classics until he was about forty, when he began to read Livy."[3]

5. A CONVERSATION WITH MR. RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD[4] (1884)

Three miles away from the village of Coniston, and on the opposite side of the lake, lies Brantwood, the house of Professor Ruskin: a large, beautiful, rambling house, with spacious rooms and low ceilings, commanding a view which is certainly unsurpassed in England for picturesqueness and poetic beauty. Down the grassy slopes and across the placid, mirror-like lake the spectator looks up at the Old Man of Coniston, rising majestically from among the lesser hills which form the middle distance. The village lies away to the right on the opposite shore; to the left no habitation interrupts the view for four miles and more, save the ivy-grown Coniston Hall. On such a picture, rich with ever-varying colour, fascinating and peaceful, the great art critic loves to gaze throughout the summer twenty times a day. Mr. Ruskin was walking in the extensive grounds adjoining the house when I arrived, and pending the announcement of my visit, I was shown into the drawing-room to await his coming. Dwarf and other bookcases stood against the walls, which, moreover, were adorned with beautiful examples of Prout, D. G. Rossetti, and others, as well as Mr. Ruskin's well-known drawing of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice,[5] one of his most important efforts. Cases of shells, in infinite variety, and of minerals revealed another and less generally known phase of Mr. Ruskin's taste, and a volume of "Art in England"—his last series of Oxford lectures—lay upon the table. I was still examining the handsome bindings upon the shelves (for the Professor delights in worthy example of the bookbinder's art), when the door opened, and he entered the

[1] [This occasion seems to be the one recorded in his diary of 1867: see Vol. XIX. pp. xxvi.–xxvii.]

[2] [See the chapters xiv., xv. ("Of Mediæval Landscape") in vol. iii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. V. pp. 248 *seq.*).]

[3] [To re-read, that is, and with pleasure: see *Præterita*, i. § 167, and Ruskin's letter of 1861 to his father in Vol. XVII. p. xlvi.]

[4] [From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 21, 1884, by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, who used most of the conversation at various places in his *John Ruskin: a Sketch of his Life, his Work, and his Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences*, 1900. Reprinted in the *Scotsman*, April 23, 1884.]

[5] [Not of the interior, but of a portion of the façade. The drawing was No. 62 in the Ruskin Exhibition of 1907; the replica of it made for Professor Norton is Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

room. With his usual genial smile and engaging manner he said, "I am very glad to see you; I wish you hadn't come to-day, though." I was preparing to offer apologies when he continued, "It was beautifully bright and clear yesterday, and the view was perfect. To-day it is very black and you can see nothing. But come with me into the library; we can talk better there, and see better, too, if the sun will only shine." And he preceded me into a chamber which was enriched by even a greater profusion of works of art than the one I had just left. Numerous exquisite water-colours of Turner hung around the room, a marvellous example of Luca della Robbia's faience [1] ("fashioned by the master's own hand and absolutely perfect," Mr. Ruskin said,) decorated the chimney-piece, bookcases and drawers full of minerals lined the room, and beautiful books were scattered about in artistic confusion.

"Well," said my host pleasantly, as he settled himself comfortably in his easy-chair and fixed his deep-blue eyes upon me, "what can I tell you or the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the public would like to hear? For you know I have no opinions upon politics or public matters just now—for I don't know what is going on anywhere—especially I know nothing about Egypt, General Gordon, Ireland, or London lodgings.[2] You see I'm very busy just now, and when I'm busy I daren't look at the newspapers, nor even open my letters, until my work is finished, or I should not be able to keep my mind upon it. So it always happens that after the work upon which I am engaged is completed I have a huge confused mass of correspondence to wade through. And what care *I* for Egypt?" I ventured to remark that it was about what he *did* care for that I wanted to hear his views. "Stay," he said, "there is one political opinion I do entertain just now, and that is that Mr. Gladstone is an old wind-bag. When he makes what is called 'a great speech,' in nine cases out of ten he uses his splendid gifts of oratory, not for the elucidation of his subject, but for its vaporisation in a cloud of words."

. . . . . .[3]

Mr. Ruskin then kindly insisted on showing me the "lions" of Brantwood. He went to one of the cases and pulled out a drawer containing blocks of stone in which were large masses of dark-blue opal. "There! never before, I believe, have such gigantic pieces of opal been seen, and certainly not possessing that beautiful dark-blue colour. Oh, yes, I'm very strong in stones; my collection of agates is the finest in the kingdom, and I am at present assisting the British Museum in this department.[4] The diamond I am at present exhibiting at the Museum is unique in crystallization on that scale—I gave a thousand pounds for it. But look—look at these books." The volumes to which he pointed were the original manuscripts of several of Scott's novels. "I think," he said, taking down one of them, "that the most precious of all is this. It is *Woodstock*. Scott

[1] [Plate VII.; the piece was obtained at Florence for Ruskin in 1880 by Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, who attributed it to Andrea, not Luca.]

[2] [The *Gazette* was writing much at the time on the Housing Question in London.]

[3] [The passage here omitted on the then recent death of the Duke of Albany is printed in Vol. XX. p. xxxvi.]

[4] [See Vol. XXVI. pp. 1. *seq.*]

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Madonna and Child

was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him.[1] Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look, as I turn towards the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Or are there more erasures than before? That shows how a man can, and should, bear adversity. Now let me show you these beautifully engrossed manuscripts of the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. I know of no stronger proof of the healthy condition of the Church at that time than the evidence of these books, when they used to write their psalm-books so beautifully, and play with their initial letters so artistically. Yes, the faces in all such manuscripts are very badly drawn, but that is because the illuminators were rather sculptors than artists—in our sense of the term."

This reference to art encouraged me to ask what he thought of Art in England at the present day. Mr. Ruskin shook his head mournfully. "I have only stopped grumbling because I find that grumbling is of no use. Besides, I am afraid of an action for libel—as in the case you know of—if I open my mouth; and if I cannot say what I choose about people I do not look at them. I may briefly say that I believe that all the genius of modern artists is directed to tastes that are in vicious states of wealth in cities, and that on the whole they are in the service of a luxurious class who must be amused, or worse than amused. I think there is twenty times more effort than there used to be, far greater skill, but far less pleasure in the exercise of it in the artists themselves. I may say that my chief feeling is that things are going powerfully to the bad, but that there may be something, no one knows how or when, which may start up and check it. Look at those drawings of Turner—there is nothing wrong in them; but in every exhibition there *is* something wrong; the pictures are either too sketchy or too finished; there is something wrong with the *man*—up to the very highest." "Are you satisfied with the result of your teachings?" "Certainly not! not in the least; I have made[2] people go wrong in a hundred ways, and they have done nothing at all. I am not," he went on rather bitterly, "an art teacher; they have picked up a few things from me, but I find I have been talking too much and doing too little, and so have been unable to form a school; and people have not been able to carry out what I say, because they do not understand it."

. . . . . .[3]

"There," he said, closing the book, "I have never written more closely than that, and they will recognize this one of these days. And I may tell you a piece of news: if I am spared another six years I shall have a school of my own. Turner liked the Royal Academy, and he was not often wrong. Its members have always been very kind to me, and I believe to everybody else. But its fault is that it is not an 'Academy'; it sets an example of no style, and it teaches its pupils no principles."

At this moment the clouds, which had obscured the sun hitherto, rolled

[1] [Compare Vol. XIII. p. 466.]

[2] [In his *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 39, Mr. Spielmann revises the passage thus: "All my life I have been talking to the people, and they have listened, not to what I say, but to how I say it; they have cared not for the matter, but only for the manner of my words. And so I have made . . ."]

[3] [The passage here omitted, dealing with the care taken by Ruskin in writing his Oxford Lectures, has been printed in Vol. XX. p. xxii.]

away. "Now," cried Mr. Ruskin, "you will be able to see the full beauty of the view. Come and look at it from the dining-room: it is finest from there." Then, turning from the window, he called my attention to several pictures that the room contained. "Do you see that picture inscribed 'J. M. W. Turner, suâ manu'? That is a portrait of himself when he was only sixteen.[1] That is a grand Titian—that old Doge over there; and this picture, which recalls Sir Joshua's 'Banished Lord,'[2] is a portrait of my father by Northcote. I always rejoice to think that my father had the good taste and the good sense to have his portrait painted by so clever an artist. He was no mean draughtsman himself." As we passed back to the library, he continued: "Prout, of whom you have seen several beautiful examples here, is one of the loves which always remain fresh to me; sometimes I tire somewhat of Turner, but never of Prout. I wish I could have drawn more myself—not that I should have done anything great; but I could have made such beautiful records of things. It is one of the greatest chagrins of my life."

I ventured to allude to the Ambleside Railway.[3] "Whenever I think of it," said Mr. Ruskin warmly, "I get so angry that I begin to fear an attack of apoplexy. There is no hope for Ambleside; the place is sure to be ruined beyond all that people imagine. The reason I do not write to the London papers on the matter is because it merely centres in the question, Have they money enough to fight in the House of Commons? It does not matter what anybody says if the damaging party can pay expenses. There are perpetually people who are trying to get up railways in every direction, and as it now stands they unfortunately can find no other place to make money from. But it is no use attacking them; you might just as well seek mercy from the money-lender as expect them to listen to reason."

. . . . . .[4]

"Can you tell me anything," I asked, changing the conversation to less debateable ground, "with respect to Lupton's failure to satisfy Turner in mezzotinting his 'Calais Pier'? You no doubt saw Mr. Lupton's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject the other day?"[5] "The truth,"

[1] [See the frontispiece to Vol. XIII.]

[2] [No. 107 in the National Gallery. For Northcote's portrait, see Vol. XXXV.]

[3] [For a letter on this subject, see above, p. 603.]

[4] [The passage here omitted, dealing with men of science, has been printed in Vol. XXVI. p. xxxix. *n.*]

[5] [In the *Gazette* of April 4, there was a letter from Mr. T. Lupton (the engraver's son), giving the following explanation of the unfinished state of the engraving: "Upon a proof of the engraving being first submitted to him, Turner exclaimed, 'It is all sea and sky. They are mere doll's boats. I do not like it.' He then touched the proof with chalk, enlarged the sails of the two principal boats in the harbour, and added other ships in the distance. All these alterations from the picture were accordingly made in the engraving, and involved much additional labour and loss of time to the engraver. When the result was shown to Turner, he exclaimed, 'Is that the result? It will not do. I do not like it. We must return to the picture after all.' My father remonstrated at having to do all this extra work, and suggested an increase to the stipulated payment. Turner did not accede to this proposal, and my father could not afford to devote any more time to the plate which Turner had materially altered from his picture; hence the engraving was never finished."]

said Mr. Ruskin, "is very difficult to get out of any expression of Turner, and I believe that he was very apt to be dissatisfied when he saw the colour of his pictures in chiaroscuro. I know the facts of the case well, and I think that there was nothing that Lupton could not do. Assuredly Turner did not mean to imply that there was any incapacity in his engraver at all; but when colour is altered to black-and-white it often happens that the relative size of the objects appears to be altered too."

"Now that I am getting old," said Mr. Ruskin in reply to a question of mine, "and can climb about the hills no longer, my chief pleasure is to go to the theatre. I told you just now that I could always enjoy Prout; in the same way one of the only pleasures in my life entirely undiminished is to see a good actor and a good play. I was immensely pleased with *Claudian* and Mr. Wilson Barrett's acting of it: indeed, I admired it so much that I went to see it three times from pure enjoyment of it,[1] although as a rule I cannot sit out a tragic play. It is not only that it is the most beautifully mounted piece I ever saw, but it is that every feeling that is expressed in the play, and every law of morality that is taught in it, is entirely right. I call that charming little play *School* entirely immoral, because the teaching of it is that a man should swagger about in knickerbockers, shoot a bull, and marry an heiress.[2] As regards the literature of modern plays, I think that in comedies the language is often very precious and piquant—more so in French than in English pieces; but I know of no tragedy, French or English, whose language satisfies me."[3]

"The main work of my life," said Mr. Ruskin, "and it will be continued to the end of it, is the ecclesiastical history that our fathers have told us,[4] and the natural history connected with my mineralogical collections. I am writing various catalogues in illustration of these collections, which I am giving my best time and care to. Besides, I am still editing Miss Alexander's book. Look at her drawings," he went on, as he drew some of her illustrations from a cabinet. "Never before have I seen such perfect penmanship—to say nothing of her knowledge of the flowers she draws. Now, before you go, come up to my bedroom, and I will show you something worth seeing." He led the way upstairs, pointing as we went to some of Turner's sepia drawings which decorated the staircase. "From this room you will get the finest view of all of the lake. But it was not for that I brought you up; look round at these masterpieces on the walls. There are twenty of Turner's most highly finished water-colours representing his whole career from this one, when he was quite a boy, to that one, which he executed for me. There is not one of them which is not perfect in every respect. I am much exercised as to how I shall leave these beautiful drawings after my death, so as to be of the greatest service to the public. As it now stands, in case of my sudden death they will all go to

[1] ["I like Wilson Barrett," said Ruskin one day, "he flatters me so deliciously and in such tactful taste" (M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 41. For another reference to him, see above, p. 21.]

[2] [For another reference to this play by Robertson, see above, p. 392.]

[3] ["And he added that he was a critical admirer, too, with many reservations, of Miss Mary Anderson—'a sweet lady and an excellent person, but not, I think, a great actress'" (M. H. Spielmann, p. 54).]

[4] [See Vol. XXXIII.]

Oxford,[1] but I cannot quite make up my mind as to what is the best to do. Here you see what is probably the most beautiful painting of fruit that Hunt ever did, and it hangs among the Turners like a brooch. Yes, I hold this to be the finest collection of perfect Turner drawings in existence—with one exception, perhaps; and the nation shall have it."

"I have made a great mistake.[2] I have wasted my life with mineralogy, which has led to nothing. Had I devoted myself to birds, their life and plumage, I might have produced something worth doing. If I could only have seen a humming-bird fly," he went on, with a wistful smile, "it would have been an epoch in my life! Just think what a happy life Mr. Gould's must have been—what a happy life! Think what he saw and what he painted. I once painted with the utmost joy a complete drawing of a pheasant—complete with all its patterns, and the markings of every feather, in all its particulars and details accurate. It seems to me an entirely wonderful thing that the Greeks, after creating such a play as *The Birds*, never went further in the production of any scientific result. You remember that perfectly beautiful picture of Millais'—'The Ornithologist'[3]—the old man with his birds around him?—one of the most pathetic pictures of modern times."

6. RUSKIN AT FARNLEY[4] (1884)

"(*Saturday, December* 13.)—The first words he said when he entered the room were that he had a great favour to ask, which was that we would not ask him to go into the drawing-room, the room where the oil-pictures by Turner hung, for that he should not be able to bear it. . . . In the evening he spoke about music. He said that what is now called high-class music missed all the point and meaning of the old national music, which so much depended on the feeling of the performer. Now-a-days you could not get to hear a Scotch or old Italian air, and for his part he preferred *low* music to what is called good music—the latter was full of a certain passion but meant nothing.

"(*Sunday, December* 14.)—A dull gloomy morning; Mr. Ruskin talked at breakfast about the clouds and his study of the sky, and the fact that the last ten years had been marked by such great absence of sunshine and so much cloud and fog. . . . In the afternoon he looked at the Rhine

[1] [For Ruskin's rupture with Oxford and revocation of this bequest, see Vol. XXXIII. p. lvii.]

[2] [This concluding paragraph was added by Mr. Spielmann in his *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 151.]

[3] [For another reference in the same sense to this picture of 1885, see Vol. XIV. p. 496.]

[4] ["Mr. Ruskin at Farnley," by Edith Mary Fawkes, in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, vol. 47, pp. 621–623. Some letters to Mrs. Fawkes in connexion with this visit are given in a later volume. For Ruskin's earlier visit to Farnley, see Vol. XII. p. liv.]

sketches; afterwards he looked at the book of birds. They seemed to delight him, especially the peacock's head, which he said was a marvel of colour and force, and the kingfisher, which he examined for a long time with a magnifying glass, and he said he could not find words to describe its exquisite beauty. I asked if Turner had painted many birds, and he answered, 'Nowhere but at Farnley. He could only do them joyfully there.'[1]

"He came down for an hour after dinner, and he talked a great deal about Sir Walter Scott. . . . Of Carlyle he spoke with the utmost love and veneration. He said he had been more than a father to him, that there was nothing in literature, so far as history went, like his *French Revolution* and *Frederick*, and that he had done immortal work. I said how sad it seemed that with his great aspirations he should have led such a miserable life. Mr. Ruskin said he was not really as unhappy as the life by Froude made him out to be; that he had a wretched digestion and a way of talking about his miseries, but that his life was not really as unhappy as Turner's.[2]

"The next morning Mr. Ruskin went away. I drove with him to the station, and as we got near the little town, he said, 'Look! look! a Turner drawing!'—and engraved on my memory is the familiar view of Otley bridge, the river Wharfe gleaming in veiled sunshine, a soft mist half hiding the town, and the great hill rising slate-coloured above the mist into a luminous sky."

7. RUSKIN AT SANDGATE[3] (1887)

At a small seaside town on the Kentish coast, and in an old-fashioned hotel, whose living-rooms look directly on to a shingly shore, Mr. Ruskin is at present staying for the benefit of his health. As it is not long ago that unfavourable reports were circulated, I was agreeably surprised to find him looking as well as he does. There was no sign of weakness as he advanced and with kind cordiality greeted his visitor, pointed out a comfortable chair, and alluded *en passant* to the charming quaintness of the room. "It is so quiet," he remarked, "nothing but the sound of the sea, a murmur of waves, a rest and a pleasure." . . .

[1] [It was then that Ruskin spoke the words about Farnley which his hostess afterwards entered in the visitors' book: see, again, Vol. XII. p. liv.]

[2] [So, in another recorded conversation, Ruskin "spoke with scornful amusement of such mistaken enthusiasts as wished to enroll Jane Welsh Carlyle among the martyrs on account of her 'man's' bad temper. He admitted that Carlyle was grumpy, and habitually melancholy—'but so am I'—and he was easily irritated. 'That clever shrew,' his wife, well knew this, and by the very tones of her voice as she 'rasped out his name' could set his nerves on edge in a paroxysm of febrile irritation" ("Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences," by L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 568).]

[3] [From the *Boston Evening Transcript*, January 7, 1888. The article was headed "Ruskin at Close View. An Interview with the Great Critic at Sandgate. His Estimate of English and Americans as Art-lovers"; and was dated November 22, 1887.]

I alluded to a newspaper report I had seen of his having lately purchased some water-colour drawings by Turner, of Old Folkestone. He smiled and replied, "That is not quite true, though of course there is a foundation for it. I bought some drawings from a Mr. Barrow, of Old Folkestone, intending to use them as illustrations in a forthcoming book,[1] depicting this coast in the days of Turner—you may know that Turner lived at Margate and painted all along this coast."[2]

"I believe the Town Council, or some of the local magnates of Folkestone, asked you to present the drawings to their museum?"

"They did, though they would not appreciate them if they had them. They are doing all they can to spoil the beautiful coast and the old town with their horrible railway erections; there are steamers there spouting smoke for three hours before they start—one would think they might save their fuel; however, that is their lookout, though the thing is monstrous. Once one could see the lovely coast stretching to Dover, see Shakespeare's Cliff; now that is all hidden by hideous smoke. To think that I should give them the drawings, that they might have bought themselves had they been so minded, they are the damndest people."

Mr. Ruskin's way of saying the word "damndest" does not strike one as a condemnatory epithet; it is said with such a gentle relish, that it merely becomes a superlative adjective of a humorous tendency.

"How do I like the Americans?" This, in response to a question of mine. "I did not like them until recently; you know I lived for a long time in the thirteenth century, then"—he laughed heartily for a second—"I have been obliged to leave it and look round me a little here. What made me think more of the Americans was because of the Americans I met; perhaps Miss Alexander inclined me—though she has lived so long in Florence, that I might almost call her a Florentine. She has a beautiful and tender character. . . .

"And then I met and thoroughly enjoyed the society of Dr. Holmes; but my friend is Professor Charles Eliot Norton, a charming man—clever, scientific, cultured. Yes, I like the Americans better now than I ever did before—such youth, such energy. I think of them when I am dead and the Great Energy is resistlessly pushing them forward. Their time is not now, it is in the future, though I admit their progress in science; still, they are crude; art does not come to a new people; it must be built up with patience and reverence. Some day they will have a national school; now they are crude and have no more idea or appreciation of a work of art, of a picture, than the English have."

"But do you not think the English are appreciative of art—more appreciative than the Americans?"

"John Bull is simply a colonist. He is a hard-headed, practical man, who will go all over the world, and take other lands, and build walls, but he doesn't care for a picture—he doesn't know a good one when he sees one—and there are no painters who know how to lay paint on since Turner and Sir Joshua Reynolds."

In saying this Mr. Ruskin did not convey the impression that he only

[1] [One of Ruskiu's many unwritten books.]

[2] [For Turner's studies of Margate skies, see Vol. XXVII. p. 164.]

singled out these two men as deserving of praise from the many, for he spoke of Stanfield, Constable, etc., and others of that epoch. He seemed to mean that with their demise the English school of painting, as a distinct school, had departed.

Later he delivered himself as follows concerning the Munich school:[1] "I was there and stood it as long as I could, but it made me ill. Had I stayed longer, such work"—he paused, and with an animated gesture—"I verily believe would have given me the cholera."

After some general conversation not easy to write down, but in the course of which Mr. Ruskin made graceful allusions to Carlyle and Emerson, he again touched on John Bull's colonising instincts and the Irish question. "An obstinate and cruel Government! Nothing but cruelty and oppression in Ireland, beginning with Henry VIII."

"But you do not blame the existing Government for follies of the past?"

"No, but the existing Government has its follies of to-day. Let it redress these."

From this dangerous subject, which like a theological controversy has no end, the "professor" drifted conversationally to the Folkestone people and their contrivances for defacing Nature's handiwork. "They are even talking of sending their smoking steamers here, building a pier and a railway and I don't know what—whatever they touch in Nature they surround and spoil. There is a man there who has bought a bit of lovely moorland and gone and built a wall around it! The beach here is well as it is, and should be left so. Not that they appreciate it; it serves for the lovers who come from there, and sit on the shore in their horrible plaid costumes and gaze on the sea."

8. WITH AMERICAN VISITORS[2]

"Ah! now, gentlemen, I am glad to see you."

There was no time nor necessity for a formal introduction. The great man took my hand as if he had always known me, as perhaps he thought he had. Then he greeted my friend in the same way, stirred up the fire, for it was a north of England summer day, and took a seat by the table. We were all silent for a space—a silence without embarrassment.

"You were looking at the etching over the fireplace—it was sent to me by a young lady in America," said Mr. Ruskin, "and I placed it there to get acquainted with it. I like it more and more. Do you know the scene?" I knew the scene and explained somewhat about it.

Mr. Ruskin has the faculty of making his interviewer do most of the talking. He is a rare listener, and leans forward, putting a hand behind his right ear to get each word you say. He was particularly

[1] [See Vol. VII. p. liii.]

[2] [*Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great.* By Elbert Hubbard. John Ruskin. February 1895. New York and London. The date of the "little journey" to Brantwood is not given.]

interested in the industrial conditions of America, and I soon found myself "occupying the time," while an occasional word of interrogation from Mr. Ruskin gave me no chance to stop. I came to hear him, not to defend our "republican experiment," as he was pleased to call the United States of America. Yet Mr. Ruskin was so gentle and respectful in his manner, and so complimentary in his attitude of a listener, that my impatience at his want of sympathy for our "experiment" only caused me to feel a little heated.

"The fact of women being elected to mayoralties in Kansas makes me think of certain African tribes that exalt their women into warriors—you want your women to fight your political battles!"

"You evidently hold the same opinion on the subject of equal rights that you expressed some years ago," interposed my companion.

"What did I say—really I have forgotten?"

"You replied to a correspondent, saying: 'You are certainly right as to my views respecting female franchise. So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.'"[1]

"Surely that was a sensible answer. My respect for woman is too great to force on her increased responsibilities. Then as for restricting the franchise with men, I am of the firm conviction that no man should be allowed to vote who does not own property, or who cannot do considerably more than read or write. The voter makes the laws, and why should the laws regulating the holding of property be made by a man who has no interest in property beyond a covetous desire; or why should he legislate on education when he possesses none! Then, again, women do not bear arms to protect the State."

"But what do you say to Mrs. Carlock, who answers that inasmuch as men do not bear children they have no right to vote: going to war possibly being necessary and possibly not, but the perpetuity of the State demanding that some one bear children."

"The lady's argument is ingenious, but lacks force when we consider that the bearing of arms is a matter relating to statecraft, while the baby question is Dame Nature's own, and is not to be regulated even by the sovereign."

9. RUSKIN AT SALLENCHES[2] (1888)

I had seen Ruskin often before. I had watched him Sunday after Sunday walk up the Christ Church choir over the mosaic symbols of Temperance and Fortitude. I had marvelled at the lengths of blue necktie which appeared to be twisted round and round his collar, and seemed to prop his chin, at that time beardless. I had listened to one of his great courses of lectures in the museum theatres, and well remember how in the last he so overwhelmed us with solemn awe, that when he closed

[1] [See above, p. 499.]

[2] [From the *Daily Chronicle*, February 8, 1899. Another account of the same talk with Ruskin, signed "M. W. N.," appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, January 22, 1901.]

his book no one moved or spoke. We sat there absolutely silent. We no more thought of the usual thunder of applause than we should have thought of clapping an angel's song that makes the heavens be mute. But then I had no opportunity of meeting the great teacher to whom all were devoted.

Once, however, I did meet him in rather an interesting way. It was eleven years ago, soon after *Præterita* had appeared, and inspired by a description of a village in one of those chapters of youthful memories, I had sought out the place myself, and was staying there. It is the most beautiful valley I know in Switzerland. At supper there was always with me a very modest and intelligent Scotchman, whom I conjectured to be the attendant to an unknown gentleman in a private suite upstairs. The unknown's bedroom was next to mine, and as he began walking about with creaking boots at five o'clock every morning, I only wished he would go away. Whether he was a nobleman or a lunatic, I could not quite make up my mind, but from the enormous number of letters and papers he was always sending to the post I set him down as a gentle graphomaniac.

Of course it was Ruskin. He was then writing the beautiful epilogue to the last large edition of *Modern Painters*.[1] Next day I saw the Master at the window and he received me. In an Englishman his politeness was so surprising that it seemed excessive. His manner at first also was subdued and solemn, as though we were in church, and the tone throughout sad and regretful but for the sudden sunshine of irony and the little smile which tempered any bit of exaggeration or despair. He began talking at once about the place, saying there was none like it for beauty and sublimity combined. "And yet," I said, "hardly a soul stays here."

"Very few people have souls," he answered, "and those that have are generally too ambitious and want to go up heights. Hardly any one really cares about beauty. If they did they would neither build London nor pull Paris down. Most people care for nothing at all but comfort and money. There are, of course, good people still, but they spend all their time in undoing the harm which the others have done. They go about nursing, or improving the East end, or teaching crétins. The healthy and hopeful are neglected. Nobody thinks it interesting enough or worth while to look after them, or share their lives. A woman with a lovely voice was singing here the other day along the streets. Her only song was all about 'Liberté, Liberté,' and that sort of thing. I rushed out and asked her what she knew of liberty. I tried to get her to sing some of the other songs in the book she was selling, but found she didn't know any and couldn't read a word. Was she not of more value than many crétins? Yet no one taught her.

"Yes, the people here are gloomy, and no wonder. They are neglected and left to themselves, and not allowed to see or hear anything. There are no gentry in the country. They have swarmed into the towns to make money. The peasants have a very hard time, especially in such seasons as this," (*i.e.*, from the wet) "and now that the vines are diseased. The whole climate of Europe is growing damper, and I only wish God would provide us with better means of resisting it. The snow is not so deep on Mont Blanc as it used to be when first I saw it. It comes lower down the sides,

[1] [See in this edition Vol. VII. pp. 461–464.]

but is thin, and the top is growing quite bare. Yesterday we were out on the road towards C., and saw the great moraine that once came from Mont Blanc and extended to Geneva and the Jura. As it gradually receded it left its greatest blocks just in that place. I measured some of them." (Here he gave me the measurements, showing his careful accuracy in all observation.) "The vegetation was very rich, as it always is on granite."

Then he fell to talking of friends we both knew, praising their scientific powers and their patience in drawing. "They can do this and that," he said, "which is much more than I can. Yes, I think there are still good people in the world, though they generally overwork themselves—or overwalk, like you. I only wish I could walk as far now."

Other personal things he said, and then parted with the same politeness. I wish I could represent the perfect tone and modulation of the voice, and the sweetness of the smile amid the sorrowful words.

FROM RUSKIN'S NOTE-BOOKS

I. NOTES ON THE BIBLE:—

1. CONDUCT AND FAITH (1856, 1858, 1859)

(i.) IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

(ii.) AS SPOKEN OF BY CHRIST

2. THE MINOR PROPHETS (1882)

II. NOTES ON THE CLASSICS:—

1. THE "PLUTUS" OF ARISTOPHANES (1858)

2. THE ODES OF HORACE

FROM RUSKIN'S NOTE-BOOKS

I

NOTES ON THE BIBLE

1. CONDUCT AND FAITH[1]

(i.) In the Old Testament

Isaiah i.—New moons and sabbaths continued; conduct only required. Seek judgment (*right*, in margin); relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless and widow.

Is. ii.—The Sins accused are Soothsaying, Too great wealth (chariots and horses), and *idolatry* and *pride* (very curiously connected these two last); closed with exhortation to humility.

Is. iii.—Punishment of the land by foolish princes, and babes to rule over them. Oppression of anarchy: note verse 5. Then the two important verses, "Say ye to the righteous, It shall be well with him," "Say ye to the wicked, It shall be ill with him." *Pride* again accused in daughters of Zion.

Is. iv.—Mystical. May have evangelical meaning.

Is. v.—The vineyard bringing forth wild grapes; that is, oppression instead of judgment (verse 7). Also avarice and self-indulgence, in rest of chapter. Laying house to house, calling evil good, conceit, injustice: verses 20, 21, 22.

Is. vi.—Grand mystical passage. Isaiah, being a man of unclean lips, is prayed and purged by live coal taken with tongs from off *altar.*[2]

Is. vii., viii., ix.—Do not bear on the subject except ix. 15, 17, Hypocrisy and evil-doing and lying.

Is. x.—Verses 1, 2, Injustice and robbery of poor and fatherless; 6, Hypocrisy.

Is. xi.—4, 5, Righteousness and equity to the poor; conf. xvi. 5; xxvi. 5, 7, 10.

[1] [These passages are collected from Ruskin's Diaries written during his continental travels in 1856, 1858, and 1859. In looking over the book at some later time, he noted the entries among "Things begun, not finished, an *Analysis* of Texts relating to Conduct and Faith in Old Testament"—here limited to Isaiah—and "As spoken of by Christ."].

[2] [For Ruskin's discourses on the passage, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 146).]

Is. xii.—May be interpreted, with some forcing, evangelically.

Is. xvi.—5, Righteousness.

Is. xvii.—7, 8, 10 may be forced into evangelicalism.

Is. xxii.—12, 13, 14, Merriment as iniquity.

Is. xxiv.—5, Breaking God's law and the everlasting covenant; conf. v. 20.

Is. xxv.—6, 7, 8, 9.

Is. xxvi.—Importance of Equity to poor, and *works* generally, 8, 12, etc.

Is. xxvii.—Notable for denunciation of folly, 11; conf. xxix. 24.

Is. xxviii.—Sensuality and pride throughout; with evangelical verse 16 opposed by 17.

Is. xxix.—Hypocrisy, 13. Watching and lying in wait for sin, 20, 21, with praise of meekness and promise, 19.

Is. xxx.—Want of trust in God.

Is. xxxi.—The same, and idolatry, 7.

Is. xxxii.—Verse 2 may be forced into evangelicalism, but the restoration is to be of perfection in character (4) and true estimate of it, 7; so 16, 17.

Is. xxxiii.—The great conduct verse, 15.

Is. xxxiv.—Not bearing on the point.

Is. xxxv.—Perhaps, with much forcing at verse 8, evangelical.

Is. xxxvi.–xxxix.—Historical.

(ii.) As spoken of by Christ

1. First recorded words of Christ, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business" [Luke ii. 49]. I suppose the "how is it that ye sought me," is best interpreted simply as the father and mother would understand it; yet it seems to me as if it were a mystical question, to all Christians who seek Christ vainly, and without working. *How* did ye seek me?

2. Second recorded words, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness" [Matthew iii. 15]. I do not, however, understand Christ's meaning, as respected baptism. Whether He meant that persons pure in spirit were yet wrong if they neglected outward means of sanctification; or that "thus," in humility and submission to inferiors, all righteousness was best fulfilled.

3. Third recorded words, to the two disciples, to Peter, and to Nathaniel [John i. 39, 42, 47]. To the disciples, the "Come and See" as well as the command to Philip, "Follow me" [John i. 43], are both commands of *acts:* addressed to persons beginning to seek the right; and which commands, by obeying, they would gradually find leading to more light. Of the "thou shalt be called Cephas" I can understand nothing particular. Nathaniel is already an "Israelite indeed," *i.e.*, keeping the law perfectly, and wholly upright, and then a miracle is vouchsafed to him, that he may understand that Christ is indeed his Lord. This is just as it seems to me God deals with all His people.

4. Of the Temptation words I can understand nothing.

(Baveno, *July 11th*, 1858.)—Still less can I understand what particular points I was thinking of when I wrote that; as their signification, so far

as I recollect, never seemed obscure to me, or to any one else. Let me see what seems to be in them to-day:—

(1) "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God," "Non in solo pane vivit homo sed in omni verbo Dei" (*Matt.* iv. 4). I don't quite see how the feeding with manna proved this: for that was "bread"—"in the morning ye shall be filled with bread" (Exodus xvi. 12). "Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you" (xvi. 4). "The children of Israel said one to another 'It (is) manna,' for they wist not what it was" (xvi. 15): in the margin, or "What (is) this," or "It (is) a portion." But in Vulgate, "Dixerunt ad invicem Manhu quod significat 'quid est hoc' ignorabant enim quid esset." And in Glossary, "Manhu—'Quidnam hoc est' vel 'quomondo est istud.'" So that it looks as if one should generally translate manna "What is this?" "They laid up a pot full of 'what is this,'" etc.* But whether I take this meaning, or that of "a portion," it is somewhat more intelligible as a type of God's word, or God's grace, in this very mystery, than if manna meant bread. After all, the more I think, the more puzzled I become; and I suppose this was the way I lost understanding of the words before. I don't understand what Christ means by the "words" of God.

The other clauses of the temptation words are clear, but do not bear on our subject.

Henceforward I shall not attempt to take the words chronologically, lest I should miss some.

1. *Matthew* iv. 17. "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

2. *Matt.* iv. 19. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

These two verses can only by much twisting be made to bear any abstract interpretation about faith. Any simple man would understand them simply—to turn from his sins, and to follow Christ both in hearing and obeying.

The Sermon on the Mount I have elsewhere spoken of.[1]

3. Then, "I will, be thou clean" (Matthew xviii. 3).—Certainly a strong type and proof of the power of Christ to "put away sin" by His will and touch. So understood by the Jews: and very comforting to Christians. A pure evangelical text.

* (Dresden, *Sunday, 26th June*, '59. Comments written on the passage opposite, a year afterwards.)—I see the "What is this" must be the true meaning, because of the "He fed thee with manna, 'which thou knewest not, neither thy fathers'" (Deut. viii. 3). Then the main question is—what is meant by "every *word* of God," ῥῆμα (Matt. iv. 4)? Now ῥῆμα sometimes means a thing. "With God nothing shall be impossible" (πᾶν ῥῆμα), Luke i. 37. Now, besides ῥῆμα there are ἔπος and λόγος for "word," and I find it stated in Maltby that ῥῆμα in Greek Sacred writers means "a thing." Also, it seems to me to have come from ῥέω, to flow, for ἐρῶ or ἐρέω and εἶρω (see εἶρω in Maltby[2]) are the words for "to speak"; so that I should translate "Man doth not live by bread alone but by everything which proceeds or flows out of God's mouth" (? is ἐρῆμος connected with ῥῆμα in this sense). Now observe farther, στόμα is not properly a mouth at all; used for it distinctly, however, in Matthew xv. 18, etc.; still its first meaning is *os, facies*. In the Vulgate "quod egreditur ex ore dei." "Mouth" does not translate the full meaning of the sentence: "Everything which flows from the Face of God," I should read.

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 378–379, 385, 426).]

[2] [*A New and Complete Greek Gradus*, by Edward Maltby, p. 195.]

4. *Matt.* viii. 4. "See thou tell no man," etc.—I am always puzzled by these prohibitions—surely very strange this withholding of himself by Christ; not half enough thought of; if the verse stood alone, I should understand it. Do not talk to people about your Christian experiences, but go this way, (about your business) show thyself—reformed and pure in conduct—to the priest—(to all God's people)—and offer thy gifts in deeds, for a testimony unto them.

5. *Matt.* viii. 7. "I will come and heal him," to verse 13.—It seems strange that where this great humility and faith existed, Jesus did *not* come under his roof but took him at his word: unless the doing so were to him a greater manifestation of power and therefore more gracious. The statement that Jesus "marvelled" is curious: either describing an appearance of what was not, or else proving the abdication of omniscience.

6. *Matt.* viii. 12. The children of the Kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness (note among the terrible verses).

7. *Matt.* viii. 20. "The foxes have holes." No bearing.

8. *Matt.* viii. 22. "Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead."—This verse might be used somewhat dangerously by people who wanted to make their religion an excuse for neglecting immediate duties. It may be classed among the evangelical ones.

9. *Matt.* viii. 26. "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?"—The true use of faith is not to do away with deeds, but with fear.

10. *Matt.* viii. 32. "Permission of destruction" to be noted among God's dealings with men or devils.

11. *Matt.* ix. 2. "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee."—Completely evangelical.

12. *Matt.* ix. 4, 5. "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts, for whether is easier," etc.—This, however, could not be understood by any simple person to imply that there was *less* miracle in the forgiveness than in the cure; and it seems to me to mark that the power of forgiving depended mainly on Christ's power of *cleansing;* purifying the soul, so as to put it in a state to deserve forgiveness. Whoever feels this miracle of soul-healing wrought in him may claim such forgiveness, but no other.

13. *Matt.* ix. 9. "Follow me."

14. *Matt.* ix. 12. "They that be whole," etc. I have never believed these words of Christ to be wholly ironical. If they are, they are a most curious example of the use of irony in a matter of profound importance. If not, they are to be classed with the Prodigal parable; and their exact meaning—that is to say, the state in which a man may be, in which less joy is made over him because he needs no repentance than over a sinner recovered, is one requiring deep thought.

15. *Matt.* ix. 15. "Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn," etc., to verse 17 inclusive.—I don't understand these verses, never did. They want thorough thinking out, with respect to the question of fasting.

16. *Matt.* ix. 22. "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."—These two miracles, of Jairus' daughter and the woman, have peculiarly evangelical characters, and need close examination. Observe, in passing, the absurdity of claiming verbal accuracy for Scripture, when the speech of the ruler is said by Matthew to have been "my daughter is even now dead, but come and lay thy hands upon her and she shall live"—which, if we had had it alone, would have been reasoned

about and preached about as the most glorious exercise of faith on record; but which, when we turn to Mark and Luke, we find is merely a short and inaccurate compendium of what took place, the ruler coming to say his child was dying, and the servant meeting them with news of her death, when Christ has to encourage the father to believe still.

17. *Matt.* ix. 24. "Give place, for the maid is not dead but sleepeth." Compare, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him" (John xi. 11).—This is one of the instances of God's true assertion against human modes of thinking or even of knowing. They knew she was dead, humanly, but in God's sight, nothing is dead but what is left by Him to itself—and to corruption. Death is unredeemable; all redeemable rest —or rest that God intends to redeem—is sleep.

18. *Matt.* ix. 28, 29. "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" "According to your faith be it unto you."—I have never yet been able quite to understand our Lord's appeal to faith in such instances. Observe, however, that the faith must be manifested to the world by an external change and bettering of state, be it better acting, or better seeing.

From this point I go faster to take a general review, meaning to return upon details.

Matt. x. If these orders to disciples are to be taken literally, it is awkward for the clergy. If not, we must beware of taking other sayings —made to the disciples—home to ourselves.

Verse 37, "He that loveth," etc.—Tremendous verse to be pushed home—(what does verse 41 mean?)

Matt. xi. Value of repentance. Chorazin (21) and verse about Rest (28)—which people are always so fond of, avoiding all that about the Cross, in the chapter before.

Matt. ix. 37. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore," etc.—*Labourers*, ἐργάται, wanted, not believers merely. How little weight people lay on the word.

Perhaps before going on I had better work out the general meaning of Christ's opposition of sinners and righteous as suggested in this chapter (ix.). "Publicans and sinners" (verse 10), a Pharisee's phrase (11)—used by St. Matthew, quoted by Christ, verse 19 of ch. xi., but not a Christ's own phrase—Christ quotes the "I will have mercy and not sacrifice" twice—here, "for I am not come to call the righteous but sinners," and in ch. xii. 7, "Had ye known what that meaneth ye would not have condemned the guiltless."

Note respecting conversion, if people would only say "turned" instead of "converted," how much trouble it would save! That wretchedly misunderstood verse "Except ye be converted," etc. (Matt. xviii. 3), for instance. The circumstances are: the Disciples dispute who shall be greatest. Christ has to show them that they are yet entirely wrong and off the road: "this will never do," He has to say, you must become something quite different from this before you are good for anything. So he calls a child. Now—"except ye be turned and humble yourselves, ye cannot enter into the kingdom"—ὅστις οὖν ταπεινώσῃ ἑαυτὸν ὡς τὸ παιδίον τοῦτο, οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ μείζων ἐν τῇ βασιλείᾳ τῶν οὐρανῶν. Now notice, the humbling is to be *as a child*. How *is* a child humble?[1] Not by thinking

[1] [Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 431.]

that he is a converted child and only knows the truth—and nobody else knows it and he has to teach it. But by loving everybody, trusting everybody, working as hard as he can, playing simply and obeying his father and mother, and learning for and from them. That, therefore, is the Christian's character. He is not to teach. He knows nothing, his Father and the Bible are to teach. He is to trust, to do, and to be good, and of course to tell every one his Father is good, but not to go up to other children and pretend to teach them as if he *were* his Father.

Query, meaning of τῶν μικρων τούτων τῶν πιστευόντων εἰς ἐμε—query, trusting in me—in a simple childish sense. (Observe when Christ says "thy sins are forgiven thee" to the palsy-stricken it is "τεκτον." "Child, thy sins," not "son," as we have it.) Now this verse which Jesus quotes twice, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," is probably most literally, Hosea v. 6: "For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings;" compare Hosea viii. 13; Micah vi. 6–8; Prov. xxii. 3, 27; 1st Samuel xv. 22; Eccl. v. 1; Psalm li. 16; l. 18; Isa. i. 11; Amos v. 21; Christ Himself is anointed because He loved Righteousness, Hebrews i. 9; (Heb. iii. 14, who are the μέτοχοι Χριστοῦ, fellows of Christ?)

Note very strictly Luke xii. 29, 31. "Seek you not what ye shall eat . . . neither be ye of *doubt*ful mind, but rather seek the Kingdom of God"—(*i.e.*, Righteousness—peace and joy in the Holy Ghost) followed by the "Sell that ye have and give alms"—nothing about Sentiments here.

Galatians i. 4.—An evangelical one. What does it really mean? "Who gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us (take us out of) this present evil, αἰών." What do people consider this taking out to be, or the αἰων to be?—questions to be mainly asked: the meaning, and how the giving himself for our sins enables Christ to do it?

2. THE MINOR PROPHETS[1]

(1882)

It will be well now to collect and arrange the texts I have been in the habit of referring to as including most briefly the teaching of the Bible.

1. *Conduct not sacrifice.*—Micah vi. 6–8: this, of conduct against sacrifice, quite primary. Hosea vi. 6; Amos iv. 5, v. 21.

2. *False weights.*—Micah vi. 10–12, of false weights and measures. Amos viii. 5, "ephah small, shekel great" (measure small, price big). Micah vii. 2, conf. with 14th Psalm.

3. *Redemption.*—Hosea i. 10, "In the place where it was said unto them, ye are the sons of the living God." Conf. ii. 18, xiii. 14.

4. *Resurrection.*—Hosea vi. 2, "After two days will he revive us; in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight."

[1] [These notes were made by Ruskin in the Diary of 1882, written while he was travelling in Switzerland and Italy. It is not to be understood that the texts from the Minor Prophets are those to which he attached most importance in the whole Bible. He means that whatever the portion of the Bible he was engaged upon at the time, he would collect and arrange the most important passages in it.]

5. *Usury and Traffic.*—Proverbs xxviii. 8, "He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor"; Hosea xii. 7, "He is a merchant, the balances of deceit are in his hand"; Amos ii. 6, "Because they have sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes"—the following (8) "clothes laid to pledge by every altar" and "wine of the condemned," of deeper meaning.

6. *Punishment by withholding harvest.*—Hosea ii. 9, "Therefore I will return, and take away my corn in the time thereof." Confer all Joel i., especially verse 7; Amos iv. 7–10; Haggai i. 6, 11; ii. 16.

7. *Suffering of lower creatures with man.*—Hosea iv. 3, "Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beasts of the field and with the fowls of heaven; yea the fishes of the sea shall be taken away." Conf. repentance of Nineveh, Jonah iii. 7; Zephaniah i. 3. Conf. evil joy in ruin, ii. 14.

8. *Gifts to rulers and their uselessness.*—Hosea iv. 18, 19: "Her rulers with shame do love, 'Give ye.' The wind hath bound her up in her wings."

9. *Adultery.*—The entire prophecy of Hosea is founded on the summing up of idolatry under the figure of adultery; iv. 11–17 may be taken as the representative passage in all the Bible. Conf. vii. 4–6.

10. *Instability.*—Of perseverance, Hosea vi. 3, 4: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord," followed by "Oh Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

11. *Useless labour.*—Hosea viii. 7, "For they have sown the wind," etc.; conf. xii. 1, "followeth after the east wind"; conf. xiii. 3 with context.

12. *Persistence in sin.*—Hosea viii. 11, "Because Ephraim hath made many altars to sin, altars shall be unto him to sin"; with iv. 17.

13. *Madness.*—Hosea ix. 7, "Israel shall know it . . . the spiritual man is mad, for the multitude of thine iniquities"; conf. ix. 8, of false preaching: "The prophet is a snare of the fowler."

14. *False judgment.*—Evil plants, Hosea x. 4: "Thus judgment springeth up as hemlock in the furrows of the field." Conf. 8, "the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars." Zephaniah iii. 3, Micah ii. 11, of false prophets. Habakkuk i. 1–4.

15. *Shame.*—Hosea x. 8, "They shall say to the mountains 'Fall on us,' and to the hills 'Cover us.'" Zephaniah iii. 5, "The unjust knoweth no shame."

16. *Righteousness (with mercy).*—Hosea x. 12, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy," to be compared with the first verse, "Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself"; to be examined with the interpretation following of idolatry, and again with verse 13, "Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity, ye have eaten the fruit of lies." Conf. xii. 5, "Keep mercy and judgment and wait on thy God continually."

The whole of Amos v. (but chiefly 24) and vi. 12 always obscure to me. Zephaniah ii. 3, iii. 5, 12, 13.

17. *The Love of God.*—Hosea xi. 1, "When Israel was a child then I loved him." The whole chapter is one piece, centred on "I drew them with cords of a man" and "How shall I make thee as Admah!"

Jonah iv. 1, 2. The Litany text[1]—one always forgets where it comes from, and that Jonah is angry in saying it. The strangest thing in all Sacred Literature,—this last chapter of Jonah.

18. *Power with God.*—Hosea xii. 4, "Yea by his strength he had power over the angel and prevailed," with context.

19. *Wisdom.*—Last verse of Hosea a good general one ("Who is wise, and he shall understand these things; prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein").

20. *Money.*—The Golden Calf. Hosea viii. 4, 5, "Of their silver and gold have they made them idols," "Thy calf, O Samaria, hath cast thee off." Conf. xiii. 2; xiv. 2, "calves of our lips."

This ends my study of Hosea—certainly the most scattered and painful of the minor Prophets. Chiefly general rebuke of adultery and idolatry, containing many valuable texts, but little connected reading. The last chapter the most useful.

21. *Fasting.*—Joel ii. 15. This text may be thought of as the characteristic one of all Joel, in its sternness, clearness, majesty. A noble prophecy—only three chapters, or Breaths, in the Word of it. Conf. their unanimity of call, i. 14, ii. 15, iii. 16 ("Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly," "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly," "The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem").

Then ii. 13 (after the great Locust place) is the one we abuse in our monotonous lip-service, "Rend your heart and not your garments." There would be other dressing for church, if the cheaper tearing were asked for!

22. *Punishment by blight of trees.*—Joel i. 12, "Even all the trees of the field are withered because joy is withered away from the sons of men."

This verse, of especial interest because it seems to indicate that the blight of vegetation is not directly by the hand of God; but by withdrawal from it of the Good Spirit of Man. Conf. Joel ii. 21–27.

23. *Inspiration.*—Joel ii. 29, the great passage "My spirit upon all flesh." Amos ii. 11, 12, "I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites . . . but ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink, and commanded the prophets, saying, 'Prophesy not.'"

The following verse (Amos ii. 13), of cart and sheaves, instructive in its Amosine metaphor.

Amos viii. 11, the Famine of the Words of the Lord.

24. *The Day of the Lord.*—Joel iii. 14, "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

The entire chapter iii. of Joel, with verses 31, 32 of chapter ii., are the central Bible passage of the day of the Lord for Israel. The notable *war* verse, iii. 10, "Beat your plowshares into swords," always confused with the reverse in Micah iv. 3.

Amos iii. 6, "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" But the chapter is confused and weak, and the text in its bearing obscure. Conf. vi. 20, much otherwise; and Zephaniah i. 7 and 14 to the end.

[1] [This is a slip. It is one of the Sentences preceding the Exhortation in the Order of Daily Prayer, where, however, the version quoted is that of Joel ii. 13, and not of Jonah iv. 2.]

25. *The Blessings of Wine and Milk.*—Joel iii. 18, "The mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk."

Conf. "Come, buy wine and milk" (Isaiah lv. 1).

The vines, with goats browsing under them; and crags with running vines, among pastoral hills.

The entire prophecy of Joel is best thought of as that of the Day of the Lord for the Jews, closing with perfect benediction. Conf. the whole last chapter of Amos.

26. *Oppression of the Poor.*—Amos ii. 7, "that pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor."

This text is of peculiar power, because the climax—or a main part of the climax—of the opening burst of indignation forming the two first chapters.

Again, Amos iv. 1, to the "kine of Bashan"; all of Amos v., but especially verse 11, the burdens of wheat and house of stone. Amos viii. 6: I fancy the price, a pair of shoes, must occur elsewhere.[1] Micah ii. 1–6, of stealing land; iii. 1–3, the strongest of all.

27. *Creation.*—Amos iv. 13, "For lo, He that formeth the mountains and createth the wind, and declareth unto men what is his thought." Conf. v. 8, the Seven Stars and Orion, and ix. 6.

The 104th and 147th Psalms are the sum of all.

Micah v. 7, of rain and dew. Nahum i. 2–8. Habakkuk iii. 10, 11; "the sun and moon stood still in their habitation" means their placing first in heaven, I think; their motion follows.

28. *Heathendom.*—Amos ix. 7, "Are ye not as children of the Ethiopians unto me, oh Children of Israel?" Conf. Dante's "Tali Christiani."[2]

29. *False Prophets.*—Micah iii. 5–11, the most important passage in this kind, as far as I remember, in the Bible except the story of Ahab and Micaiah.[3] Zephaniah iii. 1–5 is perhaps the most valuable. The *use* of judges and prophets always implied by the anger at their falseness—"gnaw not the bones till to-morrow."

30. *Peace and War.*—Micah iv. chief. Conf. "The Day of the Lord" in No. 24. The great verse—"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," Nahum i. 15—is after a mass of confusion about Nineveh—alternate to Nineveh and the Jews.

31. *Forgiveness.*—Micah vii. 18, of Jews: "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?"

32. *Temple building.*—The whole of Haggai, principal.

33. *Blessing.*—Haggai ii. 19, "From this day will I bless you." Quære word in Septuagint.[4]

34. *Servants.*—I suppose these are meant by Zephaniah i. 9, "those that leap on the threshold, which fill their masters' houses with violence and deceit."

35. *Infidelity.*—Zephaniah i. 12, "I will search Jerusalem with a candle, and punish the men settled on their lees, which say in their hearts, The Lord will not do good, neither will he do evil."

[1] [Amos ii. 6: quoted above, p. 685.]
[2] [*Paradiso*, xix. 109: see Vol. XVII. p. 76, and Vol. XXIII. p. 354.]
[3] [1 Kings xxii.]
[4] [εὐλογήσω.]

36. *Life.*—Ezekiel xxxiii. 15, "The Statutes of Life"—best general term for all Moral Philosophy. Confer the previous verse 11, "As *I* live, saith the Lord."

37. *Priesthood.*—Zechariah iii. throughout, the chief passage for the foundation of it in the Church. "Upon one stone, seven eyes" (verse 9), difficult.

38. *Satanic power.*—Zechariah iii. the most interesting, and very principal for the founding of church system of resistance.

II

NOTES ON THE CLASSICS

1. THE "PLUTUS" OF ARISTOPHANES[1] (1858)

Πενία, poverty, πτωχεία, beggary, sharply distinguished in line 549. *Penia* finely describes herself as the Goddess of Poverty, as Bacchus of drunkenness. The life of a poor man which she rules over and praises is

ζῆν φειδόμενον καὶ τοῖς ἔργοις προσέχοντα
περιγίνεσθαι δ'αὐτῷ μηδέν, μὴ μέντοι μηδ' ἐπιλείπειν (553, 554).

In the plan of the *Plutus*, it is difficult to understand what the author really intended to convey. He makes the happiness and reward of the just persons consist finally in becoming rich, while yet the arguments of Poverty are excellent. His hero cannot answer her in the least, but only mocks her and abuses her; and one sincerely wishes that the prophecy with which she leaves the stage—ἦ μὴν ὑμεῖς γ' ἔτι μ' ἐνταυθοῖ μεταπέμψεσθον (609)—may be accomplished; to make the play at all complete, I think it should.

In the characters of the play, the first noticeable one is that of Plutus himself, which seems to confirm, and to be intended to confirm, all that Poverty herself says of the meanness of the characters produced by wealth. He is first sulky and brutal (58–62); then cowardly and weak (71, 76, 200, 203); then base in nature, even in a slave's opinion (118); then stupid and thoughtless (122, 143, 169, 214); and all this has come upon him since his youth when he was generous—

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὢν μειράκιον ἠπείλησ' ὅτι
ὡς τοὺς δικαίους καὶ σοφοὺς καὶ κοσμίους
μόνους βαδιοίμην (88, 89)—

and a certain generosity of will remains with him still, so that he is heartily ashamed of himself when he regains his sight (771, etc.), and complains sadly, before, that people won't give him away to their friends (239, 241).

[1] [It was from this play that Ruskin took the motto for *The Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII. p. 398). For other references to the play, see Vol. VII. pp. lxii., 351; Vol. XVII. p. 114; and Vol. XX. p. 296.]

Next the character of the hero Chremyllus is really very beautiful, patient, meek, generous, and prudent; described as a man of balanced disposition, 247, 248, where note the lines descriptive of right feeling about money:

χαίρω τε γὰρ φειδόμενος ὡς οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ
πάλιν τ' ἀναλῶν, ἡνίκ' ἂν τούτου δέῃ.

His first speech about his son is most pathetic (32–38). The terms on which he stands with his servant mark him to be of a most gentle and beautiful character: see 20 and 46.

ἀλλά σοι παρέξω πράγματα . . .
φράζουσαν ὦ σκαιότατέ σοι.

Then he not only sends for his old friends to share his wealth, but allows even the mean Blepsidemus to clutch at it. Then he is as courageous as he is gentle, holding his ground calmly against the ghastly show of Poverty (439, 440), and he appears generally as a comforter and appeaser, through the last scenes of the play.

The character of the slave, Karion, is very interesting; full of roguery and humour, with a deep sense of honesty and kindness underneath. He is conceited enough to find fault with Apollo—

τῷ δὲ Λοξίᾳ . . .
μέμψιν δικαίαν μέμφομαι ταύτην, etc. (8, 10)—

and plagues his master, but all in kindness—

εὔνους γὰρ ὢν σοι πυνθάνομαι πάνυ σφόδρα (25).

He is the most faithful and thievish of all his master's servants (27); he has great delight in teasing the chorus (261), but gives way in a moment when they appeal to his kindness (283, 284). In wit and coarseness he resembles Sancho Panza, and it is much the most singular part of the play, to my mind, as bearing on the character of Athenian women, that all his coarsest jokes are made to his mistress, whom at the same time he addresses as δέσποινα. He is an immense eater also, like Sancho; but on the whole a very fine fellow.

The character of the Δίκαιος is a kind of mild Timon, 836, 849. This and the other satirical passages of the play should be compared with Lucian's Ἀλεκτρύων dialogue; and this Plutus with the "gran nemico" of Dante.[1]

I am very sorry this most interesting play is spoiled by the ugly episode of the Γραῦς.

The passage 902–910 is of very great value in describing the kind of person who usually meddles with public business.

Sight. Plutus' wish to remain blind and the fine comment of the slave on it: ἄνθρωπος οὗτός ἐστιν ἄθλιος φύσει (118).

[1] [To Lucian's Dialogue, called The Cock, in which the other character is Micyllus, Ruskin refers, under the latter name, in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 285, 401); for the "gran nemico" (Plutus), *Inferno* vi., see Vol. VII. p. 401, Vol. XVII. p. 210, and Vol. XXII. p. 63.]

Avarice. If a man gets 13 talents, he wants 16, and if he gets 16, he wants 40: ἦ φησιν οὐ βιωτὸν αὐτῷ τὸν βίον (197).

Old Age. It is a very sweet and pensive verse:

τὸν ἐμὸν μὲν αὐτοῦ τοῦ ταλαιπώρου σχεδὸν
ἤδη νομίζων ἐκτετοξεῦσθαι βίον (33, 34).

Popular Vice. And a bitter piece of general satire:

ἀσκεῖν τὸν υἱὸν τὸν ἐπιχώριον τρόπον (47)—

this "national way" having been before defined—

εἶναι πανοῦργον, ἄδικον, ὑγιὲς μηδὲ ἕν (37).

Compare 340–342:

ἔστιν δέ μοι τοῦτ' ἀυτὸ θαυμάσιον, ὅπως
χρηστόν τι πράττων τοὺς φίλους μεταπέμπεται.
οὔκουν ἐπιχώριόν γε πρᾶγμ' ἐργάζεται.

Youth. The noble youths want horses and hunting dogs; the base ones, money (156, 157).

Barbers' shops, places of gossip—then, as now:

καίτοι λόγος γ' ἦν νὴ τὸν Ἡρακλέα πολὺς
ἐπὶ τοῖσι κουρείοισι τῶν καθημένων (337, 338)

2. THE ODES OF HORACE[1]

BOOK I. ODE		
1.	"Mæcenas." (His own delight in verse, as separating him from other men and us)	Shadow of Ivy
2.	Jam satis terris	The pause of Hermes
3.	Sic te Diva	Too bold
4.	Solvitur acris	The Footstep. Compare with 95
5.	Quis multa	Calm at Sea
6.	Scriberis Vario	Maiden's War
7.	Laudabunt alii	To-morrow
8.	Lydia, dic	Lost Sybaris

[1] [Ruskin, as we have seen from a note in his Diary for March 7, 1879, had at one time planned a work on Horace which he proposed to call *Mella Matini* (see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiii.). This remained one of his many unwritten books. At one time, however, he had chosen English titles for the *Odes* and *Epodes*. Some of these are obvious and add nothing; but others are characteristic, and the list is here given. A few notes are appended from his diaries, notes, and MSS.; the last of these gives an idea of the form his commentary was to have taken. For Ruskin's very numerous quotations from, or references to, Horace, see the General Index. The Horace which Ruskin used to carry in his pocket on his journeys abroad is in the Coniston Museum.]

BOOK I.	ODE	
	9. Vides ut alta	Soracte
	10. Mercuri, facunde	The Hymn to Mercury
	11. Tu ne quæsieris	The winter's wave
	12. Quem virum	The praise of Augustus
	13. Cum tu, Lydia	Jealousy
	14. O navis	State-Danger
	15. Pastor cum traheret	Paris
	16. O matre pulchra	Anger
	17. Velox amœnum	To his mistress
	18. Nullam, Vare	None before the Vine
	19. Mater sæva	Glycera's Victory
	20. Vite potabis	The invitation. To Mæcenas
	21. Dianem teneræ	The Chant of Apollo and Diana
	22. Integer vitæ *	Lalage and the Wolf
	23. Vitas hinnuleo	Chloe and the Leaves
	24. Quis desiderio	Patience
	25. Parcius junctas	The old age of Lydia
	26. Musis amicus	The chant for Lamia
	27. Natis in usum	The Whisper
	28. Te Maris	Archytas
	29. Icci, beatis	Books for breast-plates
	30. O Venus, regina	The Hymn to Venus
	31. Quid dedicatum	The Prayer to Apollo
	32. Poscimur	To his Lyre
	33. Albi, ne doleas	Myrtale and the Waves
	34. Parcus deorum	Lightning in the Blue
	35. O Diva	The Prayer to Fortune
	36. Et thure	The Feast for Numida
	37. Nunc est bibendum	Cleopatra
	38. Persicos odi	Myrtle for rose

BOOK II.	ODE	
1.	39. Motum ex Metello	To Asinius Pollio
2.	40. Nullus argento	Covetousness
3.	41. Æquam memento	Contentment; because of Death
4.	42. Ne sit ancillæ	Maid Phyllis
5.	43. Nondum subacta	The green grapes
6.	44. Septimi, Gades	Rest at Tarentum
7.	45. O sæpe mecum	The feast for Pompey
8.	46. Ulla si juris	Barine unpunished

* "(Venice, *Dec.* 31, 1876.)—The sum of Mammon was put clear for me last night. You must not be paid for doing good—*i.e.*, for doing it charitably. There must be no mixed motive. And you must not be paid for being rich. And your motives, whatever they are, must be sincere. It is better for you (you are in a more praiseworthy state before God) saying to a man, I will kill you, if I can, and take all you have (like St. Ursula's father-in-law), than saying, 'My good Sir, observe how beneficial this will be to you,' when you expect to make money by selling it. *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus:* the Integer comes first; this being got, the wholeness, you can purify from the *scelus* (Friday and cannibalism). But you can't wash or purge a man if he comes in two pieces whenever you touch him."

BOOK II.	ODE	
9.	47. Non semper imbres	The weeping for Mystes
10.	48. Rectius vives	The Balance
11.	49. Quid bellicosus	On this side Adria
12.	50. Nolis longa	Licymnia
13.	51. Ille et nefasto	The traitor tree
14.	52. Eheu, fugaces *	Death
15.	53. Jam pauca aratro †	Luxury
16.	54. Otium divos ‡	Rest
17.	55. Cur me querelis	The sickness of Mæcenas
18.	56. Non ebur	Poverty
19.	57. Bacchum in remotis	The chant of Bacchus. (Conf. 18)
20.	58. Non usitata	The Swan

BOOK III.	ODE	
1.	59. Odi profanum	Peace
2.	60. Angustum amice	Hardship
3.	61. Justum et tenacem	Courage
4.	62. Descende cœlo	The Doves
5.	63. Cœlo tonantem	Regulus
6.	64. Delicta majorum	The Decline
7.	65. Quid fles	Asteria
8.	66. Martiis cælebs	The Kalends of March
9.	67. Donec gratus	Lydia
10.	68. Extremum Tanain	Out in the snow
11.	69. Mercuri, nam te	Lyde and Hypermnestia
12.	70. Miserarum	The stolen work-basket
13.	71. O fons	The noble fountain
14.	72. Herculis ritu	The feast for Cæsar
15.	73. Uxor pauperis	The Distaff
16.	74. Inclusam Danaen	Enough
17.	75. Æli vetusto	Wood-gathering
18.	76. Faune, Nympharum	The Nones of December
19.	77. Quantum distet	Fill thrice
20.	78. Non vides	The Lioness
21.	79. O nata mecum	The Amphora
22.	80. Montium custos	Diana's Pine
23.	81. Cœlo supinas	Only rosemary
24.	82. Intactis opulentior	The Father of Cities
25.	83. Quo me, Bacche	Sleepless, by Hebrus
26.	84. Vixi puellis	The disarming

* Entirely sad; with the first introduction of the "non pietas," and the "absumet hæres." The stanza against vain caution—"Frustra cruento"—and the "Linquenda tellus," very memorable. The most depressing of all the Odes.

† Against increasing wealth. The great "Privatus illis census erat brevis." The phrase "norma veterum" memorable.

‡ The great one, of Care. "Patriæ quis exsul," and "quid brevi fortes." The only cowardly ode, this; therefore grouped with 14. "Cura nec turmas" always confused with *post equitem*—Behind the Knight. *The great stanza of paternal life:* "Vivitur parvo bene."

BOOK III.	ODE		
27.	85.	Impios parræ	Europa
28.	86.	Festo quid potius	The feast of Neptune
29.	87.	Tyrrhena regum	The law of Life
30.	88.	Exegi monumentum	For ever

BOOK IV.	ODE		
1.	89.	Intermissa	The Tenth Lustre
2.	90.	Pindarum quisquis	The Bee
3.	91.	Quem tu, Melpomene	Not mine
4	92.	Qualem ministrum	The Eaglet
5.	93.	Divis orte	Peace on the Hills
6.	94.	Dive, quem proles	The Lesbian measure
7.	95.	Diffugere nives	Never more. (Conf. 4 and 100)
8.	96.	Donarem	Gifts
9.	97.	Ne forte credas	The great Consulate
10.	98.	O crudelis	In vain
11.	99.	Est mihi	The Ides of April
12.	100.	Jam veris	Spikenard for wine. (Conf. 4, 96)
13.	101.	Audivere, Lyce	Ashes to ashes
14.	102.	Quæ cura	The Neros
15.	103.	Phœbus volentem	The prayer for Rome

EPODES			
1.	104.	Ibis Liburnis	Companionship
2.	105.	Beatus ille	The Usurer
3.	106.	Parentis olim	Reapers Relish
4.	107.	Lupis et agnis	The servile Tribune
5.	108.	At, o deorum	Witches
6.	109.	Quid immerentes	The Spartan hound
7.	110.	Quo, quo scelesti	Fiercer than the Wolf
8.	111.	Rogare longo	Carcase
9.	112.	Quando repostum	Larger cups
10.	113.	Mala soluta	Mævius ("Bon voyage")
11.	114.	Petti, nihil	Three years since
12.	115.	Quid tibi	Rage
13.	116.	Horrida tempestas	The Song of Chiron
14.	117.	Mollis inertia	Indolence
15.	118.	Nox erat	Forsworn Neæra
16.	119.	Altera jam teritur	The Happy Fields
17.	120.	Jam, jam efficaci	The Deaf Adder

MELLA MATINI. BEGUN, NONES OF MARCH, 1879

Epistles, i. 4, 12, 13:—

> Inter spem, curamque:—timores inter et iras,
> Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.[1]
>
> "Between thy hope and care,—between thy fears and angers,
> Believe thou each day that dawns for thee thy last."

(*a*) "Between." Literally; but in two senses, meaning first in the midst of, in the depth of—and secondly, in the balance between one and the other.

(*b*) This balance is supposed to be between four things that cause disturbance, a divulsion. Not the rest between opposing virtues, but the stretched crucifixion between four wild horses. The four things are in two groups, which I examine successively.

(*c*) "Hope and care." Primarily the desire that days of joy may come, which are not yet ours, and the fear that days of pain may come, which are not yet ours.

Believe *this* day thy last: and let the wild horses rave of others, in vain.

More feebly, and of the second clause only, George Herbert: "Either grief will not come, or if it must, Do not forecast."[2] With also "either joy will not come," etc., and you have the first half of Horace's sentence, in its primary meaning.

(*d*) "Hope and care" secondarily. [Here the MS. fragment ends.]

[1] [This was the "Pagan Message" sent by Ruskin for a New Year's Address: see above, p. 534.]

[2] [*The Temple: The Discharge.*]

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY

AND

MARGINALIA

A BIRTHDAY BOOK

JOWETT'S PLATO ("REPUBLIC," IX. 591–592)

A GREEK LECTIONARY

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "LE CRIME DE SYLVESTRE BONNARD"

MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL

MILL'S "POLITICAL ECONOMY"

MILL'S "LIBERTY"

REJECTED BOOKS

[Marginalia noted elsewhere in this Edition are :—

Aristotle's *Ethics* (British Museum), Vol. I. p. xxxv. *n.*

Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (British Museum), *ibid.*

Bewick's *Birds* (Sheffield Museum), Vol. XXX. pp. 281–288.

Carlyle's *Past and Present* (British Museum), Vol. XXVII. p. 179.

Hefner's *Serrurie du Moyen Age* (Whitelands College), Vol. XXIX. p. 357.

Koran (Whitelands College), Vol. XXVIII. p. 426 *n.*]

RUSKIN'S LIBRARY

Of Ruskin's study at Brantwood, which contained most of his working books, a drawing has been given in Vol. XXIII. p. xxviii., with Ruskin's sketch-plan and inventory (p. lxviii.). It is not a large room; and contained, besides books, his collections of minerals and coins and many prints and drawings. Every inch of wall space was occupied, and he was proud of his contrivances for economy of room and facility of reference. A cabinet, of which the top served as a table, was the origin of those in the National Gallery and the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford. Although Ruskin had many books in other rooms, his library was at no one time very extensive. It probably never exceeded 4000 volumes.

He read widely and consulted books largely; but they were not his stock in trade. Rather were they auxiliary tools; and often when he had exhausted a particular use of them, he cleared them out—either selling them, through a dealer, or, more frequently, giving them away. With books, as with everything else that he possessed, he was a lavish giver; and mention has already been made of books, often of great value, presented by him to Oxford, Sheffield, and Whitelands College.[1] He was equally open-handed in gifts to friends. Incidental mention has been made of a copy of one of his favourite books, copiously annotated by himself—the *Livre des Cent Ballades* —which he presented to Mr. Norman Forbes.[2] There must be hundreds of school and private collections which contain books thus presented from Ruskin's library. One interesting book of the kind—his copy of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, given to a young Scottish student—has passed into the library of the British Museum.

Ruskin, again, was no bibliophile, in the collector's sense of the term. He cared nothing for first editions as such, and his collection of his own works was very small and imperfect. He possessed some rare early editions, which were of personal interest to him, and a few early printed books; but he was free from the weaknesses—and, alas, also from the right and proper scruples—of collectors. The sad tale of his barbarous treatment of books and MSS. has already been told.[3] Here, again, use was his only standard. But he was a great book-buyer, and the letters in a later volume will show the friendly, and even affectionate, terms on which he stood with leading members of the trade such as the late Mr. Quaritch and Mr. F. S. Ellis.

For reasons which will now be apparent, a visitor to Ruskin's library as it was at the time of his death, or indeed at any other given time,

[1] See Vol. XXI. p. 301; Vol. XXX. pp. 259 *seq.*
[2] Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii.
[3] Vol. XII. pp. lxix., lxx.

would receive from an inspection of it a very inadequate impression of his life among books. The library, as he left it (and as for the most part it still remains), represents not the accumulations of a lifetime, but a residuum of books which he retained from permanent affection or for constant reference, or which were in use in the particular studies of his later years.

Under this latter head are those which he used for *Our Fathers have Told Us*—such as Milman's *Gibbon*, Montalembert's *Moines d'Occident*, Milman's *History of Christianity*, a collection of books on Amiens and Abbeville, Gaullier's *Suisse Historique*, the *Pictorial History of France*, Guilbert's *Histoire des Villes de France*, Sharon Turner's *History of England*, the works of the Venerable Bede, the life of St. Patrick, and J. R. Green's *Making of England* (appreciatively annotated).

Every one who glanced at the bookcases in the study or hall (the old dining-room) at Brantwood was struck by the comparative paucity of books on art. When we have mentioned Viollet-le-Duc's indispensable *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art*, Westwood's *Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.*, Millingen's and Lenormant and De Witte's *Greek Vases*, Prout's *Sketches at Home and Abroad*, and J. D. Harding's *Elementary Art*, the list of his important books in this department is nearly exhausted. Of course, there were many other books on the Fine Arts which he had given away; but his art criticism was always founded on independent impressions, practice, and observation, rather than on "authorities." Of photographs, prints, and Galleries, a large stock remained to him, even after his innumerable gifts in this kind to schools, colleges, and individuals. Still less did the library give any indication of Ruskin's studies in Economics. There is a "grand, thick, bevelled, gilded, crushed morocco series lettered (by Ruskin) *Hephæstus*, which turns out to be *Les Ouvriers des Deux Mondes* (1857)—the only sample we can find of the Political Economy we were looking for; nor is there anything of the sort elsewhere in the room."[1] But, corresponding perhaps to the photographs in the case of art, are accumulations of *pièces justificatives* in the form of newspaper-cuttings. A collection of old newspapers 1643–1663 (referred to in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 15) were given by Ruskin "to his dear friend Frederick Gale," and sold at Sotheby's in July 1891.

Of standard works in general literature, the Library contained old editions of most of the Greek and Latin classics, with a few translations such as Douglas's *Virgil* (1553), an early edition of Chapman's *Homer*, and Jowett's *Plato*. The standard English poets were also largely represented (including the original edition of Cowley, 1668).

Of what the dealers call "association books," Ruskin had several which interested him for their history—as, for instance, a "Linnæus" that had belonged to Ray, the great Cumbrian botanist; *A Dyalogue of Syr Thomas More Knyghte* (1530), with the autograph "francis Bacons booke"; and a *Dialogo di Antonio Manetti circa al sito, forma et misure dello Inferno di Dante Alighieri* (1506), inscribed apparently by the great artist "di Michelagnol Buonarroti." Others were interesting to him in connexion with the history of his own life. He kept his grandfather's *Burns*, his father's *Byron*, and his own College *Aristophanes* (with copious lecture-notes and sketches for

[1] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 186.

The Poetry of Architecture in blank spaces). He kept, too, his father's copy of Alexander Adam's *Roman Antiquities* (1819) and his own copy of the same author's *Latin Grammar*—a book referred to in *Præterita*. Among books presented to Ruskin, the most interesting is Rogers's *Italy*. Of this, a note will be found in *Præterita*.[1] Another book is one of twenty-five copies on large paper, finely bound in morocco, of D. G. Rossetti's *Poems*, published by F. S. Ellis in 1870. This was presented to Ruskin by his friend, the publisher, who wrote (September 7, 1871):—

"May I beg your acceptance of a book in the production of which machinery has had no part or lot? It is printed at hand-press on hand-made paper, and bound entirely by hand in hand-dressed leather. I believe I may safely challenge machine work to produce a volume at once as good-looking and as lasting."

There is also a copy of Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, "From his friend the author."

The library is rich in works which tell of Ruskin's hobbies, and of the manner in which he rode them. His interest in science was "unscientific"; he cared, in natural history, only for the beauty of the creatures or plants, and for the sentiments that clustered round them. Therefore his scientific books were sometimes out of date, but nearly always artistic. His Gould's *Birds* he had given away; but he kept Yarrell's (though here he did not like the cuts). He had three sets of Bewick, and a set of Donovan's *British Insects*, with its beautifully coloured plates. Among his botanical books, were nineteen massive folios of the *Floræ Danicæ Descriptio*, which he characteristically shortened for reference to *Flora Danica*; the twenty-seven volumes of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, which is doubtless very much out of date, though its beautiful plates have never been surpassed; and many other of the works referred to in *Proserpina*. In geology, he set most store by Saussure, Phillips, and Forbes. In mineralogy, he had Jameson, Cloiseaux, Miller, and some more modern handbooks, both English and French. Another of his hobbies was heraldry, and a copy of Guillim (1638) is coloured by Ruskin and much marked. One corner in the study contained several books on chess—a game, as we have seen (above, p. xlv.), of which he was very fond. Among these is a MS. transcript of John Cochrane's material for *Loose Indian Chess Leaves*.

A special set of drawers was set apart in the Library for Ruskin's large collection of *maps*. Of his interest in map-drawing, account has already been given (Vol. XXVII. pp. lxx.–lxxiii.); he was a diligent reader of maps,[2] and collected them wherever he went:—

"Among these are still his first map of the Lakes, from Jonathan Otley's or Wordsworth's Guide, and his old Keller's *Switzerland* of 1844, which he used forty years later, saying that 'he did not want the railways, and no new map showed the roads better.' Of favourite towns, such as Venice and Amiens, there are large scale plans, the best that could be bought; and of some Swiss districts, like Neuchâtel, there is quite a library of cartology. A highly detailed map of Médoc,

[1] See Vol. XXXV. p. 29.

[2] Readers of Stevenson will recall that in his description of "The Ideal House," the library contains a "map table, groaning under a collection of large scale maps and charts. Of all books these are the least wearisome to read and the richest in

from a wine advertisement, was found useful; likewise Britain with the 'centres of Trinity College, London,' which he kept for its clearness. Philip's *Authentic Map of England* is endorsed 'good common use,' and he even kept close at hand a set of children's dissecting maps. The Ordnance Survey is fully represented; but because too much was put into these beautiful six-inch sheets, he has coloured them fancifully and vigorously, to get clear divisions of important parts. . . . He collected bird's-eye views in great variety, from Maclure & Macdonald's lithograph of the Soudan, to quaint old panoramas, of which one—the mountains seen from the Buet—is quite like a William Blake design of Heaven and Hell, and fit to serve as a background to all the mythologies."[1]

Much of Ruskin's favourite reading was kept for wakeful nights in his bedroom. Here may still be seen many shelves filled with the books of his youth, "a most curious collection of dingy antiquity." Here also, as in other rooms, were numerous French novels. But most used probably of his bedside books was a Bible, in six volumes, one containing the Apocrypha. In the same room he kept Shakespeare and Spenser, Scott and Byron, Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Genlis, Carlyle and Helps. Of Lockhart's Life of Scott he had two sets—the first edition, and the edition in ten volumes of 1869. It may be mentioned, in the hope that the sentence will meet the eye of some modern publishers, that Ruskin was much irritated by the inconspicuous lettering of the numbers of the volumes. He printed the numbers boldly in red ink and pasted them on the volumes. In many modern books, in these days of ornamental binding, it is as difficult to read the number of the volume, or even the title of the book, as to pick out the name of a station from the advertisements on the underground railway.

Ruskin's collection of manuscripts by Sir Walter Scott was the content of his library of which he was perhaps most proud. References to them will be found here (pp. 666–667, 726), and in later volumes of the edition.

Of his *illuminated manuscripts*, much incidental reference has been made in previous volumes. Two of his finest books—the "Psalter of St. Louis" (as he called it[2]) and the "Missal of Yolande"[3]—are now in the library of Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, who also possesses one volume of Ruskin's Antiphonaire of Beaupré.[4] These beautiful books are all referred to in Ruskin's Works. A Book of Devotions, written, Ruskin conjectured, "for the Diocese of Lincoln," has been mentioned above (pp. 218, 231). A *Book of Hours*, French work of the early fourteenth century, has been acquired since Ruskin's death by the British Museum.[5] A *Psalter*, etc., of

matter; the course of roads and rivers, the contour lines and the forests in the maps—the reefs, soundings, anchors, sailing marks, and little pilot-pictures in the charts—and, in both, the bead-roll of names, make them of all printed matter the most fit to stimulate and satisfy the fancy" (*Essays of Travel*, 1905, p. 204).

[1] W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, pp. 115, 116.

[2] For its correct description, see Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.*

[3] See Vol. XXI. p. 270 *n.*

[4] This is the book of which a page is reproduced in colours in Vol. XXXIII. (p. 489).

[5] *Additional MSS.*, 36,684. "*Hours*, etc., in Latin, containing Calendar with St. Omer Saints, Hours of the Virgin, Septem Psalmi, Letania, Hymns, etc. 155 leaves vellum. *Circ.* 1320. Illuminated miniature initials. Margins profusely decorated with grotesques."

the same period and workmanship, was given to "Laurence Hilliard with John Ruskin's love, Brantwood, 25th January 1881," and passed into the hands of Mr. Quaritch.[1] An Old Testament in Greek—lettered on the back "tenth century"—is ascribed to that date by Ruskin; but the true date, as was discovered by his friend, Dr. Caspar Renè Gregory, is 1463. It was annotated by Ruskin as he read; as also was the Greek Psalter, in the Coniston Museum. A Greek Lectionary, of the tenth century, still more copiously annotated, is described below (p. 703). Among his other illuminated MS. books was a large fourteenth-century Latin Bible, of which Mr. Collingwood has an interesting recollection:—

"It is splendidly written in double columns with stiff Gothic patterns in red and blue, and dainty little decorative initials, each a picture. Some of these he used to set his pupils and assistants to enlarge; and a very difficult job it was to get the curves to Ruskin's mind. If you made them too circular he would expound the spring of the lines until you felt that you had been guilty of all the vices of the vulgarest architect's draughtsman. If you insisted on the 'infinite' and hyperbolic sweep of the contour—and you can't magnify a sixpence into a dinner-plate without some *parti pris*—then you had the lecture on Moderation and Restraint. But Ruskin was always very good-humoured and patient in these lessons; in the end a happy mean was found between Licence and Formality, and such works as the 'Noah's Ark' were elaborated."[2]

Ruskin had also a Versio Vulgata MS. of the thirteenth century; a small thirteenth-century Bible, English written; another of the same period, Italian; and a German MS. Latin prayer-book and psalter dating from about 1220. But the MS. Bible which he most prized was "King Hakon's," so called from a reference on the fly-leaf to King Hakon V. of Norway. The book is of French work of the middle of the thirteenth century, and the inscription being translated reads: "In 1310 brother Henry, provincial prior, bought this book from the Conventus at Haderslev (in Sleswig) out of the gift of my lord the King of Norway." It is on 613 leaves of thin vellum, measuring 4¼ by 6¼ inches, written in tiny black-letter, double columned, every page ornamented. There are more than eighty pictures, and hundreds of daintily coloured initials—a perfect treasury of decorative art. Of the illuminated MSS. which Ruskin presented to or bought for the St. George's Guild, account is given in Vol. XXX.

Ruskin's library included also many printed Bibles—such as a Latin version in three volumes, printed by Fran. Gryphius, 1541, with numerous cuts. One of these—a Baskett Bible of 1741—is that in which Ruskin's father thus noted the boy's birth:—

> "John Ruskin, son of John James Ruskin and [illegible] Ruskin, Born 8 February 1819 at ¼ past 7 o'clock Morning. Babtized (*sic*) 20 Feby. 1819 by the Rev^{d}· Mr. Boyd."

The inscription is opposite to a pencil drawing, probably by John Ruskin in his boyhood, which is stuck in as a frontispiece—a copy from a picture of Jesus Mocked. The book has bound up with it at the end *The Psalms of David in Meeter*, Edinburgh, 1738.

[1] See No. 1581 (and Plate at end) in his *Catalogue* of 1908.

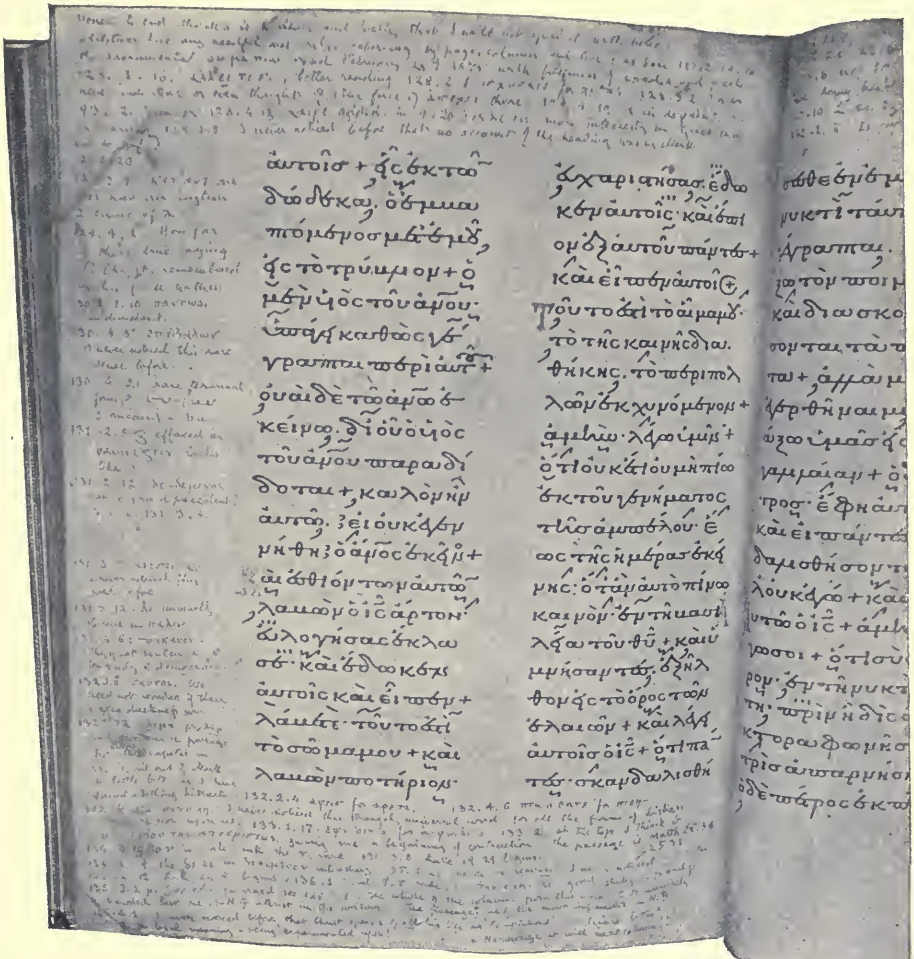
[2] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 205. This study of an illuminated letter, with Noah s ark, is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 258.

Another Baskett Bible, of 1749, bears earlier registers of the family:—

"John Ruskin, Baptized Aprill 9th, 1732 O.S."

The children of this John follow, with dates and hours of birth between 1756 and 1772. One of them, John Thomas (born October 22, 1761), was the father of John James.

Ruskin treasured also the Bible (now in the Coniston Museum) from which, as he noted on the fly-leaf, his mother taught him. His father's Bible (Oxford, 1846, inscribed "Margaret Ruskin to her husband, John James Ruskin, 1850") was used by the son in later times, and is much marked and annotated by him. It is worth noting, in connexion with what has been said above (p. xlvi.), that Ruskin's study of the Bible was unassisted by any theological library of commentaries; though he kept by him Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, the *Englishman's Greek Concordance*, Sharpe's *Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures*, and Finden's *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*. For use in travelling he had various little Testaments which he carried with him, such as the set shown in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston in 1900.



To face p. 703

A Page of a Greek Lectionary

ANNOTATED BY RUSKIN

MARGINALIA

A Book of Lessons in Greek.—Ruskin, as has already been stated (Vol. XII., pp. lxix.–lxx.), annotated his illuminated MSS. freely. He did this (at various times from 1873 to 1875) copiously, and in ink, in his most valuable tenth-century Greek Gospels, or rather Book of Lessons, from which a page is here photographed.[1] It is a large MS. of 144 leaves. On a blank leaf inserted in the middle is written the Roll of the Companions of St. George, referred to in *Fors Clavigera* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 657). This leaf is headed (in Ruskin's hand):—

> "Names of the companions accepted, forming St. George's Company, March 1876. Written by the master in the presence of S. Dill, C. Plummer."

Then follow in Ruskin's hand the following thirty-two names:—

Dorothy Livesey	Susan Beever	Hetty Carey
Frances Colenso	George Allen	Joanna Severn
Elizabeth L. Bowden	Alfred Hunt	Juliet Tylor
Bessie Barnard	William Sharman	Julia Firth
Fanny Talbot	William Smither	Annie P. Somerscales
R. St. J. Tyrwhitt *	James Burdon	Catherine Bradley
Giulie Sargood	Blanche Atkinson	Silvanus Wilkins
William Buchan Graham	Henry Larkin	Annie Elizabeth Ackworth
Ada Hartnell	John E. Fowler	Rebecca S. Roberts
Thomas Dixon	John Morgan	Egbert Rydings
Mary Kelly	Robert Somervell	

* Erased (J. R.) 14th May '79.

The passages referred to in the page facsimiled are (in order): Mark xiv. 20–27 (seen in the first two columns); Mark xiv. 27–end; Mark xv. 40; Luke xxi. 8, 9, 25; Matthew xiv. 31–46; Luke xix. 29–40; xxii. 7–end; xxiii. 1–31, 33, 44–56.

A few of the notes are here transcribed:—

> Hence to end the MS. is so clean and pretty that I will not spoil it with notes. Collecting here any needful ones only, referring by pages column, and line; as here, 127, 2, 10, to the sacramental οὐ μὴ πίω read February 28th, 1875, with freshness of wonder. . . .
>
> 129. 4, 1 [Mark xiv. 58]. How far is there true saying of Christ remembered in this false witness?
>
> 131. 4, 6 [Mark xv. 15]. The great sentence for study of democracy.
>
> 132. 1, 6 [Mark xv. 33]. We need not wonder if there is also darkness now.

[1] [For a reference to it, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 49 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 244).]

132. 4, 15. συνοχή [Luke xxi. 25]. I never noticed this strangely universal word for all the forms of distress that are now upon us.

136. 4, 2 [Luke xxii. 28]. I never noticed before that Christ speaks of *all* his life as temptations. Q. "trials," better? the radical meaning being "experimented upon."

"Some of the remarks merely comment on the grammatical forms, or the contractions, or the style of writing. Where a page is written with a free hand, evidently to the scribe's enjoyment, he notes the fact; and likewise where the scribe found it dull, and penned perfunctorily. That is quite like him to ask how the man felt at his work. But there are many curious hints of questioning, and then confessions of his doubts about the doubts, that go to one's heart to read.

"'I have always profound sympathy for Thomas' (John xiv. 5).

"'Well questioned, Jude!' (John xiv. 22).

"'This reads like a piece of truth (John xviii. 16). How little one thinks of John being by, in that scene!'

"'The hour being unknown, as well as unlooked for (Matt. xxiv. 42), the Lord comes, and the servant does not know that He has—(and has his portion, unknowingly?).'

"To the cry for Barabbas (Matt. xxvii. 20) he adds, 'Remember! it was not the mob's fault, except for acting *as* a mob.'

"Pilate washing his hands (Matt. xxvii. 24)—'How any popular elocutionist or yielding governor can read these passages of Matthew and not shrivel!'

"On the parable of the vine (John xv. 6), the earlier note to the verse about the withered branch cast into the fire and burned is—'How useless! and how weak and vain the whole over-fatigued metaphor!' But then—'I do not remember when I wrote this note, but the over-fatigued metaphor comes to me to-day, 8th Nov. 1877, in connexion with the καθὼς ἠγάπησε as the most precious and direct help and life.'

"You remember John xv. 9: 'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love.' That word was the help and life he found." (W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 202.)

A few other notes may be added:—

John xiv. 17. What utterly useless passages all these, if supposed to refer to disciples only. What worse than useless, if taken by any modern readers to themselves, as not of the κόσμος.

Matt. xxvii. 6. Our priests don't even warn our Chancellors of the Exchequers of such ἀνομία.

Luke viii. 18–39. How precious every word.

„ xi. 52. How little I have rightly dwelt on this verse.

„ xx. 9. The increase of rage in the parable is one of the most finished pieces of parable. But what does it mean?

„ xii. 34. This terribly misapplied text is always difficult. Q. if men's hearts *should* be always in the future?

„ xxii. 21 *et seq.* I never can see why any betrayal was needed. The "Are ye come out as against a thief?" is so true.

Luke xiv. 26. I haven't enough studied this piece of Luke.

Mark ix. 33–41. I have never thought rightly of the sense of δέχομαι in this wonderful passage, nor of the beauty of ἐναγκαλισάμενος αὐτὸ ["when he had taken him in his arms"].

„ 41. "Because ye belong to Christ." This simple definition of Christianity much notable.

„ x. 46. Leaving Jericho instead of approaching it. One of what "divines" call confirmatory inaccuracies, and sensible men, slovenly history.

„ xiii. 7. Now what possible meaning can there be in this sentence [from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven]. The closing words are quite dreadful in their hopeless falsehood. No metaphor under-meaning, or equivocal force can be pretended for them.

Luke xv. 31. "Child, thou art always with me, and all that I have is thine." How many clergymen have ever preached from this infinitely tender verse?

A Birthday Book.—At the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston (1902) was a birthday book, laid open at the page where Ruskin had inscribed his name. "Opposite is a pious couplet in which the blessings of 'God's Saints' are enlarged upon. Ruskin added an asterisk, referring to his comment at the foot of the page:

"'God's saints. Yes, but how about God's sinners? J. R.'"

(*Daily News*, February 8, 1902.)

FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam."—Ruskin had been one of the early admirers of FitzGerald's now famous version. A transcript of the first edition (1859) was made for him in one of his notebooks, and in September 1863 he addressed a letter of appreciation to "The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar"—"a sudden fit of fancy, I suppose," said FitzGerald afterwards, "which he is subject to." Ruskin entrusted the letter to an American friend, who after ten years (April 1873) handed it to Professor Norton. By him it was sent to Carlyle, who thereby became aware for the first time of his friend FitzGerald's work.[1] Some reference to the book is contained in Ruskin's letter to Norton of August 9, 1869. A copy of the fourth edition (1879) was in Ruskin's library, and "some readers may be interested in his dissent to stanza 34 ("Then of the Thee in me who works behind"), and energetic assent to 21 ("Ah, my Beloved"), 25 ("Alike for those"), 45 ("'Tis but a tent"), and 46 ("And fear not").[2]

In his copy of Anatole France's *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*: "Exquisite, but cannot be read fast."[3]

[1] [See William Aldis Wright's *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*, 1889, vol. i. pp. 353-355, where Carlyle's letter to FitzGerald and FitzGerald's reply are given.]

[2] [*Ruskin Relics*, p. 190.]

[3] ["Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in the *Puritan*, May 1900, p. 346; and *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 568.]

JOWETT'S PLATO: "THE REPUBLIC" (ix. 591–592, vol. ii. p. 433).—The following notes are from a copy of the book given by Ruskin to Whitelands College, and are here reprinted from *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 95–96:—

JOWETT'S TRANSLATION	RUSKIN'S RETRANSLATION
The man of understanding will concentrate himself on this as the work of life. And in the first place, he will honour studies which impress the qualities on his soul, and will disregard others?	*Will not then* the man of understanding *gather all that is in him and stretch himself like a bent bow to this aim of life?* And in the first place, honour studies which *thus chastise and deliver* his soul *in perfectness*, and will *despise others?*
Clearly, he said.	Clearly, he said.
In the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal and irrational pleasure, that he will regard even health as quite a secondary matter; his first object will be not that he may be fair or strong or well unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance, but he will be always desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul?	In the next place, he will keep under his body, and so far will he be from yielding to brutal and irrational pleasure,* that he will *not even first look to bodily health as his main object, nor desire to* be fair or strong or well, unless he is likely thereby to gain temperance, but he will be always desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul?
Certainly, he replied, that he will, if he has true music in him.	Certainly, he replied, that he will, if he *is indeed taught by the Muses.*
And there is a principle of order and harmony in the acquisition of wealth; this also he will observe, and will not allow himself to be dazzled by the opinion of the world and heap up riches to his own infinite harm?	And *he will also keep the* principle of *classing* and *concord* in the acquisition of wealth; and will not, because the mob *beatify him, increase his endless load of wealth* to his own infinite harm?
I think not, he said.	I think not, he said.
He will look at *the city which is within him*, and take care to avoid any change of his own institutions, such as might arise either from abundance or from want; and he will duly regulate his acquisition and expense, in so far as he is able?	He will look at *the city which is within him*, and take care to avoid any change of his own institutions, such as might arise either from abundance or from want; and he will duly regulate his acquisition and expense, in so far as he is able?
Very true.	Very true.
592. And for the same reason, he will accept such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man; but those which are likely to disorder his constitution, whether private or public honours, he will avoid?	592. And, for the same reason, he will accept such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man; but those which are likely to *loosen his possessed habit*, whether private or public honours, he will avoid?

MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL.—Fothergill (1712–1780) was a physician, who kept up at Upton, Essex, one of the finest botanical gardens in Europe, and was a chief founder of the Quaker School at Ackworth. In 1879 the School celebrated its centenary, and the following book was

* Plato does not mean here dissipation of a destructive kind (as the next sentence shows), but healthy animal stupidities—hunting, shooting, and the like.

issued on that occasion: *A Narrative of the Proceedings at the Celebration of the Centenary of Ackworth School, 26th and 27th of Sixth Month, 1879, edited by James Henry Barber. Also a Sketch of the Life of Dr. Fothergill by James Hack Tuke. . . . Published by the Centenary Committee, Ackworth School, 1879.* A copy of this was sent to Ruskin by Henry Swan, and an account of Ruskin's marginalia is here appended from J. Spence Hodgson's "John Ruskin's Annotations of J. H. Tuke's Memoir of Dr. John Fothergill" at pp. 52–54 of *Proceedings of the Ackworth Old Scholars' Association, Part V. Seventh Month 1886; Darlington: Harrison Penney, Printer, Prebend Row*:—

> At p. 18, in a notice of an exhibition of the Industrial Schools' Association, Ruskin writes after "staining and polishing of different kinds of wood, "wood inlay should be added."
>
> On the woodcut of a cameo portrait of Fothergill (p. 36) by Wedgwood: "Quite splendid drawing and woodcutting. At p. 71, where the author says of this portrait that it was probably modelled by Flaxman, Ruskin writes: "Much too good for Flaxman."
>
> On p. 53 is written: "The opposite plate is quite uniquely beautiful so far as my knowledge reaches in expressing the general character of *old* Yorkshire."—The plate is a woodcut of "Carr-End, Semmer Water, Wensleydale, the birthplace of Dr. John Fothergill."
>
> On p. 77 he is struck with the remark, "We find no trace of the Doctor's attention to disorders of the mind," and writes against it, "Most notable." Further down, opposite the words "The time has not yet come for the introduction of any rational treatment of mental disorders," Ruskin says: "Query—the disorder, not the treatment, of modern invention."
>
> *Passage describing Dr. Fothergill's exertions* re *the employment of criminals and the feeding of the poor* (pp. 75, 76).—Twelve notes of exclamation—"!!!!!!!!!!!! Lovely." Dr. Fothergill's protest against the war with France (p. 77).—Underlined trebly.

Mill's "Liberty."—Ruskin's copy of the first edition of this book (1859) was in Sir John Simon's library (now in that of E. T. Cook). Ruskin read the book with appreciation and often with assent. In writing in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* (1860) of Freedom, as consisting "in deep and soft consent of individual helpfulness," he refrains from enlarging on the subject, as "all that I should care to say has been already said admirably by Mr. J. S. Mill in his essay on *Liberty*" (Vol. VII. p. 229). But Ruskin's assent was limited. "There is much that is true," he wrote in *The Cestus of Aglaia* (§ 80), "in the part of Mr. Mill's essay on Liberty which treats of freedom of thought; some important truths are there beautifully expressed, but many, quite vital, are omitted; and the balance, therefore, is wrongly struck" (Vol. XIX. p. 127). Ruskin's marginalia indicate some of the points of assent and dissent.

In ch. ii. ("Of the Liberty of Thought and Discussion") Mill discusses the "incomplete and one-sided" character of "Christian morality (so called)," pp. 89, 90. Ruskin marks the passage thus:

> "Capital; so far as it relates to our Christianity. Wholly false so far as it relates to Christ's Christianity."

Mill says that a practical political maxim is to be read "in the Koran, not the New Testament." Ruskin notes against the latter words:

> "No, for the New Testament does not apply itself."

Among passages which Ruskin notes with emphatic assent is this (p. 93): "If Christians would teach infidels to be just to Christianity, they should themselves be just to infidelity."

In ch. iv. ("Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual") Mill criticises severely the theory of the United Kingdom Alliance (p. 161)—"a theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never found its way into distinct language—being nothing short of this—*that it is the absolute right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought;* that whatsoever fails thereof in the smallest particular (*a*) violates my social right, and (*b*) entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance." Mill denounces this as "a monstrous principle," on the ground that "there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify . . . for the moment an opinion which *I consider* noxious, passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance." The underlining and the (*a*) and (*b*) are Ruskin's. Against the first passage so underlined he writes, "Quite true." To (*a*) he says "Yes"; to (*b*), "Does not follow." And connecting the underlined *I consider* with the passage "act exactly as he ought," he writes in the margin:

> "Nonsense. 'As *he ought*,' yes; but '*as I consider he ought*,' no. The slip in of this false assumption spoils all."

Mill's "Political Economy."—Ruskin's copy of the first edition (in 2 vols., 1848) was given by him to F. S. Ellis, and is now in the possession of Mr. T. Thornton. It contains many comments in the margin—*e.g.*, on pp. 10–11, where Mill says, "Wealth, then, may be defined, all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value," Ruskin notes:

> "Let usefulness be x, exchangeableness y. So the sum of wealth $xy = 0$ whether $x = 0$ or $y = 0$. This is all False. Wealth consists in objects which have useable value of which the quantity is limited. This is not in other words exchangeable value. It is still wealth though there may be no one to exchange it with."

Often Ruskin marks passages as "excellent," "very good," "capital," "admirable," "very important"; occasionally he marks in an opposite sense.

Upon Mill's definition of Labour as including "all feelings of a disagreeable kind, all bodily inconvenience or mental annoyance, connected with the employment of one's thoughts, muscles, etc.," Ruskin asks:

> "Why not feelings of an agreeable kind? Are feelings which retard labour more a part of labour than those which accelerate it?"

Upon Mill's remarks (i. 1, § 2) about "the comparative functions of labour and natural powers," Ruskin notes:

> "The fallacy in this being of no importance is not worth exposing, but note it. The question is not whether muscular action of man in moving things supersedes natural powers; but how far natural powers can be made *also* to supersede this natural action."

Rejected Books.—"Messrs. Puttick and Simpson have sold by auction a number of books 'having the autograph of John Ruskin, and notes of his reasons for removing them from his library.' One book goes 'because its owner has never read it'; another 'because there is no hope of reading now.' A book of old Italian legends went because 'life is too short for legends now'; and the *National Gallery of Pictures by the Great Masters* is banished as 'an old school-book of the stupidest—done with at last!'" (*The Pen*, May 29, 1880.)

ANECDOTA, ETC.

PERSONALIA

HOW RUSKIN WROTE
GRAMMAR
RUSKIN AND TYPOGRAPHY (WITH SOME LETTERS)
AUTHOR AND PRINTERS (WITH SOME LETTERS)
AS CHILDREN'S FRIEND (WITH SOME LETTERS)
MASTER AND SERVANTS (WITH A LETTER)
RUSKIN AND THE BRICKLAYER
AS ENGINEER: A MEMORIAL AT FULKING
A DAY ON DERWENTWATER
A DRAWING OF A FEATHER; AND BUTTERFLIES
AT THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE
A GARDEN PARTY AT MISS INGELOW'S
TOBACCO
AN OLD COLLIER
RUSKIN AND CARLYLE
RUSKIN AND FREDERIC HARRISON
THE EAGLE'S EYE
THE BRANTWOOD POST-BAG
RUSKIN'S GOOD-BYE

OBITER DICTA

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT
ART, IMMORTALITY, AND NATURE
"BELIEVING" AND "KNOWING"
BOOKS FOR GIRLS
CATS IN HEAVEN
CORY'S "IONICA"
THE ETHICS OF "EXPERTISING"
THE GUIDES OF LONDON
HOGARTH
HOW MUCH DID SHAKESPEARE MEAN?
HOW TO BECOME AN ARTIST
VICTOR HUGO
IMMORTALITY
KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD
LEEDS TOWN HALL
LUINI AT LUGANO
MODERN WARFARE
NOTES ON TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM"
SARAH GRAND'S "IDEALA"
SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPT
THE ART OF MISQUOTATION
"THE PRETTIEST THING IN NATURE
THE TRUE KNIGHT
THE TRUE LADY
WALT WHITMAN
WORK AND RHYME
"UNTO THIS LAST"

MISCELLANEA

A GHOST-STORY AT CHAMOUNI
A JAPANESE VIEW OF RUSKIN
PIRATED RUSKINS
RUSKIN AND TURNER
TOLSTOI ON RUSKIN
RUSKIN'S NAME ON GIOTTO'S TOWER

ANECDOTA, ETC.

PERSONALIA

How Ruskin wrote.—The care with which Ruskin wrote and revised has already been amply explained in this edition. But some further particulars may be added. He would often, after revising his MS., have it read out to him by a friend or assistant, in order the better to judge of the sound of his words. He used to write on a flat table, not on a desk. He used a cork pen-holder with a fine steel pen. Unlike some authors, however, he was "not at all a slave to his tools. He could write anywhere, on anything, with anything; he wanted no pen-wiper, no special form of paper, or other 'fad.'"[1] As has been already explained, much of his literary work was done in foreign inns, or wayside lodgings.[2] When at home, he commonly used—in his earlier years—blue foolscap or quarto (such as has been employed in this edition for the *facsimiles* of his MS.); in his later years he preferred ruled white foolscap. A good deal of his work was written, in the first instance, in bound note-books; this was especially his habit when he was abroad. His first rough copy was often transcribed by an assistant or secretary. He revised his first proofs very largely, but he was impatient, as he often said, of final revises, and this work, as we have seen, was for many years committed to Mr. W. H. Harrison's care.[3]

Grammar.—"I remember asking how such a master of English could allow himself to write such a sentence as 'And I didn't want to.' He laughingly replied in parody of my remark: 'I have never yet written good English grammar, and I never mean to.'" ("John Ruskin: Some Personal Recollections," in the *Daily News*, February 17, 1900.)

Ruskin and Typography.—In everything that concerned the appearance of his books, Ruskin was most particular. An article, entitled "Mr. Ruskin and the Typographic Art," appeared in the *Scottish Typographical Circular* of August 1892, and was reprinted with additions by Mr. Henry Jowett in *Hazell's Magazine*, September 1892 (vol. vi. pp. 246–250). The first article described the *format* of the original editions of Ruskin's books as published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. To this description, notes were added by Mr. Jowett, who, as manager of the printing works at Aylesbury of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, also described the books which that firm printed for Mr. Allen during the years 1873 to 1886.

The article in the *Scottish Typographical Circular* goes into various *minutiæ* of the original editions as "furnishing an object-lesson in typographic art":—

"The first item we may take up is the depth and breadth of Mr. Ruskin's page, or rather pages, for he has a major page for his more important works such as *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*, and a minor size for such works as *The Two Paths*. The larger page is 42 ems pica in depth by 25 ems broad, the smaller

[1] W. G. Collingwood, *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 347.
[2] See Vol. I. p. xxx.
[3] See above, p. 93.

30 × 17; but practically both pages may be held to be the one, for the smaller is as nearly as possible an exact replica, in reduced proportion, of the greater. Any one who views one of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* from the standpoint of the harmony of its proportions will at once say, 'It is a shapely page.' . . . It is as nearly as an oblong can be made so, modelled on the proportions which artists have assigned to be the finest types of the human countenance."

Mr. Jowett (of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, Limited) notes upon this that Ruskin made the size of the page a careful study, though he adopted many varieties:—"Thus *Fors* page is different from, and not so symmetrical as that of the octavo 'Works Series,' although both are printed on the same sized paper,—medium 8vo. Mr. Ruskin once wrote to me, 'I had forgotten, if ever I knew, that *Fors* page was not the same as the Works.' Then there is the *Knight's Faith* and *Ulric*, in both of which the type (pica *modern*—'this delightful type,' wrote Mr. Ruskin) and the size of the page are different from any other; yet both were his choice. The *Ulric* page was imitated from an old edition of Miss Edgeworth. The first proof he criticised thus:—

> 'Don't you think a quarter inch off this page, as enclosed, would look better? The type is very nice. How delicious a bit of Miss Edgeworth's is, like this!'

When the page so reduced was submitted, he replied, 'I think the enclosed page an entirely nice and right one.' *Ida* was another page of his choice, and greatly approved. 'The new page of *Ida*,' he wrote, 'is quite beautiful.' His title-pages, too, were arranged with great care; he used to draw them out in pen and ink, indicating the size and position of the lines and letters. Technical readers will note," continues Mr. Jowett, "that nearly all Ruskin's titles consist of plain roman or titling letters, interspersed with italics. *Præterita* title may roughly be taken as a typical one, and of this he wrote, 'I think the *Præterita* title-page delightful.'"

"The next item," says the *Scottish Typographical Circular*, "is his choice of type, which is old-style letter. The size is small pica, with a thick lead between the lines; so that with good spacing, clearly-read type, and uniform colour, the whole page presents that tender equable grey which is so grateful to the reader's eyes. So insistent is Mr. Ruskin that the item of spacing should be well done that he has been known, when the compositors had carried out an order 'not to space too close' with somewhat injurious exaggeration, to return the proofs of the volume, with numerous paragraphs marked to be over-run from almost beginning to end, solely to remedy this defect."—On this point, Mr. Jowett gives the following letter:—

"Brantwood, *4th Feb.* 1883.

> "Dear Jowett, . . . I see that the Italian story has got much too crowded in words. As it chances, this will not matter, for the whole page must be altered. It is vulgarly square, and must be narrowed so as to leave equal margin at top and outside, and a little wider spaced between lines. The book is too short besides, and will every way be improved by the change. The title is also to be changed to 'The Story of Ida.' Send me therefore a proof of this enclosed page cut down as marked, and widen lines a little. Would it not be well to make it a rule that the type setters should never use less than a given space, A. (as marked on this list), with a given type? expanding quite frankly after commas and semicolons as far as was needed. This would save *me* a lot of trouble, and I should think, *you* also (I suppose of course that you don't charge alteration of crowded type as corrections). What *are* chargeable 'corrections' is a curious point-of-honour question. How is it settled? Sometimes, *I* think the Printer should pay the Author! but on the other hand, I suppose Mr. Carlyle's corrections always, and mine sometimes, were as bad as another Book! or worse.—Ever affectionately yours,
>
> "J. Ruskin."

It is next pointed out in the *Scottish Typographical Circular* that Ruskin allowed no divided word to end the foot-line on any of his pages: "This may be made a note of by both compositors and readers: every little tells in the perfection of artistic work."—On this point, Mr. Jowett tells that in issuing *Ulric* in parts, the word "stockings" happened to be divided; "and thus 'stock-' ended one part, and 'ings' began the next! In all my correspondence with him," says Mr. Jowett, "I never knew Mr. Ruskin so annoyed:—

> 'Dear Jowett,—I'm really a little cross with you—for once—for doing such an absurd thing as jointing a word between the two parts. Did I really pass Part II. with half a word at the end?'

This unfortunately was followed by many weeks' silence, and entire abstinence from any kind of work. The Master had been seriously ill! The silence was broken by the following:—

> 'My dear Jowett,—That unlucky extra worry with *Ulric* was just the drop too much, which has cost me a month's painful illness again. . . .'"

Author and his Printers.—"Mr. Ruskin," adds Mr. Jowett, "was always most considerate of difficulties and appreciative of help. He would alter words and sentences to avoid difficulties in spacing or divisions.[1] But he was sometimes righteously severe on a slip or error or excess of zeal:—

> "This is really too bad," he wrote; "that confounded reader of yours must have changed paternal into maternal grandfather[2] by way of doing something clever! It's the worst mistake we've had yet. See that it's altered before you print more."

Mr. Ruskin's name, says Mr. Jowett elsewhere, "has naturally become a household word in our establishment, and from his many acts of kindness that name is never mentioned but with affectionate regard."[3] "On the occasion of the building of a new wing, Jowett sent him a newspaper cutting in which it was mentioned that there had been no tenders for contract issued in the ordinary way, but that the business had been conducted in accordance with the tenets of St. George's Guild. He wrote in reply: 'Dear Jowett, I have rarely read a news paragraph with so much pleasure, and am glad my name's connected with it.'"[4] Of his considerateness in the case of the printers who were engaged in his earlier works, mention has already been made.[5]

With Mr. Jowett, Ruskin kept up a familiar correspondence—asking for his help, taking his advice, and often revealing his intimate feelings. Extracts from such letters will be found in the Introduction to Vol. XXXV., and among the *Letters* or Bibliographical Appendix in Vol. XXXVII.

Some letters have also been printed which Ruskin addressed to Mr. Chester, the reader at Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s establishment (see Vol. XXVII. p. 132 *n.*):—

> "Denmark Hill, *Thursday.* [1871.][6]
>
> "I want to go down into Derbyshire on Monday, if possible, and I'll settle Michael Angelo there—but I must have my good little *Fors** afloat first.—Ever gratefully yours, J. Ruskin."
>
> * I think she's a little spicy this time.

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[1] "I can pad, but can't shorten," he was wont to say to the printers (R. E. Pengelly's *John Ruskin*, p. 108).

[2] This misprint occurred in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 63: see Vol. XXVIII. p. xxxi.

[3] "John Ruskin," in *Hazell's Magazine*, March 1887 (p. 119).

[4] R. E. Pengelly's *John Ruskin*, p. 85.

[5] See Vol. XIV. p. 457.

[6] From Walter T. Spencer's Catalogue, No. 108, 1902, p. 46.

Extracts from some other letters to him in the same Catalogue illustrate relations with his printer. Thus, 1871, "All is right now but the 'Robert Stevenson,' page 11.[1] I mean the great engineer; you must put the name right, if it isn't (*I* don't know engineers' names)"; and, again, "October 22 [1871],—Dear Mr. Chester, I never knew anything so wonderful as the way you have got my scrawl printed. Literally, only two words wrong in the 18 pages."

As Children's Friend.[2]—"He knew the names of my dolls," says Miss May Bateman, "and the exact 'difference of character' which separated Mathilde with a wide gulf from my sister's Cerise, and the immeasurable superiority of my 'Kate Greenaway' Dorothea to both. But he never gave us toys—except in one sad instance which I shall recall later. I think he believed in one learning unconsciously, as the sunflowers turn unconsciously to the sun. He made such learning the dearest enjoyment of a day's merrymaking—something widely different from Mrs. Markham's history or Butter's spelling. Yet nobody could have been stricter in matters of discipline and restraint. I remember his being very nearly annoyed with me because, in the winter, I used to sit hunched up ungracefully on the very verge of the embers of our old-fashioned dining-room grate; and I had to promise to sit in the cold on the extreme opposite side of the room until I could control my inclinations! And a letter of July 13, 1883, contains the suggestion of a reproof of my over-hasty reading:—

> 'Darling Geraldine,—Your letter's lovely, and I am so very glad you are reading Scott. Read very slowly, notice every word, and stop steadily at a given time, and don't read a word more. There's as much heroism in stopping properly in a novel as in bearing pain.'

The second or third day that Mr. Ruskin ever spent with us is typical of many others. In the centre of a group, of which grown-ups and children alike formed part, Mr. Ruskin sat, books and pictures in hand; either the original manuscript and etchings of Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* or the proofs, and Mr. Hollyer's clever photographs—I forget which. But I know that as he read from the one and showed us the other, he held us under a spell which left us breathless and subdued, which comes back and holds me now, long years after. It was a pathetic sight in a way—the bent silver head and scholarly form, with the student droop from the neck—the one arm thrown caressingly round the child on his knee, the other resting on the open folio. He was not content with merely reading; often at the close of a passage he would turn back to explain the derivation of a word or to illuminate some unfamiliar passage. . . .

"I have said that Mr. Ruskin never gave us toys—except on one occasion. And that occasion was a trying one. For the box arrived addressed to me, to 'Miss Geraldine,' instead of to the 'Miss Gabrielle'—the owner of the doll 'Cerise'—for whom it was intended. And great was the blow thereof, for it was an ebony Solitaire board, with rare marbles. . . . Of course I wrote to thank him for it, when this answer came:—

> '. . . I certainly must and will take you away from your books, but not to play Solitaire. The box was meant for Gabie'—a pet name for Gabrielle—'not for you. . . . I solemnly impressed on B—— it was for Miss Gabrielle, and so solemnly that I suppose I tumbled him over on the other side, and he went back to Geraldine. . . .'

[1] Of the original edition of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 152).

[2] At the May Day Celebration at Whitelands College in 1890, Mr. Faunthorpe, the Principal, quoted a letter from Ruskin in which he said, "My love for children makes me the collared serf of a little maid of six" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 2, 1890).

The receiving of a letter is, as Mr. Ruskin well knew, one of a child's greatest joys, and my act of necessary renunciation brought me another two days later, tripping on the footsteps of the first, as it were:—

> 'Darling Geraldine (but I don't ever call you anything but Geraldine now, do I?),—You're a dear little Dine about the box; but I knew you would be, and I'm glad it was misdirected, for you have had the double pleasure of first getting it and then giving it; and I've had the double pleasure of giving it to you both.
>
> 'But I must find something to keep us both—off our books!—Ever your lovingest, J. R.'"

("Recollections of Ruskin," in *Black and White*, January 27, 1900.)

Master and Servant.—"Mr. Ruskin and I were dining together. During the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and remarked how delicious it was. The Professor was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and, ringing for one of the servants, he said: 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When he came into the room his master said: 'Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says it is delicious.'

"When we had finished dining, a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark, even before the sun had gone down. After placing candles she was leaving the room, when she said: 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sky just now over the Old Man.' The Professor rose from his chair and said: 'Thank you, Kate, for telling us.' He then left the room, but soon returned. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth seeing,' and he led the way upstairs to his bedroom.

"It was certainly a glorious sight—the sun sinking behind the Coniston Old Man Mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. I was thinking of the charming relation and sympathy manifested between master and servant." (*The King*, January 27, 1900.)

"I have heard of Ruskin entertaining his guests as hospitably at Corpus as at Brantwood. A friend described to us the well-served breakfast, ample beyond all appetite of host or guest, and Ruskin fearing to disappoint the cook, sending friendly and appreciative messages. 'A very nice relish for breakfast, sir,' says the scout, offering some particular dish. 'A very nice relish at any time,' says Ruskin kindly, refusing, 'and tell the cook I said so.'" (*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, 1892, p. 131.)

"The memory of John Ruskin is dear to all who came into personal contact with him. It is especially so to his old servants, among whom Mr. David Fudge,[1] for fifty years family coachman.

"'David' would daily drive him through the Surrey lanes, then (ten or twelve years ago) untouched by the builder. The sight of a brooklet or of a picturesque bit of road, said Mr. Fudge, would always call for the eager request: 'Drive through there, David; drive through there!' The Professor was a great walker, and would often dismount from his brougham and set out across country. 'Then, I suppose, you would meet your master to take him home after the walk?' 'Yes; before leaving the carriage he would insist on sketching out a plan of the road I was to take to meet him. And more than often I found him waiting for me—such was his pace and his knowledge of the footpaths. My master was a very plain liver,

[1] For mention of Fudge, see Vol. XXVIII, p. 531.

and was almost a teetotaler. He was very reserved in his ways, and kept but little company. But, mind you,' added Mr. Fudge, with emphasis, 'he was as good a master as it is possible to have. All the old family servants are amply provided for. I have many a time seen my late master heartily shake the hand of a crossing sweeper whom he thought well of.'

"Mr. Fudge proudly brought forth from his breast pocket a number of affectionate letters written to him in later years. Here is one, dated from Brantwood, 1883, which 'David' allows us to reproduce:—

> 'Dear David,—Here is your cheque at last. I never get half my day's letters answered, and they get pushed into drawers and lost. I can't help it. The wet weather has come at last, and I begin to get through my business.—Ever your affectionate master,
>
> 'J. Ruskin.'"

("Mr. Ruskin and his old Coachman," in the *Daily Chronicle*, January 22, 1900.)

"Like all Ruskin's servants, David Fudge is provided for in his old age, and every month since his retirement, he has received a cheque from Brantwood. The old man keeps all his letters with a jealous affection. In one of them Ruskin says: 'Dearest David,—I am sorry to hear of your illness, but hope you will be better. I enclose £5, with which you may be enabled to buy some comforts.'" (*Western Morning News*, January 22, 1900.)

"His servant Downs[1] was his devoted slave. 'Downsie-Pownsie!' he would say, in smiling accents, 'was he not well? Poor old Downsie!' as the old man hobbled along slightly rheumatic, when staying at his last home in the St. George's Farm, the other side of the hill. Old Downs used to relate many an anecdote of 'the young Master,' as he called him.

"'He were a funny man,' he said; 'once, when we went back to Switzerland, he says: "Come along, Downsie; let's go and see if it is still there!" and I trots along' (the old man puffed in example—he was fat). 'I wonders what "it" was. Well, we goes down to the lake, and he points and he says, "Yes, there it is—there it is, Downsie!" "Where?" says I. "Why, there! Don't you see it?" I saw nothing except an old stump in the water. "Why, the old stump; there it is, the same as ever! I used to come and sit there fourteen years ago! And there it is!"' A curious example of Ruskin's vividness of remembrance of detail.

"'We were marching along in the Alps,' said Downs, 'him and Mr. Ward. Ah, Mr. Ward was a gentleman; he could speak French like a native. Well, they were walking along, and talking, talking, talking—and I was getting hungry, I was. So I asks, "Beg pardon, sir; is it time for dinner yet, sir?" "No, not yet!" Well, I s'pose he saw my face fall, for he says, "Oh, it's you who are hungry, eh, Downs? Well, go along on and order lunch; there's the inn over that next hill—and order us something nice, there's a good Downsie!" So I went, and I knew what he liked, so I ordered a dish of mushrooms and milk—and it was good, I promise you.' Such was the master to his man." ("Reminiscences of Ruskin," by Howard Swan, in the *Westminster Gazette*, 1900.)

In a letter to Professor Norton from a friend of his who had visited Ruskin at Brantwood there is a pleasant reference to Downs. "Instead of walking home," he says, "as we had arranged to do, the faithful Downs, who wished his duty conveyed to you all, insisted on rowing us back as well as over. It was pleasant to hear him talk of his master and of his own pride in appearing in person in *Fors*." (*Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, vol. ii. p. 135.)

[1] For mention of Downs, Ruskin's gardener, and afterwards factotum at Sheffield, see Vol. XIX. p. xxxi.; Vol. XX. p. xlii.; Vol. XXVIII. pp. 531, 769; Vol. XXIX. p. 27; and Vol. XXX. p. xxvii.

RUSKIN AND THE BRICKLAYER.—An artisan living near Denmark Hill is "the proud possessor of an autograph letter from Mr. Ruskin, received in reply to a communication asking counsel and assistance regarding a young bricklayer who displayed considerable ability as a draughtsman. Mr. Ruskin promptly replied, stating that he was getting old and had neither time nor ability for active effort in the direction solicited, and concluding in his usual encouraging manner: 'If your bricklayer is a man of real talent, depend upon it, this will ultimately secure for him both recognition and position.'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 20, 1891.)

RUSKIN AS ENGINEER.—"Few people are aware that John Ruskin has on one occasion at least played with remarkable success the part of a hydraulic engineer. The inhabitants of Fulking, a little village in Sussex, not far from Brighton, had for a long time a great difficulty in obtaining an adequate supply of drinking water. A hilly gathering ground was near, but nature seemed to have intended the water for other localities. All sorts of expedients were adopted, but all proved a failure. It happened that Ruskin occasionally visited the district, and the idea occurred to somebody that he might be able to help. The request was a strange one, but Ruskin began to think what could be done, and in the end devised a scheme which has given Fulking as much water as it can ever hope to consume. Works have of course been required, but they did not cost very much, and they certainly do not disfigure the locality. The people have not been slow to show their gratitude for the boon thus conferred, and near the well which gives the inhabitants a constant service they have erected a beautiful marble memorial, on which is a tablet, bearing in gilt letters the following record: 'To the glory of God, and in honour of John Ruskin. Psalm 78: That they might set their hope in God, and not forget to keep His commandments, who brought streams also out of the rock.'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, August 26, 1891, from the *Manchester Examiner*.)[1]

A DAY ON DERWENTWATER.—"A friend, one of the truest Ruskin had, tells me of a memorable day on the lake with the Professor during that visit [1867]. He was staying at the hotel at Portinscale, and arranged for her to come over with her hostess to spend a long day with him on Derwentwater. . . . 'If there is one thing I can claim to be able to do,' he said, 'it is to guide you to all that is best worth seeing and caring for on this lake. I know every tree and stone upon its shores, and the colour of every shallow and the clear deeps of every pool.' So saying, they embarked, and leaving the river mouth and its rustling reeds, coasted all down the quiet western shore, touching land here and there to see the particular beauty of this or that tree or rock, or to get this or that particular view, loitering here to get some effect of gleam upon the grassy bottom of the lake, or rowing there to see a special reflected light on ripple or in shallow, he talking all the time of the wonder and the glory round about them; sad sometimes, as it seemed in sheer perverseness; glad sometimes and hopeful when the talk of the rest was sad, but making all feel that the hours were too swift and the eventide come too soon. . . .

"He once told a neighbour of mine that when he first knew Keswick it was a place he thought too beautiful to live in,—and when in later years he paid a visit to an Oxford friend in Underskiddaw he was constantly expressing his wonder and amaze at the extraordinary beauty of the grouping of the hills to the west, and his delight in the level valley plain between Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite as giving value to the mountain scenery." (*Ruskin and the English Lakes*, by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, 1901, pp. 28, 29.)

[1] The inscription was by Ruskin's friend, Henry Willett: see a letter to him, dated June 16, 1887, in Vol. XXXVII. Fulking is under the Downs, between Edburton and Poynings.

A Drawing of a Feather, and Butterflies.—"I well remember hearing, when a drawing by him of a hen's feather was lying on a table at some distance from where he was sitting, he asked a child who was in the room to bring it to him. Holding the paper carefully by the edges, with both hands, she crossed the room slowly and cautiously, her head turned away lest her breath should blow the feather off the paper! He said it was the prettiest compliment he had ever been paid."

"A young scientist who both believed, and stoutly maintained his belief in, much that Mr. Ruskin disapproved, was forgiven all his heresies because he 'could paint butterflies so delightfully—flying, not with pins through them,' and the Master was never tired of giving him lessons in the laying on of colour. Indeed, at Brantwood most of the daylight was spent by his pupil in painting at a big table in the drawing-room window, when Turners, and Bewicks, and William Hunts were requisitioned as copies." ("Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in the *Puritan*, May 1900, p. 346.)

A Lesson at the Working Men's College.—"In the room of an old art pupil of Mr. Ruskin's at the Working Men's College I admired a very clever sketch of a dead bird in carmine-lake on the wall, and asked whose it was. 'John Ruskin's,' said my friend. 'You know how he used to come up to our easels, one after the other, and tell us where we were right, with a word of praise, and where wrong with a "Look here; this is the way to do that!" Well, that bird which you have just admired, Ruskin did one night on the edge of my drawing-paper, in less than ten minutes, to give me a hint. He dashed in the sketch as fast as brush could go; and the breast, which is so effective, he did by dabbing the inside of his thumb on the wet paint. I wouldn't part with it for anything. A year or two ago he came to see me, and I showed him his sketch and reminded him of when and how he did it. Of course he'd forgotten all about it; but he looked at it, and said smilingly, "Well, it's very well done."'" (A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 9, 1887. For other notices of Ruskin's classes at the Working Men's College, see Vol. V. pp. xxxvii.–xl.)

"In most cases Mr. Ruskin announced no particular subject when he gave these informal talks, for such they were. It was his way to speak to the men of anything that occurred to him, ranging over a variety of topics, but mainly dealing with literature and art as bearing on life. We used to look forward to such talks with immense interest. Formless and planless as they were, the effect on the hearers was immense. It was a wonderful bubbling up of all manner of glowing thoughts; for mere eloquence I never heard aught like it. One had the sense of ceaseless flashings of inspiration in every other sentence.

"These talks were not his main work at the College. That was done in his drawing class room. For about five years he was about the most regular teacher we ever had. Every Thursday night you might see his brougham waiting at the door at ten o'clock to take him back to Denmark Hill." (Printed from a private letter "by one who was often present" in the *Bookman*, March 1900, p. 191.)

A Garden Party at Miss Ingelow's.—"It was at a garden party at Miss Jean Ingelow's at Kensington upon a lovely warm summer afternoon in 1875 or 1876. The guests had tea in the house, and then passed into the little garden, which was soon filled by a crowd of interesting people, among whom was Mr. Ruskin. After a time Miss Ingelow introduced us, and then followed a most interesting talk. My husband said something about his experience in France during the Franco-German war. Then Mr. Ruskin waxed eloquent and impassioned, and burst into a flood of talk. In his own inimitable English he sketched the character of the two peoples—the French and the German: their innate difference, their good and bad qualities. In burning words he declared his pity for the misery and degradation which had overtaken France, and in prophetic strain mourned over the hideous war spirit which had possessed Germany. The beauty of phrase, the impassioned

utterance, the flow of magical words, were wonderful to listen to. Now and then my husband would mention a fact or show some sign of sympathy, and then again poured forth the eloquent stream of denunciation, admiration, criticism, far-searching thought, sympathy, and scorn. For nearly an hour this delightful lecture continued. Then Miss Ingelow came up, accompanied by a very pretty girl, beautifully dressed in an elegant toilette of pink silk and white lace. She was introduced as a great admirer of Mr. Ruskin, who was most anxious for an interview. The crowd was so great that we could not move away far, and were obliged therefore to listen to the conversation that ensued. Mr. Ruskin at once turned to the young lady with a smiling, devoted manner. I was greatly amused and interested to see the gifted and eloquent speaker plunge at once into the inanities of compliment and personal chit-chat. A little gossamer handkerchief slipped from the pretty small hand. Instantly Mr. Ruskin stooped to pick it up, and presented it with a compliment and an adoring look worthy of a love-sick swain of twenty. It was curious." (*James Macdonell, Journalist,* by W. Robertson Nicoll, 1890, pp. 310–311.)

Tobacco.[1]—"*February* 12, 1882.—You are evidently unaware that Mr. Ruskin entirely abhors the practice of smoking, in which he has never indulged. His dislike of it is mainly based upon his belief (no doubt a true one) that a cigar or pipe will very often make a man content to be idle for any length of time, who would not otherwise be so. The excessive use of tobacco amongst all classes abroad, both in France and Italy, and the consequent spitting everywhere and upon everything, has not tended to lessen his antipathy. I have heard him allow, however, that there is reason in the soldiers' and the sailors' pipe, as being some protection against the ill effects of exposure, etc. As to the effect of tobacco on the brain, I know that he considers it anything but beneficial."

An Old Collier.[2]—"Brantwood, *Sept.* 3, 1892.—Sir,—I was sorry to see by the leader in yesterday's *Daily Telegraph* [Sept. 2] on Emanuel Hospital what a half-hearted view is taken of this 'bit of Old London.' Your writer asks what is to be learnt from such a 'pile of crazy tenements'? He might as well ask what there is to be learnt by a crazy old collier brig in Folkestone Harbour? And this reminds me of a very whole-hearted article in your paper some years ago on an old collier, the *Brotherly Love,* then likely to share the same fate as this old Emanuel Hospital, and how Professor Ruskin read the article aloud to us, and how delighted and touched he was by it, and how he at once went to his study, and wrote a cheque for a hundred guineas, to be forwarded to your office, in case there was still any chance of helping to save this old ship from becoming firewood."

Ruskin and Carlyle.—"Occasionally Ruskin came, and it was pleasant to see how serene and beaming was his face, so worn and touched in those days, when he entered that room at Chelsea. 'Mr. Carlyle,' he said one evening, 'how few people I know who really can sit down at their own little table and pour out their cup of tea from their own little teapot, and there think and say what is to them true without regard to the world's clamour!' Carlyle said: 'That used to be the characteristic of the English people; whenever you had an Englishman you had a

[1] From p. 110 of *Study and Stimulants; or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in relation to Intellectual Life, as illustrated by personal communications on the subject, from Men of Letters and of Science.* Edited by A. Arthur Reade (Manchester, 1883). The name of the secretary or other person who wrote on Ruskin's behalf is not given; he himself was ill at the time.

[2] From a letter by Mr. Arthur Severn in the *Daily Telegraph,* September 5, 1892.

man with an opinion of his own; but one doesn't find it so now.' . . . The conversation fell upon the cruelty of sports, and Ruskin referred with enthusiasm to Emerson's lines entitled *Forbearance.*[1] . . . Carlyle was very compassionate. I well remember the wrath with which he spoke one evening to Mr. Ruskin and myself of seeing at the Zoological Gardens living mice put into the cages of the snakes. . . . The affection between Ruskin and Carlyle was beautiful."[2] (M. D. Conway's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. pp. 99, 101, 106.)

"I heard a pretty account once from Mr. Alfred Lyttelton on a visit paid by Ruskin to Carlyle. Ruskin had been ill not long before, and as he talked on of something he cared about, his eyes lighted up and he seemed agitated and moved. Carlyle stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. 'You must take care,' he said, with that infinite kindness which Carlyle could show; 'you will be making yourself ill once more.' And Ruskin quite simply like a child stopped short. 'You are right,' he said, calling Carlyle 'master,' and then went on to talk of something else, as dull no doubt as anything could be that Ruskin and Carlyle could talk about together." (*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, 1892, p. 117.)

Ruskin and Frederic Harrison.—"Ruskin once asked me to tell him what I meant by a passage in a published piece of mine. I fell into the trap, and stated my meaning in a private letter. 'What!' he wrote back, 'do you suppose I care what you mean or don't mean? But I love you.'" ("Memoirs of John Ruskin," in *Literature*, February 3, 1900, p. 106.)

The Eagle's Eye.—Somebody once said to Ruskin that he had the eye of an eagle. "I should be sorry," he replied, "if my eyes were no better than an eagle's. Doth the eagle know what is in the pit? I do." (*Daily News*, February 17, 1900.)

The Brantwood Post-bag.—"Breakfast at Brantwood was at ten; but the master had been up since six, and his day's work was done before he met his guests at breakfast. With breakfast came the post-bag—solid proof of the penalties of greatness. The number of parcels, to say nothing of letters, from all sorts of people, were terrible to contemplate. Sketches, volumes of poems—how we groaned under those poems!—manuscript awaiting criticism, and letters—some admirative, some remonstrating, not to say impertinent—upon every conceivable subject! The known handwritings were speedily sorted out, and a certain pretty ritual was gone through every morning. One letter was always eagerly sought for and read first—that from the Joanie of *Præterita*. We were quite sure that he could not have got through his day if the looked-for letter had gone amissing." ("John Ruskin in the Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.)

Ruskin's Good-bye.—"I used to think that nothing could exceed the grace and warmth of his greeting, till the time came when he said good-bye. Holding his guest's hand in his two, he would say a few wise and tender words of farewell, and wind up with a kind of apostolic blessing." ("John Ruskin: Some Personal Recollections," in the *Daily News*, February 17, 1900.)

[1] "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behaviour,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!"

[2] Compare Mrs. Carlyle's description, Vol. XVIII. p. xlvii.

OBITER DICTA

Architectural Ornament.—Sir Benjamin Baker, the civil engineer, told the following anecdote at a discussion on "The Æsthetic Treatment of Bridge Structure": "When very young, he had thought he could do without architects, and he had designed and carried out some very pretty work indeed. It had been so pretty that it had attracted the attention of Mr. Ruskin, who had mentioned it in one of his lectures. There had been columns and arches and scrolls in iron-work, and Mr. Ruskin had said that he had seen it, and that it made him wish that he had been born a blind fish in Kentucky cave." He thought afterwards that Mr. Ruskin had let him down very easily. (*Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers*, vol. cxlv., 1900–1901, part iii. pp. 208–209, quoted in a letter by Mr. Beresford Pite in the *Times*, December 9, 1902.)

Art, Immortality, and Nature.—"I spent many happy days with him at Denmark Hill, never to be forgotten. One thing I remember was a strange saying. I said, 'Mr. Ruskin, must not a man be good to be a great artist?' His answer was: 'Perugino did not believe in the immortality of the soul. Nature is before you; if you see that, it is enough; the rest of you must take its chance.'" ("Ruskin as I Knew Him," by Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A., in *St. George*, vol. v. p. 294.)

"Believing" and "Knowing."—"It's no use," said Dr. John Brown once, "arguing with Ruskin when he says wild things. I tried once and had to give it up. I had begun saying, 'Now, Ruskin, you surely do not *believe* that?' 'Believe it! Sir, I know it.'" (*British Weekly*, February 1, 1900.)

Books for Girls.—At a distribution of the prizes at the Chesterfield School of Art, a letter was read from Ruskin, saying he had told his publisher to send as a gift *Sesame and Lilies* and *Eagle's Nest* as better books for girls than his general Oxford lectures. He urged them to get Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Lady of the Lake*, and Carlyle's *Past and Present*, prizes he thinks pre-eminently deserving the name. (Date unknown.)

"Cats in Heaven."—In a letter thus entitled, "Philozoist" quotes from a letter addressed by Ruskin to Mrs. Talbot, who had sent him the story of a cat which perished in the effort to save her four kittens from a burning theatre. She laid the first three which she had rescued down at her master's feet for protection, and then rushed back, scorched and singed, to fetch the last from the flames. When the fire was conquered at last, the charred remains of cat and kitten were found together. Ruskin wrote of this: "That cat is blessed. I hope to meet her in heaven." (*Westminster Gazette*, August 23, 1900.)

Cory's "Ionica."—"Mr. Ruskin is one of the recently enrolled admirers of Mr. Cory's seclusive muse. A year or two ago a friend happened to quote in some writing which came under Mr. Ruskin's notice, the opening stanza from one of Mr. Cory's happiest pieces, the 'Mimnermus in Church.' (Ruskin's remarks on the lines have been already given, Vol. XXIV. p. xxiii.)

"In writing to Mr. Cory shortly afterwards, the correspondent mentioned the chance which had brought the verses under Mr. Ruskin's notice, and his appreciation of them" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 18, 1892). Mr. Cory's letter in reply, given in the same number of the *Gazette*, contains the following passage: "As I was a devout reader of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. in 1846–1847, and have even now sincere gratitude to the author for parts of 'Theoria' and of *Seven Lamps*, it is now rather touching to find that he has been interested in my very lowly *rimaillerie*." This incident was partly influential in inducing Mr. Cory a year later to re-issue *Ionica* through Ruskin's publisher.

THE ETHICS OF "EXPERTISING."—A friend who was staying at Denmark Hill in 1867 remembers Ruskin being offered some drawings by Prout for £80. "I know they are worth more," he said, "and I believe myself to be a judge on that subject. If I take them, I shall give £100." The friend objected that Prout was dead, and that the intermediary would doubtless get adequate profit on the £80. "That," replied Ruskin, "is not for me to go into. I know the value of this work, and I am bound in honesty to pay for it. Mr. ——, when informed of the full value, and receiving it, ought to be willing, in the proper degree, to remunerate further those from whom he himself received the drawings; and so, if it be possible, step by step, let the advantage trickle back; perhaps even to the widow of the dead worker, if there yet is one. Anyhow, I have my own duty to see to." (*The Spectator*, December 22, 1900.)

THE GUIDES OF LONDON.—"I owe more to cabdrivers, than to any other persons in this world, of material help and good guiding," sent with a cheque for ten guineas to the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association. (From an article, "Cabby and his Employers," in the *Globe*, June 28, 1886.)

A PICTURE BY HOGARTH.—Mr. John Holmes on one occasion showed Ruskin at the Working Men's College a picture by Hogarth, representing an abandoned woman (one of the "Times of the Day" series). "What a fearful sight," he said. "See," said he, "the conscience of the old wretch is gone. She is dead in trespass and in sins. The Holy Spirit has taken its flight, and she is at peace in her iniquity. But still the fleas bite. She is scratching herself." ("John Ruskin: a Reminiscence," by John Holmes, in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, Weekly Supplement, April 17, 1886.)

HOW MUCH DID SHAKESPEARE MEAN?—"'I wonder how much Shakespeare really meant of all that,' he once said to a friend, after listening to a lecture on Shakespeare. 'I suppose at any rate he meant more than we can follow, and not less,' said his friend, Frederick Maurice. 'Well, that is what I used to think of Turner,' he replied sadly, 'and now I don't know.'" ("John Ruskin," by Julia Wedgewood, in the *Contemporary Review*, March 1900, p. 339.)

HOW TO BECOME AN ARTIST.—"'What course of study should one pursue in order to become a respectable painter?' Ruskin was asked. 'Do you wish to become an *artist?*' he said, laying stress on the last word. 'I do, sir.' 'Then paint *everything!*'" ("Memories of Ruskin," in the *Outlook*, June 10, 1899.)

"I remember being profoundly discouraged when Ruskin took up a piece of chalk and drew some vine leaves for the capital of a column, and said, 'A man who cannot draw like that at all events should not think of being an architect.' Then a lady, wishing to bring herself under Mr. Ruskin's notice, asked how long it would take any one like herself to paint a plum like one of William Hunt's. Mr. Ruskin replied, 'About eight hours a day for forty years, madam.'" ("A Talk with Sir Arthur Arnold," in the *Young Man*, February 1896, p. 41.)

VICTOR HUGO.—"On one occasion, when Mr. Arthur Severn was to lecture at the London Institution, he mentioned casually to the Professor that he was proposing to quote from *The Toilers of the Sea* a reference to the artistic effects of a storm. Mr. Ruskin would not hear of it; said, indeed, that he should walk out of the lecture-room the moment Mr. Severn began his quotation, and begged him to substitute the passage in *David Copperfield*.[1] Victor Hugo's work, according to Ruskin, belonged to the 'gas-light' kind of literature." (*Westminster Gazette.*)

IMMORTALITY.—"It was half in jest that I would complain to him that to Earth he gave up what was meant for Infinity, and bent a cosmic passion upon this round wet pebble of rock and sea. 'Ah, my friend!' he answered once when I spoke of life to come, 'if you could only give me fifty years longer of this life on

[1] The passage is praised by Ruskin in *Frondes Agrestes:* see Vol. III. p. 570 *n.*

earth, I would ask for nothing more!' And half that season was granted to him, and all in vain;—for what Tithonus may tread for ever unweary the 'gleaming halls of Morn'?" (F. W. H. Myers, *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, 1904, p. 91.)

KEBLE CHAPEL, OXFORD.—"'Have you seen Keble Chapel, Mr. Ruskin?' we innocently asked him. 'No!' 'Are you going to see it?' 'No! If it is new, it is hideous. Or if it is beautiful, it ought not to be. We don't deserve it. You clergy ought not to have any beautiful churches. You ought to be out in the wilderness with St. John the Baptist. When you have converted England, it will be time to think whether we may have any beautiful things again.' That was his verdict." (Canon Scott Holland, in the *Commonwealth*, March 1900.)

THE LEEDS TOWN HALL.—Ruskin, after his lecture at Bradford (*Two Paths*, Vol. XVI.), was invited to lecture also at Leeds. In reply, he objected to giving local or piecemeal addresses and so we must excuse him, adding he should like and intended to come to Leeds, when he would do his best to crucify the snobs or charlatans in architecture who could put such an abortion as that tower upon a town hall of fair Roman composite architecture." ("John Ruskin, a Reminiscence," by John Holmes, in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, Weekly Supplement, April 24, 1886.)

"RUSKIN ON LUINI AT LUGANO."—In June 1870 a party of English and American tourists met Ruskin in the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angioli at Lugano, and engaged him in conversation with regard to Luini's "Passion of Christ," painted on the wall of the screen. "Luini's works," said Ruskin, "were relatively few, little known, and less understood. This was his chief and characteristic work, and he was thankful that it had not been meddled with by restorers. It was thoroughly genuine; and though dirty and dilapidated, those who had eyes to see and souls to appreciate could yet realise something of the grandeur and genius of the painter." He went on to speak of "the simple boldness and grandeur of the composition and the fire and feeling of execution." One of the company dissented. "Sir," said Ruskin, "Luini is an artist of such superlative excellence that I have never yet ventured to criticise him in detail." ("Ruskin on Luini at Lugano," by John Holmes, in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, May 1, 1886, Weekly Supplement, p. 5; reprinted in *Two Papers on Ruskin*, by John Holmes (Sheffield, 1886).

MODERN WARFARE.—Mr. C. J. Guthrie, in an account of "A Visit to Ruskin in 1880," reports what Ruskin said of the Zulu war. "I used to think that however dreadful war is, yet on the whole it developed the grander features in a nation's character, in a way that commerce, with its petty knaveries and sharp practice, does not. I always liked British officers, when I chanced to meet them, more than other professional men. But now"—and his eye kindled—"to think of those defenceless Zulus being blown to pieces by dynamite!" (*British Weekly*, February 1, 1900.)

NOTES ON TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM."—"Apropos of the Turner drawings, every one knows the 'Little Devil's Bridge' in the *Liber Studiorum* series, but nobody knows why it is so called. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his *Notes on the 'Liber Studiorum,'* speaks of Turner 'marking the desolation of the Upper Alps by the skeleton of the mule set in the foreground.' The skeleton, however, is not that of a mule, Mr. Ruskin says, but of a sheep; and herein he finds the meaning of the drawing. The sheep caught in the storm has leaped from a higher ledge across the foaming torrent to a lower: a very Devil's leap, for the lower ledge is on an island; there is no possibility of escape, and the sheep has been starved to death.

"Here is another note on a Turner drawing. Mr. Ruskin had often been struck with Turner's mythological treatment of the Mer de Glace as a dragon—the 'glacier's restless mass' is, as it were, the serpent-coil, the water at the glacier's mouth is the dragon's venom, and the scattered rocks are what the beast

discharges. There can be no doubt of the interpretation, for on one of the stones in Turner's drawing Mr. Ruskin has noticed a serpent. This is just one of those small indications which Turner was wont to give of his meanings. What a remarkable instance it is, by the way, of poetic insight that the geologists' 'laws of glacier motion' should have been anticipated by Byron in those two lines at the beginning of *Manfred* (written in 1817):—

"'The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day.'"[1]

(*Pall Mall Gazette*, December 10, 1887.)

Sarah Grand's "Ideala."—"The MS. of this book was offered to Mr. Allen, who was ready to publish it 'if Mr. Ruskin approved.' Ruskin after reading a few pages did not approve; 'scribbling on it that he "didn't like the title," and 'couldn't bear queer people, however nice."'" (*Westminster Gazette.*)

Scott's Manuscripts.—"Some years ago," says the writer of an article headed "Three Minutes with Mr. Ruskin," "I was staying as a friend with Professor Ruskin at Brantwood. In one of our many interesting conversations, I remember I happened to say that to me it always seemed, when reading his books, from the easy way the sentences followed, so smoothly and naturally—like the flow of water in a river—that it was quite an easy matter to him to write them. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'you have no idea of the labour and pain it is to me to write these books of mine, that seem to you so easy. I will show you a great writer's work, who could write as easily—as you have justly said—as the flow of water in a river.' He rose from his chair, and taking out of a drawer of his study-table the MS. copy of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, he put it in my hand and said, 'Examine that: it is just as Scott wrote it, in his own neat, clear hand.' It was a bound volume of MS. about 12 in. by 9 in., and as I reverently turned over the pages, I noticed how free it was from erasures or added words, many pages being altogether free from alterations. 'Now,' he said, 'look at that,' and he put in my hand the manuscript of that month's *Fors*, which he had just finished. 'You will scarcely find one sentence as it was first written.' And so it proved—words crossed out, and others put in their places, and sometimes whole sentences rearranged, and this right through the whole copy. There was certainly a wonderful difference between Scott's copy and Ruskin's in this respect. But I ventured to suggest that if Scott had been writing *Fors*, instead of tales of imagination, the appearance of his copy might have been different. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'Scott would have written *Fors*, and have left as clean copy as that you have been looking at.'" (The *Young Man*, July 1894, p. 227.)

The Art of Misquotation.—"Ruskin at his best, all one could have wished to find him, sat [1885] at his work-table in the room furnished as a sitting-room or parlour. We talked of many things, our most engrossing subject being 'the moralisation of capital and capitalists,' as our phrase of the moment had it. He said many things, and read from manuscript a newly-written passage for *Fors Clavigera*, somewhat discountenancing Henry George's scheme for land nationalisation. In this general connection, out of love for Ruskin himself and his sacrifices to social progress, I quoted, correctly as I thought, the lines:

'Of all the qualities that make men great,
More go to ruin fortunes than create.'

"'Whose lines are those?' said Ruskin, turning round sharply, with a quick glance of sudden fire in his eyes. 'They are Pope's, are they not?' I answered, in some confusion, for I remembered them as a quotation in *Unto this Last*. 'Yes, they are Pope's, in a sense,' said Ruskin, putting his hand on my knee, 'but they are also your own, and they are very good lines. Pope's lines are these:

[1] See Vol. I. p. 202, and *Præterita*, i. § 173 (Vol. XXXV.).

'"Of all the qualities that win our praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise."[1]

You have travestied Pope, and your lines are stronger than his.'

"In some disturbance, I answered, 'It is a fault of mine to remember things in my own way, and not in the author's.' 'No,' he answered, 'this is not a fault, it is a faculty, and one to be cultivated.'" (A letter by Mr. J. C. Kenworthy in the *Daily News*, August 14, 1900; reprinted in *St. George*, vol. iii. pp. 220, 221.)

"The Prettiest Thing in Nature."—"I often recall one little woodland lecture when he told me that the prettiest thing in all nature was a patch of oak fern growing on a slope, and the evening sun falling on it; but the oak fern must be quite young, or the delicate green would lose its special tone." (*Daily News*, February 17, 1900.)

The True Knight.—"I remember one of those long monologues, varied, absorbing, combining pictures and metaphors into one delightful whole, while the talker, carried along by his own interest in the subject, would be starting to his feet, bringing down one volume and another volume from the shelf, opening the page between his hands, and beginning to read the passage appropriate to his theme. It was some book of Indian warfare that he brought down from its place, and as he opened it he then and there began his sermon; spoke of the example which good Christian men and women might set in any part of the world; quoted Sir Herbert Edwardes, whom he loved and admired, as an example of what a true man should be. He spoke of him with kindling eyes, warming as he went on to tell, as only a Ruskin could tell it, the heroic history of the first Sikh war." (*Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, 1892, p. 77.)

The True Lady.—After his little lecture upon True Knights came "a delightful description of what a true lady should be. 'A princess, a washerwoman,' he said—'yes, a washerwoman! To see that all is fair and clean, to wash with water, to cleanse and purify wherever she goes, to set disordered things in orderly array—this was a woman's mission.' Which sentence has often occurred to me since then at irritating moments of household administration." (*Ibid.*, p. 78.)

Walt Whitman.—"Mr. Ruskin has sent to Mr. Walt Whitman for five complete sets of *Leaves of Grass* and *Two Rivulets*. He says in a letter that the reason these books excite such hostile criticism is 'They are deadly true—in the sense of rifles—against all our deadliest sins.'" (*Athenæum*, March 20, 1880.)

Work and Rhyme.—"A certain artisan had perpetrated some compositions which he was pleased to call poetry. Not being able to find a publisher, he decided to bring his book out by subscription, and sent a circular to Ruskin, among others, inviting assistance. Ruskin's post-card in reply was: 'Certainly not. Mr. Ruskin would set poets to work, not working-men to rhyme.'" ("Memories of Ruskin" in the *Outlook*, June 10, 1899.)

"Unto this Last."—"I dislike my books," he said, "more than most authors; yet I am convinced that all the central teaching of *Unto this Last* and *Munera Pulveris* is entirely true. The world will not hear me; yet it will live to discover some day that nations cannot live on gunpowder and iron, but only on corn; and that the only way to deal with this sort of thing"—and here he went to the window and looked out upon the unemployed demonstrating in the square—"is not by mere giving, not by charity at so much per cent. as ransom, but by personal service." (From a report of a conversation with Ruskin in 1887, *Daily News*, February 8, 1899. For the reference to Trafalgar Square, see above, p. 612.)

[1] If these were Ruskin's actual words, he himself misquoted, for Pope wrote in the first line, "Yet sure, of qualities demanding praise." See *Unto this Last*, § 65 (Vol. XVII. p. 89).

MISCELLANEA

A Ghost Story.—"Ruskin told me," says Mr. Stillman, "a story of a locality in the Valley of Chamouni, of which the guides had told him, haunted by a ghost which could only be seen by children. It was a figure of a woman who raked the dead leaves, and when she looked up at them the children said they only saw a skull in place of a face. Ruskin sent to a neighbouring valley for a child who could know nothing of the legend, and went with him to the locality which the ghost was reported to haunt. Arrived there, he said to the boy, 'What a lonely place! there is nobody here but ourselves.' 'Yes, there is,' said the child, 'there is a woman there raking the leaves,' pointing in a certain direction. 'Let us go nearer to her,' said Ruskin, and they walked that way, when the boy stopped and said that he did not want to go nearer, for the woman looked up, and he said that she had no eyes in her head, 'only holes.'" (*Autobiography of a Journalist*, by W. J. Stillman, vol. i. pp. 264–265.)

A Japanese View of Ruskin.—A Californian correspondent of the *Spectator* (February 27, 1904) sent to that journal "an essay on Ruskin written by a young Japanese, who is our domestic servant, the son of a coal merchant in Japan." "Ruskin's words," said the Japanese, "are but reflections of what was in his soul, which was forged with the hammer of beauty on the anvil of Christianity. . . . We might say that his mother built the frame of Christianity on the foundation of his natural intellect, which his father decorated with the furniture of beauty, and at last he himself finished with the flowers and greens from the yard at Oxford. What we gained from his life is immense, but especially what his parents did for him is a good instruction to parents, and the influence of faith and beauty upon man's character is remarkably proved by Ruskin."

Pirated "Ruskins."—"A resident in the United States sent an English friend an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the Customs. The consignee wrote to Ruskin begging his permission to let the books enter. He received the following reply: 'Sir, I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me.—Yours, etc., John Ruskin.'" (*The Independent*, May 11, 1899.)

Mr. Allen was once asked as a special favour to pass through a set of American editions for a celebrated traveller. The matter was referred to Ruskin, who replied: "Mr. —— had much better not burden himself with stolen property on his missionary expedition. He shall certainly not do so with permission of mine." ("The American Trade in Ruskins," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 21, 1887.)

Ruskin and Turner.—"The attention of Mr. Ruskin having been called to a statement, frequently repeated, that J. W. Turner had said that Mr. Ruskin could see more in his pictures than he ever put there, Mr. Ruskin's secretary writes that Mr. Ruskin being ordered complete rest, could not reply, but he believes that Mr. Ruskin's father was the first to make the remark, and that Mr. Ruskin assents to it,[1] holding that Turner was inspired to do what he did without being fully conscious of all it might mean, as was the case with poets and writers of our sacred books." (*The Times*, September 30, 1887.)

[1] Here the secretary was ill-informed. Ruskin had combated the remark in *Modern Painters:* see Vol. VI. p. 274 and *n.*

TOLSTOY ON RUSKIN.—In conversation with an English visitor,[1] Tolstoy "showed himself deeply interested in English and American social questions; also in Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. Ruskin he thought one of the greatest men of the age. 'When Ruskin,' he said, 'began to write on philosophy and on morality, he was ignored by everybody, especially by the English press, which has a peculiar way of ignoring anybody it does not like. I am not astonished that people speak so little of Ruskin in comparison with Gladstone. When the latter makes a speech, the papers are loud with their praises, but when Ruskin, whom I believe to be a greater man, talks, they say nothing.'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 26, 1892.)

"He had read most of Ruskin's books, beginning with *Unto this Last*. Had we seen *Ruskin et la Bible?*[2] 'No? You must get it. *There* was a man who read his Bible, and to some purpose. He was a very great man.' 'I like his face,' he added. 'I have seen two portraits, front face and profile, both after he had grown a beard. He was like a Russian peasant.' This last remark is still more true of Tolstoy himself, whose type of face, with less force and less keenness in the eye but the same features, may be seen again and again in the streets of Tula and Moscow. There is nothing delicate, nothing aristocratic about his build, although his family is an ancient and distinguished one. His nose, as he lamented in his childhood, is very broad, his lips are thick, his hands and ears noticeably large. In manner and speech he is very gentle, ready to listen as well as to talk. One of us quoted Ruskin's lament to a friend that he had not renounced his possessions. 'That interests me very much,' Tolstoy said, 'for it is my case also. And why did not Ruskin do it?' 'He found it so difficult. He had so many ties, artists to support, etc.' 'Ah!' he replied, with a sigh. 'That is it; we do not become Christians until late in life, and then there are ties.'" ("The Latest from Tolstoy," in the *Daily Chronicle*, August 4, 1903.)

RUSKIN'S NAME ON GIOTTO'S TOWER.—"'I have solved the mystery,' writes a distinguished literary correspondent from Florence, 'about Mr. Ruskin cutting his name on the top of the Campanile; for there is a legend, painful as it may be to disciples of the master to hear it, that "J. Ruskin" is conspicuously carved at the top of "the Shepherd's Tower." The legend has a natural growth out of the fact that one of the "Asiatic horde" named "J. Bruskinsky," or something like that, has cut his barbaric appellation there, and time (or an American humourist) has partly obliterated the beginning and the end of the inscription.'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, September 9, 1886.)

[1] Mr. Aylmer Maude records a similar conversation in his *Tolstoy and his Problems*, 1901, p. 71.

[2] H. J. Brunhes, *Ruskin et la Bible pour servir à l'histoire d'une pensée*, Paris, 1901.

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES TO RUSKIN

1. CHRISTMAS 1885
2. ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1899:—
   - (i.) FROM MEMBERS OF VARIOUS SOCIETIES
   - (ii.) FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

[*Bibliographical Note.*—Of the Addresses here given, the first was printed as a pamphlet, small quarto, pp. 38. There is no regular title-page, the words "To John Ruskin" appearing on page 1; page 2 is blank; pp. 3–4, text of the address; signatures, pp. 4–38.

Dated "Christmas 1885," and issued in mottled-grey paper boards, with linen back, lettered on the front: "Copy of the Address to Mr. Ruskin." The Address was projected by Dr. (afterwards Sir) Oliver Lodge. A letter from Ruskin on the subject will be found in Vol. XXXVII.

For a letter to the press, written in consequence of an erroneous report in the *Daily Telegraph*, see above, p. 589.

The Address was sent anonymously; but after a time Sir Oliver Lodge communicated with Brantwood on the subject, and received the following letter from Mrs. Severn (here reprinted from *St. George*, vol. ix., 1906, p. 9):—

"BRANTWOOD, 22*nd January*, 1886.

"DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—The 'memorial' most assuredly *came!*—and was on *Christmas Day* given by me to Mr. Ruskin. He was naturally much touched, and deeply grateful—indeed no one could have been more truly appreciative—especially coming as it did, after a weary time of despondency and belief that he had done very little, if any, real good in the world—and that few really cared about him, or his work.

"Mercifully this sad phase has now passed—due, I am sure, in great part to this general expression of sympathy and appreciation of his work.

"If I had had the least idea *from whom* the precious parcel came, I would at once have written to acknowledge it, and thank you—and I know Mr. Ruskin is anxious to express in some fitting form his own gratitude and appreciation of so invaluable a gift.—Believe me, gratefully yours,

"JOAN RUSKIN SEVERN."

The second Address was projected by Mr. William White, then Curator of the St. George's Museum. It was on vellum, the decoration being the work of Mr. Pilley, of Sheffield.

The text of the address was printed as a pamphlet, quarto, pp. 16. There is no title—page 1 being headed:—

> Text of Congratulatory Address | Presented to | Professor Ruskin, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., etc., | On his Eightieth Birthday, February 8th, 1899.

The address follows; p. 2 is blank; pp. 3–15, signatures; p. 16 is blank.

Issued in grey paper wrappers, lettered on the front: "In celebration | of | Professor Ruskin's | Eightieth Birthday. | Text of the Illuminated Address, | and | List of Appended Signatories."

The address was extensively reprinted in the daily newspapers.

An account of the presentation of the address at Brantwood ("At Brantwood, 8th February, 1899") appeared in *St. George*, April 1899, vol. ii. pp. 59–62. Ruskin, who was in weak health, dictated the following reply (p. 61) to Mr. Severn:—

> "Mr. Ruskin is deeply touched by the address, and finds it difficult to give expression to his feelings of gratitude, but trusts they will be made known for him. He values the address highly, and thinks it charmingly done."]

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES TO RUSKIN

1. ON HIS RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS, CHRISTMAS 1885

THANKFULLY rejoicing at your recovery from recent illness, we ask you to accept the expression of our earnest hope that you may long be enabled to continue the work of your life.

Work so wide and various as yours appeals to us in different ways, but without professing to be in agreement with every detail of your teaching, we are heartily and gratefully united in the conviction that your genius has been a great gift, nobly used by you for the benefit of your country and the world; and that your writings have proved, and will increasingly prove, a source of strength and joy to the English-speaking race.

Those of us who have made a special study of economic and social questions desire to convey to you their deep sense of the value of your work in these subjects, pre-eminently in its enforcement of the doctrines:—

That Political Economy can furnish sound laws of national life and work only when it respects the dignity and moral destiny of man.

That the wise use of wealth, in developing a complete human life, is of incomparably greater moment both to men and nations than its production or accumulation, and can alone give these any vital significance.

That honourable performance of duty is more truly just than rigid enforcement of right; and that not in competition but in helpfulness, not in self-assertion but in reverence, is to be found the power of life.

It is both our hope and our belief that your advocacy of principles such as these, by its suggestive analysis no less than by the inspiration of its eloquence, will be powerfully felt in the social and economic teaching of the future, and in our national life.

In Art and Science we one and all acknowledge the quickening and purifying virtue of your work and writings. They have rescued monuments of man's noblest efforts from forgetfulness and sometimes from destruction, and have given back to our eyes the hills and clouds as from a fresh consecration. Apart from their effect on those specially interested in the Arts, they have created in many a plain citizen a new sense for the beauty of familiar things, awakening a perception of the influence which that beauty is capable of exercising on everyday life, and manifesting with startling force how grievously the life of multitudes is stunted by the ugliness, both physical and moral, of our great cities.

Above all, that which gives your teaching its ennobling and beneficent character is the unfaltering conviction, expressed in words we can never forget, that at the root of all excellence of art, all perception in science, and all true national greatness, lie the old homely virtues; whose larger meaning and scope, in their bearing on our age, you have exhibited in so strong and new a light.

Mindful of this, and of much that each could only say for himself, we could recall as fittest expression of our gratitude and reverence, the words in which you

have yourself spoken of your "friend and guide," Thomas Carlyle, as one "who has asked England to be brave for the help of Man, and just, for the love of God."

[The list of signatures is headed with those of Helen, Duchess of Albany, Tennyson, and Browning. Among the others are the names of the Marquis of Ripon, Bishop Lightfoot, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Bishop Harvey Goodwin, Canon (afterwards Bishop) Westcott, Dean Bradley; Professor Max Müller, Professor Jebb, Professor B. H. Kennedy, Sir Henry Acland, and many other leading members of the universities; Sir Theodore and Lady Martin; Miss Octavia Hill; Watts, Stacy Marks, Briton Rivière, John M'Whirter, Holman Hunt, Sir Noel Paton; Sir Charles and Lady Dilke; Professor F. A. Walker, M. Emile de Laveleye, Professor H. S. Foxwell, and many other economists; Alfred Russel Wallace, W. H. Flower, T. G. Bonney, J. Prescott Joule, and other Fellows of the Royal Society; Henry Broadhurst, M.P., and Thomas Burt, M.P.; a large number of the professors in Canadian and American universities; and many other persons distinguished in all walks of life.]

2. ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1899

(i.) *From Members of Various Societies*

Our dear Master and Friend,—The eightieth anniversary of your birthday gives us the opportunity of offering our united loving greetings and heartiest congratulations.

As the representative members of the St. George's Guild and the Ruskin Societies of the country—owing so much of the good and joy of life to your words and work—we feel that the world is richer and happier for the lasting benefits which you have been able to confer upon all who have come under your influence.

Year by year there is, in ever-widening extent, an increasing trust in your ethical, social, and art teaching, an increasing desire to realise the noble ideals you have set before mankind, in words which we feel have brought nearer to our hearts the kingdom of God upon earth.

It is our fervent hope and prayer that the joy and peace you have beneficently brought to others may return in full measure to your own heart, filling it with the peace which comes from love of God and the knowledge of the love of your fellow men.

It will be a great happiness to us if you will consent to your portrait being painted by your life-long friend, William Holman Hunt, and accept the same as the national property of the St. George's Guild, in token of our affectionate devotion.[1]

Appended to this, our address of congratulation, we have the further happiness to subscribe the following additional lists of names of National and other representative institutions, all of whom have directly and personally intimated their unanimous wish to be allowed the opportunity of being included in this general expression of their deepest respect, profoundest admiration, and sincerest affection.

Wishing you yet many years of peaceful rest, we have the honour to remain,

Ever yours in faithful and dutiful service,

The Subscribers.

[The Address was signed by (1) members of the St. George's Guilds, and artists engaged in work for it; (2) members of various "Societies of the Rose"—namely, the Ruskin Society of Glasgow, the Ruskin Society of Liverpool, the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, the Ruskin Society of Paisley; (3) several Trustees of the National Gallery, British Museum, etc.; (4) various "Collaborateurs, Biographers, and Editors"; (5) the President and forty-seven Members and Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts; (6) the President and ten members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; (7) the President and many members of the Royal

[1] The state of Ruskin's health made this impracticable.

Society of Literature; (8) the President and officials of the Royal Institute of British Architects; (9) members of the Committee of the Dürer Society; (10) the Chairman and officials of the Art for Schools Association; (11) the Committee of the Manchester Art Museum, Ancoats; (12) the Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; (13) the President, officials, and several members of the Council of the Geological Society of London; (14) the President and officials of the Mineralogical Society; (15) the Curator and officials of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright Museum Association; (16) the President and officials of the Selborne Society; (17) the President and officials of the National Trust for Places of Historical Interest or Natural Beauty; (18) the President and members of Council of the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising; (19) the Superintendent of the Ruskin Linen Industry, Keswick; (20) the Directors of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts; (21) the Principal and Teacher of the Whitelands Training College; and (22) the Whitelands May Queens (1881–1898).

The Ruskin Society of London, not included in the foregoing list, presented a separate address, as follows:—]

> "We, the undersigned, members of the Ruskin Society of London, offer you our most sincere congratulations on the occasion of your eightieth birthday, and earnestly hope that you may be spared to long enjoy your well-earned rest, surrounded by loving friends, in your beautiful home on Coniston Lake. We desire at the same time to express the admiration of and affectionate respect we feel towards you, and to acknowledge our indebtedness to you in the noble work of your life. The books you have written are precious to us, inasmuch as they contain principles of truth applicable to every branch of art—including the art of life—conveyed in convincing and elegant words; and, being in full sympathy with your teaching, from which we have derived much benefit, we do what is in our power to make your writings known, and therefore trust that it may be pleasant to you to receive our congratulations."

(ii.) *From the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses in the University of Oxford*

We venture to send you, as you begin your eighty-first year, these words of greeting and goodwill, to make you sure that in Oxford the gratitude and reverence with which men think of you is ever fresh.

You have helped many to find in life more happiness than they thought it held, and we trust that there is happiness in the latter years of your long life.

You have taught many to see the wealth of beauty in nature and in art, prizing the remembrance of it; and we trust that the sights you have best loved come back to your memory with unfading beauty.

You have encouraged many to keep a good heart through dark days, and we trust that the courage of a constant hope is yours.

[Among other addresses presented on this occasion was the following resolution of the Coniston Parish Council: "That the congratulations of this council be offered to Mr. John Ruskin, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, together with the warm thanks which they and all their neighbours feel for the kindness he has shown, and the many generous acts he has done to them and theirs during twenty-seven years of residence at Coniston, where his presence is most truly appreciated, and his name will always be most gratefully remembered."

See also Ruskin's reply to "Ruskin Hall," above, p. 622.]

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